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Cyrus Dickson

MEMORIAL

OF THE

LIFE AND LABORS

OF THE

REV. CYRUS DICKSON, D. D.

LATE SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS

BY S. J. M. EATON, D. D.

[illegible] OF THE AUTHOR MAY ALSO GIVE THE PLEASURE THESE GRAVE PAGES WOULD HAVE PLEASED HIM HAVE HAD [illegible] TO REVIEW.

PALFREY.

"Ἀμὴν λέγω ὑμῖν, ὁ λαμβάνω τινὰ πεμφθέντα, ἐμὲ λαμβάνει."

JOHN xiii. 20.

NEW YORK:

ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS,

530 BROADWAY.

1872

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GOD IS THE AUTHOR, MEN ARE ONLY THE PLAYERS. THESE GRAND PIECES WHICH ARE PLAYED UPON EARTH HAVE BEEN COMPOSED IN HEAVEN.

BALZAC.

"*Ἐκεῖνος ἦν ὁ λυχνος ὁ καιομενος καὶ φαῖνων.*"

JOHN V. 35.

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PREFACE.

The idea of this Memorial originated with the Presbytery of Baltimore, of which Dr. Dickson was a member at the time of his death. At its meeting, just after his departure, a committee was appointed to prepare such a work. This committee talked the matter over, but did not give it definite shape. They finally proposed committing it to the present writer, and made this recommendation to the Presbytery at its Spring meeting. The work was then entered upon with what material was on hand. It has been a labor of love. A life-long acquaintance, a hereditary friendship on both sides, and ardent admiration for the man and his great work in behalf of the Church and the country, have been elements entering into its preparation. The simple facts in his life history have been brought to view, his grand pastoral work, and the part he took in the work of the Board of Home Missions have been briefly stated. All flattery and empty compliment have been avoided. The simple, earnest desire has been to weave, with the help of others, a modest chaplet to lay upon his tomb, and at the same time to commend to the Church the remembrance of one of the grandest of her sons who laid down his life in her service.

Thanks are tendered for the valuable addresses delivered at the funeral, and to the friends who contributed valuable material to the work, as well as furnished personal letters, adding greatly to its interest.

S. J. M. E.

FRANKLIN, PA., *August*, 1882.

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I. BIOGRAPHY.

"There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed."

CARLYLE.

"Brevis a natura nobis vita data est; at memoria bene reditæ vitæ sempiterna."

CICERO.

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way."

PSALM XXXVII : 23.

THE EARLY DAWN.

"O child! O new born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed
Like a celestial benizen!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land."

LONGFELLOW.

"And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit."

LUKE I. 80.

I. BIOGRAPHY.

I. THE EARLY DAWN.

The influence of every human soul is well nigh boundless. It reaches, like the poles of the earth, away out into the boundless unknown. It spreads itself over an extent vaster than the mighty fields where the stars have their home. And there is the good and the evil. There is the sweet, health-laden air that comes down from the snow clad hills and sweeps over the valleys ; that gathers fragrance from the meadows and balmy odors from the pine forests, and that kisses the summits of ocean's crested waves, bearing strength and healing and life in its bosom. And there is the miasma that creeps stealthily up from swamps and stagnant pools, and all places of decay and contagion, that bears disease and pain and death in its breath.

So there is the good life that makes its influence felt in all the ways of men, conciliating, sweetening, beautifying everything with which it comes in contact, and making the world better and happier as it brings it nearer to God. And there is the evil life that is depressing and contaminating and destructive in all its influences, that mars and cor-

rodes society, and that assists in bearing souls down to the realms of darkness.

And there are, comparatively, the great and the small, and each has its importance. There are the Alps, the Rocky Mountains and the lofty Lebanon. But there are also Tabor, and Gilboa, and Olivet and Sinai. Each has its influence and its importance. Whilst from the great may come the breath of snows and the balmy odors of lofty cedars; from the apparently less may come the deep, earnest voice of God, as Sinai trembles and totters and bows beneath His tread; or the sweet, holy light of the Transfiguration calling to a waiting world: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye Him:" or from Olivet, beneath the open heavens: "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," as the Lord of glory ascends to His throne.

There is the same distinction in human influence. All are not called to stand upon the high places of Zion; all are not commissioned to be leaders of men, nor standard bearers of the armies of God. Yet all have their influence, and the word comes to all: follow me and be my disciple. And the quiet Christian whose name is seldom seen, and whose voice is rarely heard, may be serving Christ and helping the souls of His people up the rugged steeps of a religious life as effectively as many who are more prominent in the Church.

Still when the leaders of the Lord's Zion fall in the foremost line of the battle the Church is ready

to cry out at its loss. It is ready to fear that its interests will suffer damage, and that its work will stop. And while it is fitting that too much dependence should not be placed on the arm of flesh, it is also fitting that, when its standard-bearers fall, the Church should remember their virtues, honor their memory, and weave garlands of amaranth for their tombs. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. It is fitting, too, that our zeal should be stimulated and our activity promoted by looking upon what has been accomplished by those who have gone before and have received their crown. The eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews is but the roll-call of the mighty dead of all the past, commemorating their virtues, recording their illustrious works, and singing their praises. And after pointing to this long muster-roll of worthies who had done valiantly for the truth, the sacred writer cries out to those who were still in the valley of conflict like himself: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."

So it is fitting that when one so useful, so laborious, so conscientious, and so thoroughly devoted to the Lord's work, as was the subject of this sketch, passes away in the very midst of his usefulness, some memorial, however inadequate, should be erected to tell how he lived, how he labored, and how he died

for the promotion of the Lord's work, and the building up of His kingdom. Such men are few in these days of rushing business, and devotion to mammon, and selfish seeking of personal aggrandizement, and the world needs to hear and to heed the lesson their lives and their labors are designed to teach.

Longfellow, whose harp, save in its dim echoes, has so recently become silent, says: "Great men are like solitary towers in the city of God." Their influence therefore should be felt in the generations to come, and their light should shine out so as to help to dissipate the world darkness that is around.

It was one of the pleasant thoughts that often filled the heart and shed sunshine on the daily path of Cyrus Dickson that he was: "The son of parents passed into the skies." All the records, traditions and memories of the households of both his parents led back through an ancestry of pious, God-fearing people. They were loyal to country and loyal to God. They trained up their children to walk in their footsteps. They taught them by precept and by example, and the promise was fulfilled: "Thy seed will I establish forever, and build up thy throne unto all generations." God is always faithful to his covenant. His people shall prosper and the blessing of the Lord shall descend upon them unto all generations. And just as Bethlehem and Nazareth, where the Lord was born and brought up, seem to be surrounded by a brighter foliage, and enriched by a sweeter landscape, and to have a

more comely population than the other cities of Palestine, as though the blessing of the footprints of the Lord lingered there still; so the families that entered into covenant with God in the old days of trial and persecution, and served Him in spite of the danger and the death, found not only one like to the Son of God walking with them in the fiery furnace, but left a blessing and a joy to the generations that came after them.

Of the Dickson family we have this historical knowledge: in 1740 a colony of Presbyterians settled on the Mohawk river, in the state of New York. Amongst these was William Dickson, great grandfather of Cyrus. He had come from New England and was of Scotch descent. The colony increased and was made up chiefly of Presbyterians from Londonderry. In 1765 it numbered forty families, and, until after the revolution, the church and the colony were identical. This was the origin of the old town of Cherry Valley.

William Dickson had married Elizabeth Campbell, and with his family lived in peace until the days of the revolution. In November 1778 occurred the terrible massacre of Cherry Valley, when a band of two hundred Tories and five hundred Indians burst upon the settlers, burning the town, and murdering and taking captive the people.

The Dickson family at first escaped. The father and older sons were absent, and the mother and younger children had hidden away in the thick woods that clothed the hillside at the back of the

house. But during the daytime, Mrs. Dickson, moved by the hunger of the children, went back to the house for the purpose of obtaining food for them. She never returned. She was known all through that valley by a splendid head of long, red hair, and the first knowledge the children had of her fate was seeing, from their hiding place, an Indian passing with a scalp from which waved those long auburn locks.

James Dickson, the son of this William Dickson, was a captain in the Revolutionary army, and was somewhat famous in his time. This romantic story is preserved concerning him in the unwritten archives of the family: He was the grandfather of Cyrus, and still had his residence in Cherry Valley. On a certain occasion he was detailed for special service, and happened to be one of the guard that conducted General Burgoyne to Boston after his surrender. The young captain was then twenty-two years of age.

Some delay took place on the journey, and the party was detained at the farm house of Daniel Morris, near Great Barrington, Masssacusetts. The youngest of the twelve children of this household was Mary, a comely maiden of fifteen. The young soldier was so impressed with the charms of the girl that he asked permission to seek a more intimate acquaintance after the exigencies of the war should be over.

They did not wait until the war was over, but were married in 1780. The outfit was purchased in

Boston, and amongst other things was a good supply of silver plate.

When the war was over, James Dickson became a merchant in Cherry Valley, and was prosperous until the very great depreciation of the Continental currency brought financial ruin. Then he resolved to seek a home in the new west. But his means were limited, and the devoted wife sold the silver that had been her dowry, to obtain the means of making the journey and of establishing them in the new country, and, in 1789, the father and mother with their five small children left their pleasant home to seek a new abiding place in the wilderness.

Mary Morris, the grandmother of Cyrus Dickson, was descended from Daniel Morris, one of the first settlers of New Haven, Connecticut. Her father, also Daniel Morris, left New Haven in 1762 or 3, for Great Barrington. This Daniel was a devotedly pious man. His favorite Psalm, that he sung every evening, was Watts' version of the fourth Psalm:

> "Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray,
> I am forever thine."

Mary Morris Dickson was a woman of exemplary piety, and was respected amongst her neighbors as a woman of faith and prayer. Whilst the family lived in the neighborhood of North East there was a supply sent out from Pittsburgh to preach in the settlement. This supply, who was a young man, lodged with the Dickson family. On Sabbath morning they proceeded to the place of worship, when the young minister discovered that he had forgotten

to bring his manuscript, and felt himself unable to preach without it. He told his trouble to William Dickson, who advised him to throw himself on the help of Divine Providence, and added that he would go and ask his mother to pray for him, and doubted not that he would get along well. The result was that the congregation were delighted with the wonderful sermon that was delivered, and the young minister was greatly impressed with this new evidence of the power of the prayer of faith.

William Dickson, the son of Captain James and Mary Morris was born in Philipsburgh, Columbia county New York, March twenty-seventh, 1783. In 1789 his father moved westward, passing down through Pennsylvania, and bearing his household with him to new scenes. They first settled in Westmoreland county for ten years, and in 1801 went out to Erie county and settled on the heads of the French creek.

Here William Dickson commenced life for himself in the southern portion of Erie county, Pa. Here commenced his conflict with the forest that abounded in that region, and with other early settlers initiated the movement that has made this country great. From the first, he was one of the active friends of Gospel institutions. There was not at that time a church, nor an organized congregation within an hundred miles. The Presbyteries of Redstone and Ohio were just beginning to send Missionaries, as occasional supplies, out to the lake shore, but their visits were few, and very irregular.

A man reared as William Dickson had been knew the value of the institutions of the Gospel as well with regard to his own personal welfare as for the common good of the country. With this feeling and conviction he joined with the few neighbors, after the preaching of one of these missionaries, in the erection of a church edifice. This missionary was the Rev. James Satterfield. He preached under a spreading beech tree. Every family in the township had been notified of his coming, and every family was represented. The missionary had lost his way on Saturday, and had slept in the woods over night; but finding a cabin in the morning and breakfasting on corn bread and potatoes, he was strong for the work. At the close of the service the young men were called together by Mr. Hunter and invited to come together the next Thursday morning with their axes and dinners for the purpose of building a meeting house. By sunrise on the appointed day the men were on the ground, right in the midst of the great forest, and by sundown had completed a church edifice, in those days called a meeting house. There were neither sawed lumber, nor nails nor scrap of iron in the work, yet it was complete in all its appointments, with pulpit and seats and floor and doors. This was the first church building erected in Erie county, and Mr. Dickson regarded his part in the work as the very best work of his life. This house stood as a monument of early Christian enterprise for more than three quarters of a century.

Soon after this William Dickson made a profession of religion, and devoted the remainder of his life to the service of Christ. At the earnest advice of several of the ministers, he removed to Scrubgrass and commenced a course preparatory to the Gospel ministry. But he had a little family dependent on him, and after a year of hard application came to the conclusion that under his circumstances he could accomplish more for the general good in a different sphere. He then returned to his farm, and in 1818 bought a tract of land in North East township about one and a half miles from Lake Erie. Here the neighbors helped him to build a log cabin that was without board or nail or bit of iron in its construction, with fire-place reaching from wall to wall. It was a primitive dwelling, but just as good as any of his neighbors possessed, and was considered for that day a luxurious abode. Here the five younger children were born and here commenced the work of clearing the forest, opening up and developing the country, and preparing it for the high position it now occupies. This log house was the family dwelling until 1824, when a new brick house was erected and the new quarters were entered with a feeling of comfort and independence.

In this neighborhood William Dickson spent the best portion of his life; clearing the land, farming, engineering, building canal, until about the year 1837, when he removed to the banks of the Mississippi, in Milan, Illinois, where he died November twenty-fifth, 1869, in the eighty-seventh year of his

age. He was an elder in the church for the larger portion of his life.

William Dickson was a man of strong fiber, of very decided convictions, a born leader of men, thoughtful, earnest, fearless, and persistent in carrying out to their full accomplishment the plans and purposes of his life. Yet, with all this, he was ever ready to be guided by the indications of Providence. Whilst he was ready to propose to himself, he had the natural instinct of his race to let God dispose, and to acknowledge His truth and righteousness. He had a fine, commanding form, a blue eye full of fire, and great readiness of speech that fitted him for the public duties to which he was frequently called.

His early struggles as a young man, and the traditions of his family to which he attached much importance, and the broadening influence of the country where he had his early home had given a firmness and a stability to his nature that made him a power and a force amongst his fellow men, and his influence was strongly felt amongst them. And his influence was always exerted in the right direction.

After the death of his first wife, who was Miss Barron, and who left three sons, he married Christiana Moorhead, third daughter of James and Catharine Byers Moorhead, who had emigrated from Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, amongst the first settlers of the county. Christiana Moorhead Dickson was the mother of Cyrus Dickson, the incidents of whose busy and useful life are now to be chroni-

cled. And here was the genuine seed of the martyrs, the fine gold of the stock of God's people. The Moorheads trace their lineage back to the grand, heroic days of Scotland, when, as the Muirheads, they wore bonnets of blue, and wrapped their plaids about them and laid them down in the quiet caves of the rocks, ready to suffer the loss of all things for Christ and His cross. They belonged to the people who were persecuted to the death under the dynasty of the Stuarts, and who counted it all joy to seek the dens and caves of the earth for shelter, for worship, for freedom of conscience. They bore the same blood that coursed through the veins of the Covenanters, whom Charles Stuart considered the offscouring of the earth, but whom God counted His priests and His kings.

These Scotch-Irish Presbyterians have been and are a wonderful people. When their history is traced; when their early sufferings are recounted; when their loyalty to God and Christ and His Church are remembered; and when their achievements in enterprise and daring and suffering are brought to light in exploring new countries, in building up new governments, in enacting wholesome laws, in promoting education, in advancing improvements, in honoring the Bible, the Church and the Sabbath, and in exalting and glorifying God, they must be considerd the very seed royal of the Church of the Living God!

Christiana Moorhead Dickson, the mother of Cyrus, was small of stature, of lithe, graceful form

and carriage, florid complexion, soft blue eyes, with that sweet voice that wins the ear and is such sweet music to the soul. Like Cordelia :

> "Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low; a most excellent thing in woman."

There was nothing commanding in her presence, nor imperative in her manner, yet, like the excellent woman in Proverbs, she ruled well her own household. Indeed the entire portrait of the virtuous woman, as drawn by the wise man in the last chapter of Proverbs, from the tenth verse to the close, is as true of her as though she had been before the mind of the writer while he sketched the beautiful picture.

In the frequent absences of her husband, whilst engaged in public business, she managed the farm as well as the house. She was a woman of principle and of conscience, and in some things much in advance of her neighbors. This was particularly the case in the matter of temperance. A barn was to be raised. The neighbors were invited. The dinner was prepared, and the men were on the ground. After the work had commenced the inquiry was made for the whiskey which was an invariable accompaniment at such times. One of her three brothers present was sent to the house to get it. Mrs. Dickson told him that she could not provide whiskey to make her neighbors drunk. Another and a third brother was sent, and finally an elder in the church, to expostulate with her and persuade her to send for the desired beverage.

The little woman made no reply to the elder, but took her bonnet from its nail and walked out where the men were sitting awaiting the elder's coming, and, stepping upon one of the timbers, bared her head and thus addressed them :

"My neighbors, this is a strange scene. Three of you are my own brothers ; three of you are elders in the church, and all of you my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power, but you refuse to work unless I shall provide whiskey for you. This I can never do. If you refuse to raise the building, so be it ; but before I shall furnish whiskey to make my neighbors drunk, these timbers shall rot where they lie."

The heroic woman retired to the house and the men dispersed to their homes ; but the former retired to her own room and for two hours cried and prayed as though her heart would break. The next morning the men came back and put up the building, and not a word was said about whiskey. But they had a bountiful dinner and just such coffee as a Presbyterian woman could make and all was satisfactory. This was the first building that had been put up in the neighborhood without whiskey, but not the last. The example was soon followed by others, and the influence was most salutary.

Still the matter of temperance had not, as yet, assumed the importance attached to it in modern times. It was a common thing to find whiskey on sale in nearly all the stores in the country. Mr. Dickson kept it in his store. His wife remonstrated. She

begged him to quit the traffic. So earnest and persistent were her entreaties that he finally promised that when the present stock was exhausted he would purchase no more. But the boys were growing up, and she feared for the influence the sight and sale of the article might have upon them. One evening, at family prayers, Mrs. Dickson remained on her knees after the rest of the family had arisen. Thinking something was wrong her husband spoke to her. She replied: "I am praying for you that God would give you a better mind, and I feel as though I would never rise from my knees until you give me the promise that you will throw your whiskey into the street, and never have anything more to do with it."

The promise was made, the whiskey was thrown into the gutter and never brought into the house or the store again.

She was the very light and centre and joy of the home. Not only did the heart of her husband safely trust in her, but her children loved her, revered her counsels, and were, one by one, under her sweet counsels and godly example, and by the blessing of God, led to the Saviour of sinners as their hope and their life.

This godly mother did not live to see her sons enter upon their profession, but her strong faith commended them to God, and as she fell asleep she felt that it would be well with the boys. The prayers of pious parents are of incalculable value. They go up and and enter into the ears of God and

are registered for eternal remembrance. They may not all be answered at once, nor in the exact terms of the asking, but answered they are, or will be, in God's own good time. They are like the vapors that arise from the bosom of some silver lake hidden away amid the hills. They seem to be lost as they ascend into the regions of the atmosphere. The heavens look blue and pellucid as before; but those pure vapors are not lost. They have ascended upon the wings of the breath of God. They will appear again in the form of the little silver cloud that will float away and become golden in the light of the setting sun. They will form the dark visaged cloud on whose bosom will be drawn the magnificent arch of the rainbow. They will gather into the rugged outlines of the great motherly cloud from whose capacious reservoir will come down the summer rain that will refresh the thirsty earth, that will bring out the flowers in their beauty, and clothe the fields with corn. Even so the prayers of a pious mother offered up in the faith of a loving, trusting heart, will be heard, though the answer tarry long. The blessing will come down like the early and latter rain, even though it be delayed until the voice of that mother is heard among the singers before the throne.

A few years ago, a stranger met a son of this praying woman and related to him his religious experience in the following words: "When I was a wild, wicked young man I passed the room in North East, where a female prayer meeting was in

progress. Curiosity induced me to tarry a moment at the door, when I recognized the voice of Mrs. Dickson. She was praying for me by name, and her petitions were so earnest and so importunate that conviction seized upon my heart, and I found peace alone in the blood of Jesus."

Mrs. Dickson died suddenly, of apoplexy, on the twenty-seventh day of January, 1836, in the fifty-third year of her age, and, to human vision, in the very midst of her usefulness. The college boys were absent, and the home was full of sadness, but the ways of the Lord are true and righteous, and all things shall work together for good to his children.

Such were the parents of *Cyrus Dickson.* And with such an ancestry, and with such blood in his veins, it might well be hoped that, by the grace of God, his record would be one on which the sunlight might gather, and of which the Church might be justly and righteously proud.

Cyrus Dickson was born on the twentieth day of December, 1816. The place was on the shore of Lake Erie in North East township, Erie county, Pennsylvania. The family home at that time was on an equality with the homes of the neighbors, a log cabin one story in height. Not far away was the mighty forest, and here and there openings had been made by the clearings of the neighbors, with their first primitive cabins. It was just at sunset when the announcement was made, that has brought joy into the world for six thousand years,

that a man child was born. The next day, in accordance with the customs of the time, the neighbors assembled to see the little stranger, and tender their congratulations to the parents. The boy was presented in due form, congratulations were offered, and the hospitalities of the home extended, when the company departed. In those days when the people were few and dependent on each other for mutual protection and comfort, an event like this caused more than a gentle ripple on the current of society. It was an epoch in the history of the neighborhood.

In the early infancy of the child, his father had been reading with great interest the life of Cyrus the Persian. He had compared the prophecies of Isaiah concerning him with the life of the man, and the wonderful incidents connected with his work in the conquest of Babylon, and the deliverance of Israel from the seventy years' captivity, and was filled with such admiration for the man and his work that he resolved that the young son that had so recently come into his family should be called Cyrus. He was baptized by Rev. Johnston Eaton, who was preaching at that time at North East for a portion of his time.

As the boy grew up he had the inestimable advantage of the counsels and prayers of a mother who was one of a thousand. His earliest recollections were associated with quiet talks about Jesus and the way of salvation, and earnest prayers for his temporal and spiritual welfare. At the time of

the morning and evening prayer; in the midst of the quiet home duties; in the walks in the garden and in the forest; and as they sat down at the close of the day, waiting for the night to gather, the same gentle ministries were carried forward, and always received with a gentle feeling that there was love and goodness in the mother's work. In this way the boy grew up in the knowledge and love of Christ and on the wing of the strong faith of a loving mother's heart was won to a life service to the Saviour of sinners.

It was always the custom to have family worship in the household; and in the absence of the father the mother took his place and the duty was never omitted. Even before Cyrus made a profession of religion, he would at times assist his mother by taking his turn in conducting family prayers.

This public profession of religion was made in the month of August, 1831, in the fifteenth year of his age. What his early religious exercises were; what his conflicts and successes; what his prayers and their answers; and what his resolutions and soul-consecration, we cannot say, for he was quiet and reticent, and made no record of his inner life, feeling that this was a matter between God and his own soul. But we know that even then his thoughts were deep and earnest. If he prayed, he looked for an answer to his petitions. If he had faith, he wanted to see daily fruits of that faith. He wanted to feel day by day the presence and power of God's Holy Spirit. To him religion was

not merely a name or a profession, but a living, abounding reality, even in the days when like Amos, the herdman of Tekoa, he kept his father's kine, or dressed the Sycamore trees in the grove.

And here, amid these quiet, sylvan scenes, was there noticed the bud and the blossom of that strong, vigorous life that bore such clusters of beauty and richness when he was called to the Lord's work in the pastoral office, and in the Secretary's bureau.

In the days of his boyhood there were not the educational privileges of the present. There was the conflict with the forest. The mighty trees had not all been felled. That wonderfully beautiful Lake Shore region had not then put on the garden-like appearance that belongs to it now. There was work for all, in the clearing, in the field, and around the homestead, and the future Gospel minister was familiar with the axe, the hoe, and the plow. Perhaps even then he had quiet dreams of a richer husbandry than cutting down the forests and scattering the rich wheat upon the furrowed ground. Perhaps even then he thought of sowing the seed of the word, and the gathering in of the glorious harvest of God.

What the memories of this old time home were, and how they clung to him, and what impression they made upon his mind, may be seen from two letters written to his father, during his pastoral life at Wheeling. They were penned on two of his birth-days, most probably in the quiet of his study. These birth-days seem to have been observed by him as

times of special thought and reflection, and to have been marked with white stones as the old Romans noted their sacred days. His wonderful imagination had brought up the past in all its vividness and beauty. Though a strong man yet, with the experience of one who had battled with the world and won, he now looks through the child's eyes, and everything is tinted with gold. He is the child once more. He hears his father's voice. He looks upon his mother's golden hair and into her deep, soft eyes, and the world's cares and toils are forgotten. Sweet dreams of peace are upon him. He is no longer surrounded by the bustle and roar of the city, but amid the forest shades, with the sweet music of the billows of Lake Erie sounding in the distance.

And then he thinks of the loved ones in the picture, as having gone up to stand before the throne, and their voices are soft and sweet like the distant tones of silver bells! Then a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness comes into his heart for all the goodness of the past, and the sweet hopes of the coming life and the coming glory!

These letters give us glimpses of the boy and of the man at the same time, and show us something of his inner life and the wonderful resources of his mental and spiritual nature.

To his father, on his thirty-seventh Birthday.

Wheeling, Dec. 20, 1853,

"My birthday brings to my mind the old log house in which I was born, with its window to-

ward the road and the lake—Its little porch in front. Then I remember the 'addition' of one story, built at the west side, towards the garden—then, at a later day, 'the new room', built at the south end, with its sunny window and brick chimney that had jambs. The fireplace in the old house had none and could accommodate a 'back log' almost as long as the house itself. I remember the well, first boarded up, and then walled with stone, with the buttonwood curb, with the notch to let the well pole go down farther, when the water was low. I remember old Ned and Bob the sorrel horse, that would not let every body catch him, And there was old Lion and little black Trip, dogs dear to my childhood.

How well I remember the day when you and James, (who by the way I thought the greatest young man of his day), started with old Ned and the little wagon all the way to Zanesville to see Aunt Betsey—a trip to China would appear no greater now than that did then. *Away to Zanesville!* I remember too how as a tired little boy I slept near you in the 'trundle-bed', and slept and dreamed so sweetly. The same boy used to lie on his back on the grass in the door yard and look up into the clear blue sky and wonder where heaven and God were, and if he should ever see God. Then he began to long to be a minister, or rather a preacher.

A thousand memories more press upon my mind, or rather bubble up in my heart like a fountain.

I humbly hope that the merciful kindness that has upheld me hitherto will continue to sustain. My earnest desire is to be more obedient to the divine will. A review of my past days affords me but little pleasure. So many golden days misspent, so many means of improvement to myself, and usefulness to others, neglected. So many solemn resolutions broken, in short, so much of sin in every thing, that the retrospect is a sad one. My only hope is in Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

I am now, I imagine, on the short end of the road. Twice 37 are 74, to which I never expect to attain. Human life would be a sorrowful pilgrimage if there was no rest expected at the end."

To his Father on his 42d birthday.

Baltimore, Dec. 20, 1858.

I would not relinquish the memories of the old log house with its morning and evening worship, for the splendor of palaces. I can hear your voice now, and mother's, and James', and William's, and the younger ones' in the old familiar tunes. I can see the big 'back-log,' and 'fore-stick' on the fire of a winter's night and can hear the chapters, and the hymns, and the prayers that entered my childish heart never to pass away. These memories connect me with heaven, for many of those who sat around the warming winter fire, are now in the calm, sweet sunshine of the everlasting paradise of God. Their song and worship is with the countless congregation."

He was his mother's boy, partaking not only of her warm, affectionate nature, and her deep, earnest sympathies, but clinging closely and firmly to her, in childhood, in early manhood, and in his life-long memories after she had been called to the perfect world. He loved to linger in her presence in the early home. He strove to lighten her toils. He was glad to share, as far as possible, her cares. He was happy in the sweet sunlight of her smile. Her counsels were to him fine gold, to be treasured up in his secret heart, and to be improved in the daily ordering of his life.

And whilst that mother's counsels, as regards the religious life, were not obtrusive, nor enforced at undue seasons, nor in a harsh, magisterial way, their influence was most sweet and persuasive. There was back of all a quiet, consistent, religious life she lived for herself, and the hallowed influence she exerted upon others. Then her counsel came out to the boy quietly and naturally as the perfume flows forth from the flowers, or the light from the stars, and the result was most blessed and hallowed on the life of the boy, and continued to bless and strengthen the man.

In his childhood days he attended the country school and obtained from the teachers of that day the elements of an education that was to be supplemented by the Academy and the College. The humble school house on which the sun's rays beat down fiercely in summer, and around which the winter winds howled so furiously was the scene of

his first exploits as he thumbed the pages of Webster's Spelling Book, the English Reader, and Daboll's Arithmetic, diversified by the study of the quaint pages of the New England Primer.

In those days ladies taught in the summer and gentlemen in the winter. They were not vigorous nor accomplished scholars; but they were diligent students of Solomon, and in their practice carried out his precepts to the letter, as far as discipline was concerned. They never spoiled the child by sparing the rod. If they did not advance their students over a large amount of ground, they did give them line upon line and precept upon precept, going over the few elementary studies again and again until they could not fail of becoming familiar with them in all their details.

It was not until leaving home that there was much opportunity of pursuing any studies beyond the simplest rudiments of an English education. But there came to the boy in the quiet home life the same call that greeted the unwilling ears of Jonah the son of Amittai. "Go preach the preaching that I bid thee." And the call fell on no unwilling ears. It came to him like the sweet South, full of all sweetness and inspiring all joyfulness and hopefulness.

It seemed as though there was in the joyous spirit of the boy in his plays something of the forecast of the life labors of the man. He was a preacher from his childhood. In the plays of childhood there is always the putting on of the

cares and burdens of mature life. There is the imitation of all forms of business and responsibility. With the light-hearted and joyous there is the taking on of the burdens that crush and wear out the strong and the mature. There is the eager longing for mature manhood and womanhood.

In these mimic plays there was often that of the church service. And when the little congregation assembled with well simulated gravity, by common consent, young Cyrus was always expected to play the role of preacher. And this position he always maintained with gravity and to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

He was known among his fellows as a bright, cheerful, hopeful boy, eager and impetuous in his spirits, and always striving to show kindness and sympathy towards his companions. No shout was louder than his in the playground; no one excelled him in the sports of the recess, and when the hour of study came there was the same diligence over his books and the same devotion to home duties. What he did was done with a will and a desire to excel.

In those early days he developed a decided military taste. Whether it was the rebound of the influence and association of his name, or the result of his early reading of "Plutarch's Lives," or the natural bent of his mind in this direction we do not know. But the taste was so strong that some of his companions supposed that he was destined for army life, and even honored him with a milita-

ry title by a kind of brevet that clung to him whilst he remained at home. He was a leader and an organizer then as he was in after life.

But he was to be simply a soldier of the cross. He was to be but a member of the grand army of the Lord that is to go on conquering and to conquer, even though the soldiers fall at the front and give place to others. But he was to occupy a prominent position in the high places of the field. And the early training and discipline and self-dependence, and self-assertion of the boy served to assist in the thorough preparation of the man for the varied and important work that was before him. In all these ways and by all these varied paths the hand of the Great Teacher was guiding him and moulding and influencing him for his work in the upbuilding of His kingdom.

"The child is father of the man."

There were the same traits traceable, in a smaller degree, in the child at home that characterized the mature man, engaged in his sacred calling. The flame that finally consumed the Secretary, was kindled up in childhood, and prevailed in boyhood and early manhood. The young boy student had the same singleness of aim, and devotion of purpose that characterized the man. And down by the shore of Lake Erie, with its scenes of wondrous beauty, the diligent zeal was kindled that was to burn and glow in the great Metropolis of the country until its light and influence should reach out over the great prairies of the west, beyond the mighty

towers of the Rocky mountains, and along the majestic slope of the Pacific.

The boy began the work of the man, and seemed straightened until that work was accomplished. And what though that zeal did consume him? What though the lamp did seem to burn all too brightly for the continuance of its light, when it was to be of such signal benefit to the Church and the world, in leading them onward in their progress? In the boy it was the kindling up of a flame that urged him forward to begin the work of preparation and to the completion of his studies. It was to lead him to the contemplation of great thoughts and good purposes; to deepen his convictions; to broaden his views, and inspire his courage for the great work to which a mother's love had set him apart; to which the voice of God had called him in the secret chambers of his heart; and to which his country and the world were inviting him.

And in all this child-life the appreciative mind can notice the hand and the voice of the mother. From the day of his birth she had dedicated him to the Lord. With a strong faith in the God of her fathers and her own God, she had the conviction that the offering would be accepted and her best wishes fulfilled. On one occasion she said to a friend: "I devoted him to the Lord from the hour of his birth; and I have prayed, O how earnestly, that God would spare his life and make him a minister of the Gospel." And this anxiety never ceased. It found its embodiment in the quiet talks,

in the judicious advice as to reading and thinking and praying. And above all, it was manifested beyond a doubt in the earnest supplication before God in the secret place of prayer. There this godly woman was in the habit of bringing all her troubles and cares and anxieties, and there she left them, knowing how strong the shoulder is that bears up the whole universe.

And this inheritance of registered prayers in the secret place of the Most High is better than the gold mines of Nevada or the diamond fields of the Orient. It brought light and joy to the little boy who played around the Dickson homestead; to the school boy who sat on the low benches of the uncomfortable country school house; to the minister in the desk; to the secretary in his office; and to the humble, trusting Christian man when he laid him down to die, when his work was accomplished.

II. THE STUDENT.

"I would study, I would know, I would admire forever. These works of thought have been the entertainments of the human spirit in all ages."

EMERSON.

"Wisdom is the principal thing; Therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding."

PROV. IV. 7.

II. THE STUDENT.

The bright, active lad had long been dedicated to the Lord for the Gospel ministry. Many a council had been held. Many plans had been discussed. The parents had resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means. There was the farm, but very little money found its way into the treasury of the household. There was plenty of wheat and corn; but neither of these valuable commodities would bring money in the market, even at a low nominal price. Live stock was not in demand; even the white fleeces of the sheep could be used only in the home manufacture of yarn and cloth for family use. The call upon the father for occasional service in the public works always brought money; but this was by no means a constant source of supply. There was plenty but not in the precise shape that would be necessary in order to meet the expenses of the college and other places of education. How was the all important matter to be brought about?

But these parents had been in the habit of trusting in the word of the Lord, and they now resolved to do what seemed to them duty, and leave the matter of a complete solution of the problem to Providence.

The young man was taken into the council. There must be a course of long and severe study, with close economy on the part of the boy. This was explained to him; and the boy well knew that there would be diligence and economy in the home, with self-denial and many a sacrifice with all parties. But there was to the boy the inward impulse of a strong, hopeful nature, born of the Spirit of God; and on the part of the parents their early vow to God; their dedication of their son to the work of preaching the gospel, and on the mother's part the dream that had been in her sleeping and waking thoughts from the day he was born, that her son was to be called to honor God in the Gospel of His Son. And to accomplish all these things there was the willing heart, the earnest purpose and the soul's utmost endeavor.

Just at that time Providence favored the movement. A teacher had opened a school somewhat above the ordinary grade in the near neighborhood. On the twentieth day of December, 1831, Cyrus commenced going to the school of Joseph M. Hays, as the preparatory step to schools of a higher grade. Here he probably began the Latin Grammar, with a look into Algebra, and the elementary departments of Natural Science.

Early the next Spring arrangements were in progress to send him to a school of higher grade. All things were arranged. The slender wardrobe was packed in the modest trunk. The mother's kiss was given to the boy at the gate as both strug-

gled to be brave, and the first separation took place, the gentle, weeping mother knowing well that her boy was leaving the roof tree of home to return no more as its permanent inmate.

The Erie Academy was selected as the place to begin the work. On the morning of April seventeenth 1832, father and son entered the grounds of the old Academy where so many have learned the elements of an education that has advanced them in business and professional life. And as the youth looked at the venerable stone building, and listened to the shouts of the boys who had not yet been called in to their studies he wondered if he would ever feel at home among them.

The institution was at that time presided over by Asa E. Foster, a graduate of an eastern college, and a famous teacher in his day. He was a tall, grave, clerical looking man, who never smiled save when the Greek verb "*Tupto*" was conjugated regularly; or when some crisp sentence in Horace was translated happily. He was always dressed in black, was always dignified, and always had the best interests of his scholars at heart. With him our young neophite commenced anew the mysteries of Ross' Latin Grammar, with its close and inseparable companion, "Historia Sacra," and great was his joy when he was able to translate and parse the first sentence in the latter: "Deus creavit coelum et terra intra sex dies."

The young man made good progress. With his natural brightness and ambition to excel and his

knowledge of the hopes of his parents for his best interests, and their ardent prayers for his future success, he gave himself wholly to his books and preparation for College. And in these early struggles the boy learned those habits of diligence and self-denial and economy that served him so well in all his professional life. In the exercise of these he was carried successfully through his higher grades of studies, his early settlement as pastor in a poor, struggling congregation, as well as in conducting successfully and economically the benevolent affairs of the Church at large. The foundations were being laid for a work that was to astonish the Church in the coming days.

There is something noble and admirable in these early life struggles through which so many of our educated and professional men pass. The attainment of an education by individual effort, put forth almost single handed, is one of the fruits gathered from the tree of knowledge that does not turn to ashes on the lip. It brings about a discipline of all the powers of the mind and all the resources of the soul. It gives self-reliance, forms a habit of study that is not easily broken up, and engenders an independence of thought and action, that admirably fits the young scholar for the stern duties and requirements of life. The most important places in the Church and in the State are filled by men who were born and reared amid the struggles of a narrow estate and who carved out the way to success with their own strong hands, and who were familiar

with the hardships and labors pertaining to self effort.

The plenty of the home and the abundance of pecuniary resources, and future prospects of the young often cut the sinews of mental activity and dwarf and paralyze those who else might have been active and great amongst their fellows. The muscles of the mind, the intellect, the understanding, require to be exercised as do those of the body, and the very life and death struggles of many an earnest soul, are the means of developing powers and capabilities that had never been known nor suspected without these struggles. The Heavenly Father knows best what training his children need to fit them for their high calling. And the earnest toiling and the patient waiting will be more than recompensed by the strength and powers of endurance of the heart and soul in the great work of life.

The young student was at home once more. The Autumn-time had come. The wheat had been cut, bound into bundles and stowed away in the barn, and the fragrant hay in the mow. But these once familiar things were losing their interest in the eyes of the scholar. Even in the brief summer that had passed, he had obtained glimpses into a new world—a world of thought, of knowledge, of power growing out of that knowledge. He had glanced into but few books as yet, and had mastered none ; but he had had glimpses into something great and wonderful that might be attained by the diligent soul. This something was dim and obscure, and

but half formed in his mind; yet he felt that there was a reality in it. It was like the glimpses we get in the deep star-light as we peer into the Nebulæ of Andromeda, seeming like a distant window, revealing a deeper heaven and a more glorious prospect, if we could but approach a little nearer to it. And with this view opening to his mind in the dim distance, the student resolved in his inmost soul that he would pursue the light until his object was accomplished. A love of study had been kindled up in his soul that must be gratified. The student life had now fairly commenced, and henceforth there was to be neither farm nor merchandise.

He was now to go to college. His father had been long familiar with Jefferson college through its students. He knew its traditional history. All his old friends amongst the ministers had graduated there; and above all he felt that a special blessing had always rested upon the Institution. A large portion of its students had entered the ministry, and it had been the scene of many precious revivals, as the Spirit of God had been poured out upon it, reviving those who were Christians and bringing many who were outside of the Church within its pale. Jefferson College was therefore selected as the college home of the young student. The young man was soon domiciled amid the hills of Washington County, and learned to climb the hill on which the ancient town of Canonsburg is located. He made the fatherly acquaintance of Dr. Brown, and soon felt himself at home amid the new surround-

ings, entering the preparatory department on the first of November, 1832.

There is extant the first letter written after leaving home. It is addressed to his mother, and is reproduced to show the honest, simple, and conscientious heart of the boy, at his entrance upon college life. Even its crudities are interesting as showing the good, solid foundation on which the fine mental structure was reared in after years. He was at this time in his sixteenth year.

Jefferson College, Cononsburg, Penn.,
Nov. 19, 1832.

My Dear Mother:

It is with various feelings that I take the liberty of conversing with you through the medium of writing. . . . . I shall give you the details of our journey. On Monday we only reached Erie; on Tuesday Salem, Ohio. Wednesday we staid at Andover, Thursday at Youngstown, Saturday and Sunday at Economy, and Monday we arrived at the far famed city of Pittsburg. . . . . We crossed the two rivers, and then went up the Monongahela to Elizabethtown, and crossed the river and then proceeded to Mr. Johnston's on Tuesday and spent the day, and took our departure on Wednesday morning, and arrived here the same night. Father and I spent the next day in searching for boarding for myself, which was obtained. My spirits were low at the thought of separating from father and John. On Friday I entered college and took my leave of them; but O! language cannot express the emo-

tion of my soul. It was like the rending of one limb from another. . . . . Father told me that he thought you and he would come to see me next summer. I hope you may; if not I think I shall visit you next fall, as a party of students talk of visiting the Falls of Niagara on foot. Should this be the case, and you not come here next summer, I think I will accompany them as far as North East.

My companion is a religious young man, and has the same object before him that I have. We attend to worship in our room morning and night. I hope that you will not forget me in your prayers, as I have great need of support. Tell Amos Gould that I want him to come here as soon as he can, for I want companions from that part of the world. It is now, my dear parents, that I feel more than ever the want of your direction and guidance; and it is now more than ever that I feel the loss of the family altar, but blessed be God, he has given us the hope that if we should never meet again on earth we may meet in another world, where we shall never part. My dear parents, I would now, as I never expect to live with you as I have done in the former part of my life, humbly entreat your pardon for everything in which I have wounded your feelings, and especially in religious matters; and I would now return my warmest thanks for the interest and never ceasing care which you have exercised over me from my cradle to the present moment. I never expect to be able to compensate you for it, but I pray that the Lord may reward you in this life and in that which

is to come. My love to all the rest of the family—I wish you all to write. Nothing more at present from your dutiful son until death.

CYRUS DICKSON.

P. S. My respects to all my friends.

The famous institution was then at the very height of its popularity, and was thronged with students from all parts of the country, notably so from the Southern States. There was a magnetism about Dr. Matthew Brown that attracted students whereever his influence was felt. The wildest young men respected him, and all yielded to his fatherly counsels and felt that he was their friend.

The students were accommodated with boarding houses in different parts of the town. Some found a home in the old college building, and some on the college farm, or Fort Tusculum, as it was called, and others in private houses that were opened for their accommodation, and made often very pleasant homes by the care and attention of the inmates. There were some also who boarded in clubs, the details of which were managed by themselves, and the arrangements adapted to their own ideas of economy. Mr. Dickson seems at first to have had his home in the old College. Letters to his father and mother at this time give an idea of the way in which he commenced his college life.

TO HIS FATHER.

Jefferson College, Canonsburg,
December, 24, 1832.

· · · I enjoy as good health as I ever did, with

the exception of a few fits of homesickness. . . . In your letter you requested me to send you a statement of my examination, what class I entered, &c. In the first place the faculty did not examine me, but on the account I gave of my progress they put me in the Cæsar class, which book I find quite easy. My situation is very pleasant, and I now feel quite reconciled, although at first it seemed to me that I could not content myself surrounded by these lofty hills, which seem as barriers to the approach of man. . . . In regard to religious duties I endeavor to follow your advice as far as possible. Last week I presented my certificate to Dr. Brown, and I communed with the church yesterday. Dr. Brown is very mindful of me, as he calls frequently at my room, and converses with and gives me good advice which I find very useful.

Your dutiful son,

CYRUS DICKSON.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Jefferson College, December 24th, 1832.

DEAR MOTHER:

The reception of your letter gave me much pleasure, especially as you said my parting with you gave you but little pain, and that you hoped you had dedicated me to God. It is now that I know how to prize you, for I am sensible that the person who never lives away from home cannot value his parents, and I trust being separated from my earthly parents may lead me to live

nearer to that Heavenly Parent who is the giver of all good. . . . Last Thursday I was 16 years old. It was a solemn day to me, and I trust spent in a better manner than any of my former birthdays.

Your affectionate son,

CYRUS DICKSON.

At this time a farm was connected with the institution, that was designed to afford facilities for manual labor amongst the students. It was supposed to be adapted to the promotion of health as well as to relieve somewhat the burden of college expenses. A building was provided for studies and dormitories, the two being combined in one. Sometimes these rooms served as kitchen, dormitory and study, all combined in one. The land was plowed by the college team and divided into lots and assigned to the students for cultivation. They were usually planted in potatoes, and the work was performed during the intervals of study. As a matter of exercise it worked very well, as the time could readily be spared from books and was not greater than occupied for exercise in other directions. And with a favorable season and the ordinary care of the crop, the proceeds were by no means to be undervalued by the student anxious to practice economy.

The first session was a laborious one to the student as his studies at the Academy had not been well balanced with reference to the classes in college. As he was in advance of his class in some studies and behind in others, an extra amount of

study was necessary. But the work went forward. Caesar's Commentaries were diligently conned, and the work commenced in the Graeca Minora, with Algebra and Geometry. The winter wore away at last and the spring vacation commenced with the plans for the coming summer. Mr. Dickson arranged to go over to the farm and take up his quarters at Fort Tusculum. the following letters to his father speak of this arrangement, and of the prospects of work in connection with study:

TO HIS FATHER.

March, 1833.

"Agreeably to your desire and my own I have got a place on the farm. My room-mate will be Jacob Hall, a nephew of Mrs. Conrad. The terms are these: every student shall pay seventy-five cents and work six hours every week for his board, then after he has finished this six hours he may work more (if he chooses) to any amount and it shall be deducted from the weekly seventy-five cents."

TO HIS FATHER.

June, 1833.

"I have the eighth of an acre in potatoes which have just come up and look quite thrifty, but I fear they will not be ready to be raised before the beginning of next session. If this should be the case I will be obliged to pay my boarding for this session in cash and not realize any benefit from them until I return. However it will be as good then as now."

TO HIS FATHER.

April, 1834.

"Dr. Brown says I shall have half an acre, which, if the season is favorable, will furnish a very good crop. Next season Mr. Dickson, the student, will stop occasionally and converse with Cyrus, the farmer."

The summer of 1833 was passed finishing up the studies of the Preparatory Department and the exercise of the field, and, with health improved by the work, he was ready in the fall of that year to enter the regular classes, a full fledged Freshman, feeling perhaps more elated with his new dignity than he did when he graduated at the close of his college studies.

Perhaps it is well that we do not see at first the heights to which we must ascend in preparation for the great affairs of this life, else we would be utterly discouraged ere the work was accomplished, and sit down in despondency. But, as it is, the work grows upon us and we see only as we advance the rising eminences up which we must toil. And so in the morning hours we urge our way upward thinking that we shall be up ere long, and as we proceed faith and courage increase and we find ourselves at work at evening's close just as in the morning's dawn. And our lives are better for the work and the faith and the trial.

During his college course the student formed many valuable acquaintances that were useful to him through life. They were men who took prom-

inent positions in life, in the learned professions, and in business, and in scientific and literary life. They were men who often sat in the councils of the nation, who administered its laws and who went as Missionaries to India, and China, and who laid down their lives for the Lord's sake.

He took an active part in the Brainard Evengelical Society. This was a society of religious students whose object was the promotion of personal piety and the cultivation of the Missionary spirit amongst the students.

In the year 1833, this Society published a small tract of four pages entitled: "Duty to the Heathen," and resolved to place a copy of it in every family in Western Pennsylvania. The tract was printed at Pittsburg, by D. & M. Maclean, and was to be distributed by the voluntary service of the members. It was a large undertaking, but the student has large expectations, and, with the hope of youth and the dependence on the help of Providence, the undertaking was commenced. The time allotted to the work was the autumn vacation, and it was anticipated that the vacation might be profitably spent in this way both as regards doing good and promoting exercise and health, and so fitting the agents for the work of the coming winter session.

The country was districted amongst the members of the society, and volunteers were called for in each particular county or district. North-western Pennsylvania was not well represented in the

Society and the work was assigned to Mr. Dickson and some students who volunteered to assist in that portion of the state. The work went forward. Mr. Dickson assumed a larger portion of the business than any other student, because he was the only one from Erie county. In connection with two fellow students he undertook the work of distribution in nine townships in addition to the borough of Erie. The plan was to place a copy of the little messenger in each household in the district, either in person or by proxy, and the result was that it was done generally in person. The plan was successfully carried out and at the beginning of the next session a favorable report was rendered. The following letter to his father will throw light upon the matter:

TO HIS FATHER.

Jefferson College, 1833.

"In my last I mentioned that I had taken North East and Harbor Creek, in which to distribute tracts. Since that time there has been a convention of the students concerning the distribution, and all the counties of western Pennsylvania taken, excepting eleven townships of Erie county. As I am the only student from that county, I thought it my duty to stand for the section of country to which I belong, so, in connection with Messrs. Hamill and Osborn, have agreed to place a tract in every family in the towns of Erie, Millcreek, Harbour-Creek, North-East, Greenfield, Wayne, Beaverdam, Venango, Amity, Union, and Concord. The tracts

are furnished by the Brainard Evangelical Society.

The work is to be done in the month of October. It will of course shorten my stay at home, for which I shall be very sorry, but I must be engaged in 'my Father's business.' "

Time passed and the student made good progress in his studies. Good old Dr. Brown, the President, took special interest in him, as he had been particularly committed to his care by his father. Professor William Smith would listen admiringly to his rapid conjugation of the famous old verb: "*Tupto*" and if he made a blunder in the translation of an oration of Demosthenes, would, with a sly twinkle of his eye, interrupt him by saying; "Yes, or rather this way": giving an entirely different meaning to the sentence. In translating the sentence from the same oration, "Ne Dia" when the student gave the most obvious English meaning, he would say, with imperturbable gravity, yet with the same curious twinkle in his eye: "Well, those old fellows would swear a little sometimes, but you need not."

He excelled in the languages, yet was by no means deficient in his knowledge of the mathematics. He was always punctual at his class recitations, and in class was always ready for any call that was made upon him. As a member of the Philo Literary Society, he took a prominent part in all its debates, being specially ready in all extemporaneous speaking, going forward in his harangue, from the first sharp annunciation, "Mr. Archon," until the close of his speech, as though the matter had all

been carefully conned over in his mind beforehand. Yet with all his wit and humour, and occasional abandon, he was not in any danger of losing sight of the great matter that was the object of his education. This is obvious from his letters to the father, in which more of the heart of the young man is seen than in any outward appearances. There was at the very bottom of his soul the feeling of consecration to God.

During his first year at college he became anxious that his older brother, George, should also become a student. The delights of study and the prospects of usefulness had awakened a strong desire that others beside himself should share in them. To this end a letter was written to his father, suggesting the matter, and urging reasons why the other brother should at once abandon the farm and turn his attention to study. This letter that is still extant abounds in arguments showing the importance of the idea, its reasonableness, and the way in which it could be carried out. It also insisted that the plan was entirely practicable, and could be carried out with ease, inasmuch as they were both economical in their habits, and would not draw heavily on the home exchequer. The brother at home rather objected at the first, but on reflection concluded to abandon his home plans and join his brother in his studies.

The final result was that the two brothers were soon at Canonsburgh pursuing their studies together, although George was two years behind his

younger brother. George M. Dickson was graduated in the year 1839, two years after his brother: studied law at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, and died in 1841.

In the fall of 1834 the two brothers were greatly gratified by a visit from their parents who remained until after the commencement and then took them with them to spend the vacation in visiting some of the old scenes of their father's early life in the county of Westmoreland; thence to the home of Rev. Robert Johnston, his early friend. After these visits had been concluded the boys returned to their studies, and commenced the labors of another year.

Whilst they were quietly pursuing their studies, a great sorrow fell upon them from which they were long recovering. Cyrus was at the post office and saw in the list in the window his own name as the recipient of a letter. A sharp tap on the window and the letter was handed out to him. It bore the old familiar home post mark, and was endorsed in his father's hand writing. In his excitement the letter was torn open on the porch of the post office, and the first lines informed him of the death of his mother. She had died suddenly of apoplexy. He could read no farther. His heart beat convulsively for a moment and then seemed to stop, as though it would never resume its functions. There was the one feeling—to get to his room and be alone with his great sorrow. On his way he met his friend, F. A. Muhlenberg, who noticed that some great grief had fallen upon him and eagerly inquir-

ed what was the matter. He told him of his loss and begged him to go and tell his brother George, as he could not. When the announcement was made to his brother he fainted, and, as the result of the shock, was seriously ill for a number of days.

This was the first great sorrow in Mr. Dickson's life, and its shadow fell upon him at times as long as he lived. At such times he was unusually tender, and the chastened thoughts that it inspired gave tone to his feelings and conversation. His mother's memory was always dear to him. His affection for her was unusually strong and never faded in his heart. He always felt that to her he owed all that was valuable in his heart and in his life, from her early influence and training. And here amid the gathering shadows of the evening he recalled everything of the past—the little cabin where he was born—the first prayer his mother had taught him—her earnest talks about the Saviour—how he had often been awaked in the night by a whispered voice and found her praying over him as he lay in his little bed. He could even recal something of the burden of those prayers—that God would make her boy his own dear child—that, even as she had dedicated him to His service in the ministry, He would accept the offering and watch over and bless him, and keep him until the time of redemption. And he felt that those prayers had been answered in part, and he believed, now that his mother was in heaven, they would all be answered and there came to him the thought too that he

should see his mother once more, even in the glorified vision of holiness, and be with her forever.

It was long before the shadows were lifted from the young student's heart, for with all the aids of faith the thought was almost more than he could bear, that he would see her face no more in this world. Home had lost its attraction, and it seemed as though the visits to the old home would no longer be desirable now that the light had all faded out from it, and the old attraction gone forever. But the winter wore away; time brought healing in its touch; the duties of the class kept his mind busy; the thoughts of others' burdens softened his feelings and the spring approached, reminding him of the care and attention that were now wanted for the preservation of his own health. This had been a source of anxiety to his friends for some time, and at last the thought was forced upon his own mind that he was breaking down under the anxiety and study of the last session.

A few extracts from the letter of an old college friend* will throw light on the manner and habits of the young student.

"With great kindness and regard for my welfare he gave me some cautions with regard to some wild and irreligious students who were boarding in the same house with myself . . . . I was one year in advance of him in the regular studies of the course, but he was far my superior in wisdom and mental discipline . . . . I can still see him arrayed in his swallow tailed coat, trudging down to the pump

* Prof. F. A. Muhlenberg.

which stood at the south-east corner of the Campus, with his stone pitcher, to draw the cool water out of the deep cistern, with no occasion for ice, and without any tax for its use. It was the sweetest water we ever drank. I might almost wish, as David did, when thinking of the well of Bethlehem, that I could go back again and drink with my old friend out of the stone pitcher once more . . . . He had a natural vein of pleasantry in him. This he must have inherited from his father; his mother, if I mistake not, ... was of a more serious temperament, though very kind-hearted and deeply religious. I can still hear his merry laugh, ringing in my ears as he indulged in his playful pleasantry with the friends who were gathered around his fireplace in his room. Occasionally he would pass under a cloud and become despondent . . . . When he got into such moods he would repeat his favorite sentiments from classic English poets of whom he was a constant student, and among these Shakspeare and Beattie appeared to be his favorites' . . . As I did not recite with him it is not in my power to give any information as to his standing in his class, ... but I do know that he was a great reader of History, and polite Literature, and was one of the best debaters, and most eloquent extemporaneous speakers we had at college, and that is very much to his credit, for the older members of the Society were eminently distinguished in these respects. The most of them were men, not boys.

The saddest event that befel him while at College

was the death of his mother, to whom he was most tenderly attached. His grief for her was permanent, and exerted a marked influence on his character. Her loss deepened the shadows that often rested on his spirit; but it was no doubt designed by God to prepare him more fully for the great labors of his subsequent life, when he became to such a remarkable extent the consoler and comforter of others. . . . . I believe he was constantly advancing in spirituality and in fitness for the office to which he seems to have regarded himself as set apart from his childhood and which he so eminently adorned in his subsequent career."

At this time, the spring of 1836, Mr. Dickson's father was contemplating a trip to the far west, as it was then called. It was to extend to the Mississippi River, and the thought was suggested to the invalid student that such a trip would be of use to him, and perhaps restore his broken health. The matter was mentioned to Dr. Brown, who made inquiry first of the student himself and found that his sleep was interrupted almost to insomnia, that he was oppressed with languor, and, while diligent in study as ever, was slowly breaking down from some cause. On consulting with the other Professors it was judged that the last session of the Junior class might be intermitted without falling behind, and then, if health would allow, go on with his class in the fall as a regular senior. This conclusion was made known to Mr. Dickson, the father, with the advice that the young man should accompany him on his western tour.

This was agreed upon and preparations were made for the journey. It was to be made on horseback; the distance was more than a thousand miles and would require more than a month to complete it. At the beginning of the April vacation the journey from Canonsburgh was commenced, a horse being purchased for the purpose. Father and son met at Girard, Erie county, Pennsylvania, and went westward together. A leaf from the father's Note Book informs us of the route taken and of the progress made. It will be interesting as showing the manner of travel and the wildness of the country at that time in contrast with the improved means of travel and the greatness of the country at the present.

EXTRACT FROM NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM DICKSON.

"In April 1836 we left home for the western country; traveled up Lake Erie to Perrysburg, up the Maumee river to Fort Wayne, then down the Wabash river, passing through the towns of Huntingdon and Logansport, over the Tippecanoe battleground, following the River to Lafayette, a beautiful town, then to Shawnee Prairie, some distance below. My son Cyrus had traveled with me from Erie county, and at Huntingdon we fell in with William C. Dickson, my cousin from Cherry Valley, Otsego county, New York. At the Shawnee Prairie we stopped a few days to survey some lands belonging to a company in New York, then proceeded down the river to Williamsport, crossed over into Illinois,

and came to Danville. We reached it on Saturday, and remained over the Sabbath. On Monday, after dinner, we started and traveled twenty miles to a cabin far away on the prairie, and from there it was twenty miles to the Kickapoo River, without house or tree. At the old Indian town lived a Frenchman who gave us our breakfast, and corn for our horses, by paying him well. There was a little timber on the bank of the river, then neither house nor timber for twenty miles more. We put up at the first house and fared well; that was a few miles from Bloomington, and in the neighborhood where Luke Hardy settled and died—he moved from Harbour Creek. Next morning we started for Ottawa, where we arrived that night, after travelling forty miles. On leaving Ottawa we went up the Fox river to John Green's mills; he put us on an Indian trail which he said would take us to Princetown. We traveled very hard, crossing the heads of several streams running into the Illinois river. One was called the Tomahawk; in crossing it my son's horse mired, threw him off and nearly buried him in the mud. Every bad slough we came to after that we thought of the Tomahawk. About sundown we reached a high ridge, on which the town of Dover is now located, from which we thought we could see Princetown; we pressed on, but it became dark. We lost the path and wandered on the prairie until it was late at night, when we saw a light and made our way to it. A woman had been up attending to a sick child,

and had a light, which was fortunate for us, for we were then three miles north of Princetown. The next day we traveled forty-five miles; saw but one man; his name was Thomas and he lived near the Big Bureau river. He had been in the Black Hawk war, and told us about Stillman's defeat. That night we got to a cabin at the east end of the Red Oak Grove. The woman said she had once lived in North East, and that her father's name was Evelith. I knew him well. The next day we reached Rock River, and forded the slough —it was high—to Vanroof's (Van Der Hoof's) Island; we ferried the main river and got to Wills' before sundown. My object in coming to this place was to purchase, if possible, the land on which the Black Hawk town had formerly stood. . . . We remained in the neighborhood a few days and then went to Galena; then to Chicago, where we met Hiram Norcross. My son sold his horse to him and took a steamboat to Erie."

The trip was safely made and in due time we find the student at Canonsburgh once more, in all the new dignity of a senior, and, what was far better, with new health and vigor. The tour over the prairies, as his father expressed it, "constantly reading from the book of nature," did even more than was expected. He was bronzed by his constant exposure to the sun and wind, his muscles were hardened by exercise, and his digestive powers renewed, so that he was prepared to go on with the studies of the year with vigor, and make up all that he had

lost by his absence the preceding session. The months passed, the spring vacation came, then the summer arrived and the time of graduation was seen in the distance. The Senior vacation came, speeches were conned over that were to grace the Commencement, and all was expectation in the class. It was composed of thirty-nine young men, drawn from very many States of the Union, and representing many grades of talent, and designed for many of the active walks of life. Of these thirty-nine young men who stood together to receive their diplomas from the venerable President more than one third have already passed away from the scenes of this world, and many others are still in the front of the strife doing their work.

The auspicious day came at length. There were the great congregation; the blare of trumpets; the speaking of the class; the applause; the conferring of degrees; the leave-taking; then the class of 1837 dispersed to meet no more upon earth. They went out to act their brief part and win or lose as best they might, and of the result the ages will bear their solemn testimony.

The following brief extract from the class history, delivered in 1867, by Rev. J. T. Smith, D. D., sketches the student as he was known in the streets of Canonsburgh and in the Halls of Jefferson College;

"How distinctly the Cy. Dickson of that day stands out before us! His square, short form, and round, ruddy face, and sandy locks,—his irrepressi-

ble vivacity and ready wit, and quickness at repartee—his universal information and readiness to adapt himself to circumstances and exigencies as they arose—his power of impressing others into his service, and above all his marvellous faculty of discerning analogies where no mortal beside had dreamed of their existence."

Home again for a short time and then work. There was no time in which to indulge in dreams, or wait for the rise of the tide to carry him forward. A select school was taken in Girard, Pennsylvania, the duties of which commenced in November, 1837, one short month after his graduation. Here he continued through the winter, and in the month of April following accepted a situation in the classical school of the Messrs. Hammill, in Lawrenceville, New Jersey. Here the teaching and the study of Theology and Ecclesiastical History were carried forward together. At the same time he attended lectures at Princeton. This was a busy year. In the month of September he returned to Erie county and was received under the care of the Presbytery, as a candidate for the Gospel ministry. At the advice of friends in whom he had confidence he had entered upon the study of his profession very soon after taking his degree at Jefferson College. Even at Girard, amid the perplexities of the school, he was using his spare time and some that was redeemed from the hours of relaxation in conning over the books that pertained to his trial studies before the Presbytery. And now that he

was approaching the close of his probation, and the great matter of preaching was beginning to fill his mind, these studies were pursued with greater diligence than ever. In addition to this, the trial exercises assigned him by Presbytery occupied his mind and pressed upon his time.

The following letter to his father is the last that is before us during his student life :

Lawrenceville, N. J., May 23, 1838.

——: "By the date you will perceive that I have left my native state and am now in a land of strangers.

I left North-East April 16th, and came by way of Buffalo, Albany, and New York. I am an assistant teacher in the Lawrenceville High School. Mr. S. M. Hammill and his brother are the Principals. I teach Latin, Greek and Mathematics.

I am studying Hebrew and Church History."

September, 1838,

——: "I teach six hours each day and study eight."

III. THE COMMISSION.

"Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figure."

ADDISON.

"Whereof I was made a minister according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by the effectual working of his power."

EPH. III. 7.

III. THE COMMISSION.

The chrysalis is an important part of the life experience of the butterfly. The quiet preparation while yet hidden away from the active business world is a fitting stage of insect progress. Yet the time comes when the shell is burst asunder, and the active, real business and enjoyment of life commences. The mature butterfly is abroad in its beauty and the world is before it, and is more beautiful for its presence. And to our student the time had arrived when he must leave his chrysalis condition, and take part in the active scenes of life. The waiting and the hope were to give place to active duty and the responsible work of an evangelist.

His student life was not to terminate. That was to go forward with more diligence than ever. It was to continue through all his life on earth; it was to be carried forward in heaven, seated at the feet of the Great Teacher, where lessons of wisdom and love and beauty will be full of attraction throughout all eternity.

But the time of probation was drawing to a close. The Home, the Academy, the College, the Theological training had done their work, as far as simple preparation was concerned, and the student was to be commissioned to preach the Gospel, and to "feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with

His own blood." Was it strange then that he was full of excitement with the thought? Was it strange that the young man, not yet twenty three years of age, should almost shrink from undertaking the work that seemed so full of grave responsibilities? Here had been the labor and the waiting of the years of his early youth—what would be the result? The memories of the past crowded upon him; the mother's talks by the evening fireside; the half articulated prayers by the side of his bed when yet but a child; the father's anxieties; his own early vows of consecration and resolutions for the service of God and the welfare of the souls of men clustered around him, and thronged his memory. What would be the result? Here was his health somewhat shattered by close application to study; he had had no experience in the way of public speaking; he knew not that he could so commend himself to the people as to gain their ear successfully, or impress them favorably. Here was the discouraging view of the case.

But there was another side to the situation. The cloud that is so dark and murky on our side of the view, may be all beautiful and golden from the sun side, and by the eye of faith we may always see the sun-lighted side. And to the young man with all these sensitive feelings and weighty responsibilities pressing upon him, there was the sunward view of what else had been but a dark and mysterious cloud. He had these aids to faith: he had been wonderfully prospered in his early preparation. He had overcome difficulties that seemed like moun-

tains in his way, and had graduated with honor at an age much younger than was then common with students. The way had been opened up for teaching and farther study. God had gone before him and had been his guide thus far, and he felt that for the days to come he could rely upon His aid, and he looked forward with a cheerful heart.

And so the trials for licensure commenced. The young man sought the old Erie Presbytery, in whose bounds he had been born and reared, and the thoughts of whose ministers and churches were consecrated in his mind by the sweetest and most enduring memories. On the fifteenth day of October, 1838, he was taken under the care of the Presbytery of Erie, as a candidate for the Gospel ministry. He was at that time a member of the church at Lawrenceville, New Jersey, where he was engaged in teaching. This fact shows the conscientious feeling of the man, in transferring his church membership from place to place wherever he sojourned, even for a time. He had most probably transferred his membership from North East, where his father was an elder, to the college church at Canonsburgh, under the pastoral care of Dr. Brown, and thence to Lawrenceville, that he might always feel that the responsibilities of actual church membership were upon him. Like Abraham of the olden time wherever he pitched his tent there he builded his altar so that he might always be ready for the sacrifice.

At the same meeting of Presbytery, that was held at Mercer, Pennsylvania, he was examined in all the

studies of his college course, also read a Latin exegesis on the theme: "An Dei Providentia omnia respicit?"; also a critical exercise on the twenty third Psalm, and a Popular Lecture on The Epistle to the Romans, third chapter, and from the twentieth to the twenty sixth verses inclusive. These were all sustained as parts of trials for licensure.

Back to his teaching once more, waiting until the appointed time, studying, looking out upon the field and wondering to what part of the great world the Lord would assign him, the young man passed the twelve months of the probation that yet remained. The time did not seem long, for there were the great volumes of Theology to be read, Dick, and Hill, and Ridgeley, with many a glance into the classic pages of old Turretine. There was also the wonderful History of the Church of God as recorded by Eusebius and Milner and Mosheim, to be read and thought and prayed over, in order to his thorough furnishing for the work.

In the meantime there was the work in the Sabbath school, the study of the child mind, in which he afterwards became such an adept in knowledge; the going out into the country to assist in prayer meetings; the talks to the people about Jesus, the Saviour of sinners; the exhortation of the people to the new and desirable life; all these things served to deepen his own convictions of duty and to fit him for the coming work.

And there was this slight ground of discouragement as the time drew near for his licensure: he

had spent nearly all his spare time during the winter in the preparation of his sermon as the remaining portion of trials for licensure, before the Presbytery. Yet it did not seem to be very much of a sermon, and the thought came into his mind as to how he could possibly prepare two sermons each week after he should have entered upon the work. But the spirit of hopefulness, that was so large an element in his nature, took the place of despondency, and he went on with his studies hoping that time and faith and energy would overcome all these difficulties. And the trial sermon was conned over, and the young homilist wondering what the Fathers and Brethren of the Presbytery would think of it.

The time of the trial came at last. The Presbytery met on the fourteenth day of October, 1839, in the Neshannock church, in Mercer county, Pennsylvania. All that day the candidate for holy orders sat waiting, and listening to the details of business connected with the welfare of the churches. But the sermon could wait. The ministers and elders were full of other matters. It was decided to hear the sermon in the evening; the text assigned was the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and thirtieth verse: "What must I do to be saved?"

Ludicrous things will happen under circumstances of solemnity and responsibility. The Presbytery had met in a country church, where there were no facilities of light for evening meetings, and it had been arranged to have the evening service at the

house of one of the elders of the church, William Mc Millan, son of Dr. Mc Millan of Chartiers. At this evening meeting Mr. Dickson was to preach his trial sermon for licensure and his friend, Mr. Reynolds, his sermon preparatory to ordination. The young men were to read their discourses. The table was a simple, slender, three-legged affair, on which was placed the old family Bible, containing the record of the births and deaths of the family for two or three generations, and by its side a single tallow candle, moulded by the deft hands of the good mother of the household, for the meeting was arranged at "early candle lighting," as the phrase then went. The elder was notified that something a little higher than this table would be necessary to accommodate the young men. The half bushel was brought in from the barn, and the table placed on the top of this, and all was in readiness.

As the good elder passed where the young Theologians sat, trembling somewhat in the prospect of the coming trials, he whispered to them so as to be audible to those sitting near: "Now boys, I do not want any unnecessary clawing around that table, for if there is, the whole rig will go tumbling head over heels." The young men made a mental note of the condition of the extemporized pulpit, and were on their guard; but the ludicrousness of the arrangement coupled with the elder's remark would force themselves upon them during the progress of the discourses.

On the following day Mr. Dickson was examined

in Theology, Ecclesiastical History, Church Government, and the Sacraments. These examinations and parts of trials having been all sustained he was licensed to preach the Gospel of Christ, in due form, on the fifteenth day of October, 1839.

The work of preaching now commenced. The first Sabbath was given to the pulpit of his old friend and father's friend, Rev. Johnston Eaton of the Fairview church, who was associated with his earliest recollections of Gospel preaching, and whom he had often tried to imitate in the days of his boy preaching in the plays of the school.

Then came the question : Whither does the Lord call ? In what part of the field am I to glean, and bring in the sheaves ? But to the earnest, inquiring heart, seeking work from the Lord, the answer is not long delayed. And so it proved in this case. The door was opened ; the way was made plain, and the work was well received and bountifully rewarded.

IV. PASTORAL LIFE IN FRANKLIN.

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it."

CARLYLE.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall both be alike good."

ECCL. XII. 6.

IV. PASTORAL LIFE IN FRANKLIN.

The work had now commenced. A Sabbath at the old home church at North-East; looking about the country where he had passed his first days and had received his first impressions of life; talking with his old neighbors; a visit to the Lake to listen to the dash of its waves and look out on its boundless prospect, and the solemn activities of the ministerial life must commence. The world was all before him, but he waited for the particular direction and voice of Providence. There were some strong attractions that drew him westward; his father had his home there, and to him and other members of the family he was very strongly attached. There were earnest calls to labor in heathen lands, and the feeling was to go just where God should open the way.

Just at this time he was sent by the Presbytery as a supply to the church of Franklin, in Venango county, Pennsylvania, that was to be the scene of his first pastoral labor. With no definite idea of settlement, but simply following the pillar of cloud that the eye of faith discovered in the distance, the young man accepted the invitation and turned his face toward Franklin. The distance was more than an hundred miles and the journey must be made on

horseback. It was in the month of December and the air was crisp, with traces of snow in the clouds, but this was the beginning of the work, and he set forward with courage and resolution. The first night was spent with his friend, Mr. Reynolds of Meadville, where long talks were had about the old college days, and the friends of the past; with occasional reference to the days to come, so full of hope and expectation.

On the next afternoon he started on his way to Franklin. The snow had fallen during the night; the road was rough and progress slow. The muscles of the young man had not yet become hardened by exercise, as they became after the years of missionary life that followed, and night began to fall before he had reached his destination. He stopped with a good Presbyterian elder who lived within six miles of Franklin, and in the morning went with his host who was going to town with a load of pork. The pork is loaded on a sleigh. The young minister ties his horse to the back of the sleigh and takes his seat with the driver and makes his advent to the scene of his future labors perched upon a load of dressed pigs.

But he finds a warm reception and a welcome home with the old elder, who was the first to receive him and who was his friend and patron from that day to the day of his death. He looked around; the prospect was not flattering. The public improvements were not good; the town evidently was not growing; the church could not enlarge

very much with this population ; the way did not point to success. There might be the sowing but what hope was there for the harvest ?

These were questions that ran through the mind of the young man as he looked out on the park that fronted Mr. Bowman's house, and that were deepened as he walked up Liberty Street and along Thirteenth, as it is now called, with his friend and host. But as was his custom he did not allow himself to be troubled with the appearance of things, but left all to be developed by a wiser head and a stronger hand than his own. And the face was cheerful that was introduced to Mr. Dodd, the other elder, as he called in the evening and the voice was unruffled by a tremor, as the situation was discussed.

Franklin was at that time a really small town, although a county seat. It was an old town, founded on the sites of four successive military works. The French had builded Fort Machault in 1753; the English had followed this by building Fort Venango in 1760; in 1787 the United States had builded Fort Franklin, followed by the Garrison in 1796. The town had been laid out in 1795, but its progress had been slow. The census returns in the following year, 1840, showed a population of only five hundred and ninety-five. Everything was quiet and the prospect poor for building up a church. But God's people were here and they had been praying and there was hope. The church had been organized in 1817, but had had no pastor until 1826, when Rev. Thomas Anderson took charge,

continuing the pastorate until 1837. It had now been vacant two years. The church edifice was an old fashioned affair, with nothing of architectural display, within or without, to recommend it. The eye was offended by the bareness of its outlines and the ear pained by its unfortunate accoustic properties, The auditorium had galleries running around three sides, the one opposite the pulpit being used by the choir. The pulpit itself was small but lofty and afterwards draped with a liberal supply of red moreen.

There were no public improvements about the place. For about a month, spring and autumn, steamboats plied between the town and Pittsburgh, while the water in the Allegheny was at its height, affording the means of travel. At other times the old lumbering coach was the only public conveyance, bringing the mail tri-weekly, and affording the means of communication with the outside world. Untold wealth was slumbering underneath the hills that kept guard around, but it was so far a sealed book, and the time was not yet.

The church of Franklin was too weak to support a pastor the whole of his time, and the arrangement had been hitherto, to unite with Sugar Creek, a church in the country, about seven miles distant. This had been the case under Mr. Anderson's pastorate. It was proposed to continue it under any new pastor who should be called. The first Sabbath was spent in town, and the following at Sugar Creek. The minister was invited to spend other

Sabbaths. He continued to preach for several successive Sabbaths, with no well formed notions in his own mind as to final results, until a talk was had among the people of making out a call for his settlement. The matter was mentioned to the minister, who had been debating the question in his own mind, until he felt half inclined to encourage them in their hopes.

There were other reasons that perhaps influenced his feelings and helped him in making up his mind to settle. Whilst visiting in Girard, Pennsylvania, he had formed an attachment that was to continue for life: and, yielding to the solicitations of the people to become their pastor, he was united in marriage to Miss Delia Eliza Mc Connell, daughter of Thomas and Margaret Mc Connell, on the twentieth day of January, 1840. The young couple found a home for a time in the family of Mr. Bowman, to whom they were ever most tenderly attached. And when eventually they builded a home for themselves, it was very near that of their early patrons, and they were indebted to them for advice and counsel in many an emergency.

On the twenty-first day of April, 1840, at a regular meeting of the Presbytery of Erie, calls were presented for the pastoral labors of Mr. Dickson from the congregations of Franklin and Sugar Creek, dividing his time between them equally. These calls were placed in his hand, and being accepted by him, arrangements were made for his ordination and installation. The text assigned Mr.

Dickson as trial for ordination was from the Gospel by John, first chapter and twenty-ninth verse: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

In accordance with this arrangement, Presbytery met at Franklin on the twenty-third day of June 1840, when the trial sermon was preached. On the following day the solemn services of ordination and installation took place, in the presence of the congregation. Rev. Samuel Tait of Mercer presided, proposed the constitutional questions and offered the ordaining prayer; Rev. Johnston Eaton, of Fairview, preached the sermon; Rev. Absalom M'Cready of Neshannock delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. James G. Wilson of Greenville delivered the charge to the people. And as the people came forward at the close of the services to bid the young pastor welcome, and looked into his fresh, young face, and saw the warmth of feeling in his deep blue eye, and felt the warm grasp of his hand, they knew that there was a warm heart behind the blue eye and the fervent grip of the hand. And to the pastor there was the same assurance as he looked into the eyes of the people. He knew that he was welcome, and that they had taken him home to their hearts, and would stand by him in the work that he had that day undertaken.

And now the work commenced in earnest. The scattered sheep must be gathered up in town, and looked after every day. Every alternate Sabbath must be given to Sugar Creek. Saturday and Mon-

day connected with that day must be devoted to hunting up the people in the country, spending the intervening nights in their dwellings and sharing their generous hospitality. In this way the older members of the congregation were strengthened and comforted and many of those counted as without the fold induced to come in and hear the word, and become partakers of its blessings. The frankness and innate kindness of the man had a decided influence in disarming the prejudices of many who had previously neglected the means of grace. He would go to them as they worked in the fields, as they sat by the door in the warm summer evenings and talk with them so freely and so naturally that they saw that the religion of the man was not assumed for a purpose, and they were attracted to the preacher and then to his church, and were gradually brought within the sphere of good influences.

In town his influence soon began to be felt. With the help of the two elders who resided in town he soon became acquainted with all the members of the church, and the adherents of the congregation. Then he looked up another class, those who had no particular affinities for any church. These he looked after and invited to come to his church, and send their children to the Sabbath School. In this way the children were secured and then the parents gradually began to go to the church until the minister's influence was felt in many new directions. Many of these people eventually became members of the church, and were of value to it.

After settling down to work, and taking the bearings of the congregation a roll was formed of the members of the church. The new Pastor could discover neither minutes of the session, nor roll. It was as though the work was beginning from a new point; or as he described it: "commencing the church de novo." As far as the past was concerned, everything was a blank save the church edifice and the elders, and the few faithful believers who had kept the prayer meeting alive, and interested themselves in the Sabbath School.

The new roll consisted of forty one members with three ruling elders, one of whom lived in the country. The first couple married were Samuel F. Dale and Eliza M'Clelland; The first child baptized was William John Lamberton. The first meeting of the session was held on the thirtieth of August, 1840, and the first member received into the church was Charles L. Cochran.

But the work required strong faith, and none but a brave heart, full of faith in the promises of God, could have labored on as this heroic young man did in the midst of such great discouragements. The town had already been in existence nearly half a century and was still struggling. The country around was poor and few persons coming in to settle. Low as the salary was there was not even the promise or hope of cash payment. Trade was the usual medium of settlement, and there was not much in the future to inspire hope that matters would ever be very much better. And all this time the minister

felt within him the possibilities of a higher position in life and a wider sphere of usefulness. Still just then the work was in Franklin and he was content to await God's time, and the clear sound of the voice that had called him thither, before becoming discontented with his work and his wages. And so, trusting to the care of Him who gives his people bread, and feeds even the little birds, he brought his wife from the shore of Lake Erie, set up his Lares, unpacked his scanty library, and girded himself for the work.

He soon gathered around him a people who admired his talents, appreciated his fluency of speech, and were attracted by his genial and social disposition. There were at that time a number of young professional men in the place, many of whom afterwards rose to places of great eminence in their country's history, who co-operated with him in his work, encouraged him in his studies, and were always ready to speak a good word for him amongst the fellow citizens and strangers.

And the older members of the church, who had borne the heat and burden of the day were strengthened and built up by his sound, judicious expositions of the word, and felt that they were fed with the finest of the wheat.

In all his ministrations there was the evidence of culture and growth ; the things that were old seemed to wear a new and attractive garb ; and things that were new were made to illustrate and confirm the old. The influence of the man and the preach-

er soon began to be felt, and a new direction was given to everything connected with the church and congregation. The old Sewing Society took on new vigor, and led in the direction of the missionary work; the contributions of the church for benevolent work, was no longer a dead form. Under the warm and intelligent setting forth of the wants of the great world that is beyond and the smaller world that is within the bounds of our own territory, these collections became larger and accompanied by the sympathies and the prayers of the worshippers.

Time moved on; changes came; the old years passed away; the new ones dawned; the two angels were busy; the death angel came and there was weeping and mourning in the households, as he bore away his spoil; the birth angel came, and there was joy in the homes of those whose doors he entered as the low wail of the baby was heard, and a new well-spring of joy opened up in the household, and a new citizen introduced to the world. The latter angel came to the minister's house again and again, until in time three goodly daughters were seen in the home and made their presence felt in new sources of joy and anxiety to the hearts of the parents. These daughters survive their father, but their memories do not reach back to the days spent in the Franklin home. Margaret Christiana was born in the old Bowman mansion on the west side of the Park, and Eva Reynolds and Fanny Delia in the brick house on

the eastern side of the Park. The former house has been removed and its memory only remains; the latter is still standing, and serves as a monument of many years of pleasant labor, and domestic enjoyment of the departed, and to those of the family who remain, of quiet years of patient waiting, and of the beginning of a life that has had its joys and its sorrows, its sunshine and its shadows.

And the families of his parishioners grew up around him, and the minister felt himself drawn to them perhaps more tenderly because of the gentle ones whom he saw daily in his own home. They were the hope and the joy of his heart, even as were the little ones whose faces he saw daily around his own cheerful table. And those children of his parishioners he never forgot, even after they grew up and took their places in society, and in the active duties of life.

The church grew slowly during the first years of Mr. Dickson's pastorate in the quiet little town. During his entire work, however, there was the gradual, healthy increase that makes the pastor's heart glad. Sometimes the young came to him inquiring the way of salvation. Sometimes the strong man or woman came to confess Christ and take up the duties of the Christian life; sometimes the aged at the eleventh hour came acknowledging the Redeemer of sinners and testifying to his love and faithfulness. And the records of the church show that, with an occasional season of revival, the additions

were regular and constant, showing a healthy condition of the church, an encouraging feeling in the congregation, and testifying to the impression that was making in the small church of Franklin. In Sugar Creek, where the other half of his labor was performed the influence was equally good. The scattered members of the flock were gathered in. The farmers welcomed their pastor to their firesides. He talked to them about their farms and their husbandry as one who had been a tiller of the soil himself, surprising them by his knowledge of all the details of their work. And the transition was easy and natural to the husbandry that is spiritual, and the work that pertains to all the life of the soul, when he would lead their thoughts to higher themes and more spiritual interests.

There are very few remains of recorded experience connected with the Franklin Pastorate. There are the church rolls of Communicants and Baptisms, with the Records of the Session. But these tell us of the contented life in the midst of what must have been self-denying labors, and multiplying cares; and what we know was a beautiful discipline in the way of ripening spirituality and strengthening faith as he worked, and that he always tried to keep near to God.

We find brief extracts from two letters to his father, that show what his state of mind was during two years that were outwardly full of the wildest excitement. The first is but a fragment:

TO HIS FATHER.

Franklin, December 1840.

"God has blessed me abundantly. My people always listen and often weep. God, I trust, will keep me humble."

"December 20, 1841.

It is ten years to-day since I began to go to school to Joseph M. Hays in Harbour Creek. Since then all my birth-days have been spent amongst strangers."

CYRUS DICKSON.

The minister who occupies the old Sugar Creek field at the present time writes this concerning the old people and their memories of more then the third of a century ago:

"The general impression I gather of his work here is: 1. That the people considered him a superior preacher, placing him, as such, above any one they have ever heard. 2. As to social qualities. In going amongst the people in the country he would make himself perfectly at home, wherever he stopped for a night, or came to call, and a great many still say: "He made his home at our place when he came out to preach." 3. His familiarity was not overdone. I infer this from the fact that he was the means of great ingathering to the church, reaching many who were before entirely of the world's people. In fact many of the older people who were in the field when I came here have told me that they united with the church in Mr. Dickson's time.

As a slight indication of his popularity at the time, I find quite a number of men from the age of thirty to forty years now bear his name."

A feature of the time in which this pastorate was carried on, was the missionary work that was called for outside of the regular pastoral charge. There were very many vacant churches in the Presbytery. They were small, weak, and depended almost wholly on supplies. At every meeting of the Presbytery "the Committee on supplies" reported a long list of these vacancies, with appointments for the Pastors to furnish them with a day's preaching. Sometimes these vacancies were a great distance from the person appointed to supply them. But it mattered not what the time of year, or the condition of the roads, the work was expected to be done.

Mr. Dickson, being a young, vigorous man was frequently in demand. Perhaps he was appointed to go to Mount Pleasant, or Concord, or Tidioute, or Brokenstraw. If the latter, the distance was nearly fifty miles. He must saddle his horse, put over the saddle the saddle-bags, and set out on the trip up the Allegheny. Seven miles from home he would encounter the waters of Oil creek. Perhaps they were at a high stage and there being no bridge, the fording was neither pleasant nor safe. Crossing to the other side the road led up a long, steep hill, and along a most lonesome road, where not a single house would be passed for twelve miles; then through a sparsely settled region to the Neill place and then Tidioute, then on along the margin of the

Allegheny river until the place of preaching was reached. After the labors of the Sabbath were over then the same journey was to be repeated.

Then it was customary to have assistance at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. He would exchange with brethren, and go away to Neshannock, to Mercer, to Fairview, to Warren, to Meadville, to Georgetown, and all this brought the labor and fatigue of travel, generally on horseback. Sometimes it was in the summer; sometimes in the winter, through the cold, and often over roads that were rough, broken, and sometimes dangerous. In this way the young man learned to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

An extract from the Class History by Dr. J. T. Smith gives the following features of the man and the preacher at this time.

"His whole bearing was in marked contrast with that of the older generation of ministers. Genial vivacious, many-sided, of quick, warm sympathies, he threw himself among the people and made himself one with them. Fluent, off-hand, eloquent in the pulpit, bringing the gospel home to 'men's business and bosoms,' he soon became popular and admired, not only in his own churches but throughout the entire Presbytery, and his praise is in all its churches to this day. Little did he think that the desert and the solitary place would so soon rejoice, and the little companies to whom he brake the bread of life in school houses and rude sanctuaries would so soon be multiplied into those crowd-

ed congregations which throng their spacious houses of worship to-day."

During his ministry at Sugar Creek he was careful to visit not only the families of his congregation strictly speaking, but those that did not attend any church, and by his cordial, free conversation often won them to his heart and to his church. On one occasion, whilst at the house of one of his members, a great, strong man, addicted to drinking, who was working for the family came in to dinner. Mr. Dickson at once began a conversation with him. He asked him how old he was; how much he weighed; if so strong a man as he ever became tired; how many children he had; and finally invited him to come to meeting the next day. The questions had drawn the heart of the man to the minister and as he told him how glad he would be to see him at meeting, and that he would look for him the next day, he saw that an impression had been made. As the man was leaving the house he shook him warmly by the hand, with the kind, laughing words: "Now do not forget."

The next day the man was at the meeting with his neighbors, and continued to attend regularly, though he still continued his habit of drinking to excess at times. Not long after this, the minister and an elder called at his house, to make a pastoral visit. The man was absent, having gone to Franklin, but the wife invited them to remain for tea. They consented, hoping to see the father on his return. It was dark by the time tea was ready.

and the man had not returned. After tea family worship was proposed; the chapter was read, and, just as they kneeled down, the elder heard the unsteady steps of the man coming up on the porch. The poor man took in the situation in an instant, and stood with uncovered head and listened. Mr. Dickson prayed earnestly for the family; for the parents and the dear children; that they might all be led to the Saviour and find peace in Him, and at last a home in heaven.

After the prayer was concluded the man came in and apologized for his condition, saying that he was ashamed of himself, and asked for prayers for himself that he might become a better man, and be kept from the way of evil. After much kind advice and encouraging conversation, and farther prayer, the visit was concluded, and the party went out into the darkness, but leaving light behind them in that household such as it had never known before. About two months after this visit both parents were received into the Church, and afterwards several of the children. The demon of strong drink was banished and there was peace and prosperity in the household. The parents have both passed away and sleep in the quiet church yard, but their influence remains. And the value of pastoral work, by a faithful, earnest minister is strongly demonstrated.

In all these ways: "By pureness, by knowledge, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned" did this young man, armed with the all-conquering power of

the Gospel, strive to bring men to the knowledge of the truth, and the love of God. And the result was, that that little flock, struggling for existence, was strengthened and built up. Persons that seemed hopelessly given to the ways of sin were brought to trust in Christ, and the word of the Lord was greatly magnified. And the memory of the good work wrought there forty years ago remains until this day, as the fathers and mothers in Israel speak of their early minister, and of his good works.

There are people still lingering about Sugar Creek, with "snow clinging to their mountain tops," As Mr. Dickson once expressed it, who bear in their inmost hearts a feeling of reverence and affection for their old pastor that many waters cannot quench. He is associated in their memories with all that is dear and valuable in their past and all that is precious in their future. A few years ago, on a visit to his early home in Franklin, one of these old Sugar Creek people came in to see him. His head was white with the snows of nearly seventy winters. They talked of the past; of the old days in the woods around the Sugar Creek meeting-house; of the preaching and the prayer meetings; of the old patriarch's own conversion; of the parting and the meeting; of the final leave-taking of earth, and of the final meeting in the habitation of glory, to go no more out. The old man melted down like a child. Arising to go on his way, the talk continued to the door; at the door it still continued, until, wringing the minister's hand as though he would

crush it, the old man tore himself away, sobbing and crying so as to be audible half a square away. In this way the heart of the man laid hold of his friends, as with hooks of steel, and the grasp was always perpetual. Both pastor and parishioner have now struck hands on the other side of the flood, where there is no longer the voice of crying nor the ministry of tears.

Although the roll was small at Sugar Creek, as well as at Franklin, yet it, too, gradually increased by the addition of the children of the church, as well as by many families that had not hitherto been connected with the congregation. And peace and good feeling prevailed throughout the entire bounds.

In 1844 the General Assembly met at Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Dickson and his elder Bowman were elected Commissioners. This was a fitting time to make a visit to his father at Rock Island Illinois. Mrs. Dickson accompanied him, and a long and satisfactory visit was the result. The trip was a pleasant one, taking them down the Ohio and up the mighty Mississippi. And the pleasant sojourn; the excursions over the vast prairies amidst the rank grasses and the luxuriant wild flowers; then away across to Chicago, and down the Lakes to Erie; and the return home in July, formed a very pleasant episode in the life of the hard working pastor, It was followed by new strength and vigor and a better preparation for the work, and new incitement to diligence and activity in the preaching of the Gospel. It was a new step, too, in the gradual prepara-

tion of the man for the highest efficiency in the work of his last years, the great Home Mission field.

On the twenty-sixth day of August, 1845, the congregation of Franklin felt themselves able to secure the entire time of the pastor, and accordingly presented a call to the Presbytery to this effect. The consideration of this call was postponed until the next meeting. On the twenty-second day of October following, the matter was discussed, and the remonstrances of the Sugar Creek people considered, when it was thought best to put the call into Mr. Dickson's hands, and the church of Sugar Creek was declared vacant from the first day of January, 1846.

This change relieved the pastor of the labor and travel connected with the country church, and gave him more time for study and pastoral work at home. The change was perceptibly felt by the people in the additional work that was performed.

At this time he began to give some attention to the promotion of education amongst the young people. The schools of the time were not of high grade. There were no teachers of the languages nor of higher Mathematics. He was a lover of the classics, and had always kept up his acquaintance with them, reading the pages of Virgil with a professor's love and facility. He had not forgotten the old days at Canonsburgh under Professor Kennedy's treatment of the Mathematics, and could still talk about unknown quantities and the functions of equations, as

well as demonstrate the propositions of Euclid. So the opportunity was given for such of the young people as desired to come and take lessons in these branches, hearing their recitations in his study. In this way his own love for these branches was gratified; his mind was refreshed in the studies of the past, and the opportunity afforded to his young friends to commence studies that had else been beyond their reach. Perhaps there was a better end accomplished than even these: it attracted the young people to him. It brought them to his church; it interested them in the services of the church, and so enlarged greatly the sphere of his influence and usefulness. By all these means and instrumentalities he worked out for himself a field, small indeed in geographical extent and in the numbers of those composing it, but yet a field important in its results to himself and to the good of the Church at large. It was an important school in which he was receiving training adapted to prepare him for the work that was before him in after life, when he should have put on his full strength, and be introduced to a wider field of usefulness. So he stood in his lot and was content to do God's will.

Though very much averse to letter writing, yet he still used this medium of conveying advice and instruction with great effect. When any of his young people were away at school, he would correspond with them, taking an interest in their studies, exhorting them to diligence in their work, inciting their minds to excellence, and opening up to them

the duties of coming life; yet never forgetting the great matter of their personal salvation. One of his correspondents at this early period in his ministry says that she never knew him to write a letter without making this matter of personal religion the most prominent thing. And it seemed just a matter of course, as though it was in his mind at all times and must come out. He would commence by giving the news of the town; the small matters that would be gratifying to a young person away from home; then marriages and deaths; the visiters in town; the persons absent in making similar visits: then the subject would almost insensibly change from gay to grave; the great duties of life; diligence in study; devotion to business; the calls of society, the Church, the world; then there would come the earnest question; Do you love the Saviour? Do you grow in grace? Do you pray much? Do you find daily enjoyment in religion?

There are old letters, yellow with years and torn by usage, still extant in his peculiar, cramped style of hand writing, that would tell how he strove by all means and by all instrumentalities to win souls to Christ and help them forward in the divine life. And these letters, esteemed by their owners as the gold of the west would not be esteemed, but hidden away in some sacred place, as the bright golden links that bind them to the past, and the mementos of one whose memory is worthy to be embalmed for eternal remembrance.

At this period of his life he mingled much with

men. He talked with them. He learned their ways. He studied their methods. He was a most diligent student of human nature. He looked at it in all its forms and phases; the good and bad were alike the subjects of observation, and the different shades of good and evil came before his mind for analysis, as a most interesting and valuable study. He was able to reach down very deeply into the human heart, and discover motives that were all unseen and unknown to the casual observer. And it was for this purpose that he mingled in the affairs of men. It was not for pastime, or love of excitement, but that he might be furnished with knowledge and be supplied with arguments, and be ready to meet men on their own grounds.

He attended regularly the courts that were then held quarterly in the town. He studied attentively the methods of the attorneys at the Bar; the points of the Judge on the bench and the witnesses on the stand: he make a careful study of the means used in the tracing of crime; the bearing of the prisoners, and the tendency of public opinion in regard to the criminal and his alleged crime. To his mind all these things belonged to the study of man and the proper understanding of the human heart. And all this study and knowledge he brought to bear in his pulpit ministrations, and in his thorough preparation for preaching the entire truths of the gospel. And they were a part of his general studies to which he attached very great importance, and the time employed in this manner he considered well spent.

It was a common thing during these early days for the remark to be make that if he had chosen the Bar as his profession, he would have made a most brilliant lawyer, and would have adorned his profession. And although this may have been true, yet there were high and noble elements in his nature and constitution that shone brightly and beautifully in the preacher that would never have appeared in the lawyer. They would have been like precious stones buried in the deeps of the ocean, unwrought, unpolished and unknown. Even in these early days there was a freshness and a brilliancy in him that showed that he was peculiarly qualified for the profession to which he had been called, and qualities that would have been misplaced or lost in any other profession.

But with all this study of nature and this observation of the human heart, there was something deeper and better and more valuable. There was a heart within all aflame with the love of God. There was a soul all attuned to the harmony of the Divine Nature. There was a love for the souls of men that many waters could not quench. Then there was the Word of God, that like Timothy he had known from his youth, and that he studied, not only to find the path for his own guidance, as an individual Christian, but for his guidance as a preacher of the Gospel, and a guide to his fellow men. And so he preached Christ to his fellow men. As he loved and took in the Gospel himself, so he loved to commend it to others and impress its value upon their

souls. His own heart experience in the past and in the present, was a most fruitful source from which he gathered material to bring conviction to the hearts of others and to encourage them in the way of godliness.

In the summer of 1847, he made another journey with his wife to the Mississippi, "to see and embrace his dear father once more", as he expressed it in a letter to a friend. And these tender expressions were common in every letter he wrote in reference to his parents and other relatives. They run like a delicate golden thread throughout every epistle, testifying the deep and unalterable love that dwelt in his heart and how much he valued those who were dear to him. And every few years, notwithstanding the toil of travel in those early days, he made his pilgrimage to the far west to see and converse with his father.

This trip, in 1847, was a most delightful one, and all parties were profited. The return journey was again by the Lakes, stopping at the Manitou Islands, buffeted by the storms, comforted by the calm days that followed, and refreshed and invigorated by the rest and the grateful breezes from the upper lakes. Mr. Dickson was not only a hard working man, but one who knew well the laws of health; and he was always careful to avail himself of any time of recreation and take in to the full every advantage that might accrue from his seasons of rest.

In the meantime the people of Rock Island and Camden became acquainted with the eastern preach-

er, and were attracted by his vigorous speech and well ordered discourses, and began to express desires for his ministry amongst them. His father was consulted. He was now well stricken in years, and would have been gratified beyond measure to have had him near him during his last years. Overtures were made to the son with this appeal from the aged father. The question of duty became a very serious one.

Finally a call was made out by these two churches for his pastoral labors and forwarded to the Presbytery of Erie. This call was laid before the Presbytery at its meeting on the twenty second day of December, 1847. Meanwhile the people of Rock Island were urgent. It seemed to them that their best interests required the work of the Pennsylvania Pastor. But the Presbytery, after much discussion, declined to put the call into his hands, and the work went on as before at Franklin.

In the meantime the voices of invitation were heard in another direction. A new organization was spoken of in Wheeling, Virginia. The first church, long under the pastoral care of Dr. Weed, was ready to send out a colony that should be the nucleus of a new church. Its roll was large, the city was extending its boundaries, and new territory was to be cultivated. The church was not yet organized, but the advice of a minister was thought desirable. Several intelligent gentlemen, who had been connected with a manufacturing establishment in Franklin, and members of the congregation of Mr.

Dickson there, had removed to Wheeling to engage in the same business at that place. They spoke with enthusiasm of the Franklin minister, and urged that the people should hear him before embarking in the enterprise. He was invited, and prevailed on to spend a Sabbath at Wheeling, which he did, greatly to the satisfaction of the people.

Mr. Dickson returned to his home and went on with his work. But the church was organized and the result of the visit was that an election was held for Pastor in the Second church, Wheeling, Mr. Dickson was elected, a call was made out for his pastoral labors, and sent up, by a delegation to the Presbytery of Erie at its meeting in Meadville, Pennsylvania, and urged with all the influence possible before that body. This was on the fifteenth day of March, 1848.

A letter was also received at the same meeting of Presbytery from the churches of Rock Island and Camden, asking Presbytery to re-consider their former action, and place their call in Mr. Dickson's hands. Presbytery re-considered their former action and placed the calls both from Rock Island and Wheeling in his hands for his consideration. This was an anxious time for the Franklin pastor. He revolved the question in his own mind carefully, and consulted his friends, holding it under consideration until the next morning, when he declared his acceptance of the call from the Second Church, Wheeling.

All that remained to be done now was to take

the necessary steps for the dissolution of his pastoral relation to the church at Franklin, and his transference to the scene of his future labors. The Franklin church were asked for their assent, and by their commissioner, Mr. Bowman gave this assent, most reluctantly. The pastoral relation that bound him to his first charge was sundered, and the minister dismissed to the Presbytery of Washington. This was on the sixteenth day of March, 1848. In a few brief and tender words, and with tears that could not be repressed, he took leave of the Presbytery, stating that he never expected to have a pleasanter charge, nor a dearer Presbyterial relation upon earth. He asked the sympathies and prayers of the brethren for himself and his infant church, commended them to God and His love, and went forth from the body that had licensed and ordained him with a full heart, yet with the conviction that the path of duty lay before him.

The home was broken up. The old pulpit where he had preached so many years was occupied for the last time. The last adieus were spoken to the people, and the minister and his wife and children took their last home look at the place, that had become endeared to them all by so many tender ties, and turned their faces towards new scenes and new labors and enjoyments ; but there was a feeling of sadness in the hearts of the parents at the thought of leaving a people so firmly bound to them by tender ties.

With Mr. Dickson there was this very solemn

thought, that he had closed a pastorate of eight years, for which he was to account at the last to Him who had counted him worthy, putting him into the ministry. And when he spoke of this afterwards he remarked that his strong trust and consolation was in this; "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses from all sin."

But he bore away with him the love and confidence of his people; and in his own heart he felt a love for this his first charge that never waned nor grew cold. On every occasion of his return he was not only greeted with kind words by the people, but felt at home among them, and seemed ever to bear them on his heart and in his love.

V. PASTORAL LIFE AT WHEELING.

"Skillful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The gospel of the Golden Rule,
The new Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need."

LONGFELLOW.

"Serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears."

ACTS XX. 19.

V. PASTORAL LIFE AT WHEELING.

Mr. Dickson commenced his pastoral work in Wheeling on the second Sabbath of April, 1848. It was a new enterprize. The second church had been organized but a short time. It was without a church edifice and the members were few. But they were all active, willing supporters of the new minister, and threw heart and soul into the work; and from the first the blessing of the Lord rested upon it. In the Session, the Choir, the Sabbath School, the Prayer Meeting, the people with one mind set themselves to work, and the hands of the new pastor were upheld in a way that greatly encouraged and strengthened him. The work was entered upon by the pastor with the same zeal and energy that had characterized him in his former charge at Franklin. He sought to become acquainted with the people. He studied their tastes, their wants, their habits. His new line of study was in the direction of their tastes and wants. He sought as well to please as to do them good. He laid out work for himself, and work for his people and every thing went forward with encouraging success.

He was received as a member of the Presbytery of Washington on the nineteenth day of April 1848, and was installed as pastor of the second

church on the 12th of May, of the same year. At its organization on the eighteenth of February, 1848, there were but fourteen members, eight of whom were ladies. During this first pastorate of a little more than eight years, more than four hundred persons were received into it.

The following paper was prepared by Rev. Edgar Woods, of Charlottesville, Virginia, who was one of the original elders, and active helpers in the infant church:

"Dr. Dickson removed from Franklin, Pa., in the spring of 1848, to take charge of the 2d church of Wheeling, Va., which was organized in February of the same year, with fourteen members. Their first place of meeting was a large room in the third story of a building used for business purposes. This apartment served the end, comparatively well, for the time, notwithstanding the heat of Summer. A Sabbath School was immediately put in operation. The weekly lecture and prayer meeting were established. The popular character of Dr. Dickson's ministrations, his fluent speech and fervent spirit, soon drew a large congregation.

The happy impression which he made reached beyond the church and extended widely throughout the community. This was seen, when the effort was begun, soon after, to provide for a permanent house of worship. A friendly spirit was manifested towards the new enterprise, and liberal sums contributed, to carry out its plans. In the fall of the year, (1848), a lot was purchased, in the section

of the city lying south of Wheeling creek, and a part of the building standing on it, which had formerly been the residence of one of the old families of the place, was fitted up for the temporary occupation of the congregation. In the meantime the congregation was constantly increasing. It was joined by a number of persons who had hitherto been classed with other denominations. There were attracted to it many who had never been in the habit of attending the services of any church. Nor was it long after the removal to the new place of worship before the hearts of many were stirred by the preaching of the word. A cheering revival took place. Deep solemnity prevailed in the assemblies. Voices were lifted up in prayer which had never been heard to pray before. The hearts of the people were poured forth in the songs of praise. The soul of the pastor was encouraged and sustained by the large number of seals so soon given to his ministry in his new field.

"In the following summer the foundations of a spacious and comfortable church building were laid, and the building itself was ready for occupancy during the next winter. So steady and rapid had been the growth of the congregation that the new church was filled as soon as it was opened. From this period, until Dr. Dickson's removal to Baltimore, in 1856, the progress of the church in numbers, as well as in all departments of its work, was continuous. At the end of his pastorate, which stretched a little over eight years, it was one

of the most influential churches of the Presbytery and Synod to which it belonged.

"While many warm-hearted co-adjutors, and many hearts earnest in prayer, were joined with Dr. Dickson in this work, it is proper to say that it was mainly accomplished by his well-directed labors and influence. He was filled with the spirit of ardent faith and piety. His reliance was fixed on God's blessing. Notwithstanding his fine natural gifts, he was thoroughly penetrated with the conviction that success was to be obtained, "not by might nor by power" but by the Spirit of the Lord. He was diligent in inculcating this truth upon his people. He lost no opportunity in urging them to prayer. In meetings for this purpose he called their attention to the immediate wants of the Church. And as a preparation for the Sabbath, he was accustomed during a large part of this period to invite two or three of his most intimate Christian friends to meet with him on Saturday evenings to pray for a blessing on the services of the ensuing day.

"He was eminently adapted to the pastoral work, by his admirable social powers. One is seldom met with who is more free and genial in his intercourse with men. He was apposite in his address to all classes—the young and the old, the ignorant and the learned. He was able in whatever company he mingled to suggest topics of conversation which were both pertinent and within the range of all present. Possessed of this quality, and possessed

also of an ample fund of tender sympathy, he was always a welcome visitor in the chambers of the sick. His ready acquaintance with the promises of Scripture, and his apt and fervent prayers, often relieved the distressed, and comforted the souls of the sorrowful.

"But the preaching of the word was his great gift. The Bible was his chief study. His mind was full of its sacred truths. His knowledge of the doctrines of grace, and their relations to each other, was systematic and exact. His sermons were deeply imbued with the gospel. The older he grew the more attached he became to the simple expounding of scripture—not so much the explanation of a lengthy and continuous passage, as gathering together the leading texts bearing on the subject in hand, and thereby setting it forth, in all its varied lights. And his manner of presenting the truth, was exceedingly popular and effective. He was most fertile in illustration. His images were collected from every quarter, and exhibited with rare felicity. His power of speech was wonderful. He was never at a loss for a word, and that word was almost always just the right word. His enunciation, though rapid, was distinct. His action was warm and animated. His countenance and his whole figure were at times instinct with the passionate fervor of his feelings, and when inspired with the magnitude of his subject, and impressed with the sympathies of his audience, he frequently rose to the highest sphere of public dis-

course, and carried away the understandings and hearts of all before him with the rushing torrent of his eloquence.

"Perhaps the most interesting of all the ministrations of Dr. Dickson were his addresses at the Monthly Concert. His heart fully sympathized with the spirit of the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He cherished a lively interest in the glory of the Saviour and an earnest zeal for the conversion of the world. When he began to speak on this subject it seemed as if all his powers were enlarged and quickened to their utmost extent. "His words breathed and his thoughts burned," and though men might come to hear him sceptical as to the practical issues of the subject, or altogether indifferent to it, yet few, after hearing him, went away without being thrilled to their inmost hearts, with the crying miseries of a lost world, and aroused by the desire to extend to it a helping hand."

As the work went forward the labors of the Pastor were multiform. Everything that his active, eager mind could invent, that promised success in good, was attempted, and generally resulted favorably. One of his plans was a night school that was held in the Lecture room of the church. It met two or three evenings in the week, and was designed more particularly for the young men of the congregation who were employed during the day, who wished to become more thoroughly educated

than their early opportunities had afforded, and who could not give up their daily employments. Persons outside the congregation were welcomed, and this influence often brought them into a nearer relation to the church. The teachers were all volunteers from the church. One elder and three friends, two of whom became elders, all classical scholars, joined the pastor in this work.

The enterprise was successful. It was entirely gratuitous work and brought forth some rich fruits. Some of these pupils were very successful in after life. One of them became a foreign missionary, and one is now an honored minister in Western Pennsylvania.

One of the elements of the success of this church enterprise was its thorough organization from the beginning. In addition to this there was zeal and piety not only in the minister, but in all the members. One of these early members says: "Every part of church work was carried forward with earnestness and zeal—the minister had many helpers—I do not know that I ever knew a church where the men had so much spirituality and devotion." A strong element in this success was, no doubt, the dependence the people all had on the blessing of God sent down through fervent, believing prayer.

During the winter of 1848-9, a powerful revival was experienced in the church. The preaching had been warm and earnest, yet withal the simple truth of the Gospel. It was God's way of salva-

tion set forth plainly and simply. It was the old doctrines that had shaken the churches of western Pennsylvania and Virginia at the beginning of the century ; the total depravity of the heart ; the condemnation of a holy law ; and the utter inability of the sinner to work out salvation for himself. It was the presentation of Christ crucified for sinners, taking the place of sinners, bearing their sins in His own body on the tree, and thus making an atonement for them. It was the Holy Spirit's agency in regenerating, renewing and sanctifying and fitting for God's service. And then it was the earnest call to faith and repentance and prayer. All these things were made prominent, and then there was the earnest call to embrace at once the offer of salvation.

Previous to this there had been the earnest talks of the Session, with constant prayer on the part of each member for the blessing of God on the means, and there had been the quiet talks with the people in regard to the common salvation, until almost every heart in the congregation had been stirred, and a feeling not only of anxiety, but of expectation had been felt amongst the people, whether professors or not. As the people talked often one to another a book of remembrance was written for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His name. The people were ready for the revival, and it came with most precious fruits and most blessed comfort to the pastor and his people.

The instrumentalities used were simple, the

preaching of the Gospel, meetings for prayer and religious conversation ; invitations to meet the pastor and Session in private, and above all the earnest cry of the people to God for the presence and power of His Holy Spirit. These meetings resulted in a wonderful ingathering to the church. It was a quiet, solemn work. God was present with His people, answering prayer, rewarding faith, converting sinners, and building up his people. This year of solemnity will never be forgotten by that church.

Another result of this revival was the extension of the influence of the church where it had never been felt before. It was felt not only by the little band that begun to worship in the hired house at the beginning of the pastorate, but by those who had never been recognized by any church. There was an influence from within that was felt from without, the people began to come in and find a church home where they had never sought such a home before nor even felt the importance of such a home. God's Spirit was present, drawing them to the house of God, and His power was felt making his word as a fire and as a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces. And the influence was felt in that new portion of the city leavening it with the leaven of the Gospel and thereby improving it in every aspect of its spiritual condition.

The following letters, written during the progress of this revival, to his father, will convey some idea of his own estimate of the work, and of his joy in the Lord as he refers to it :

Wheeling, Dec. 1848.

—"There is a very general seriousness in our congregation. Our church both day and night was filled utterly full and I am told that more than two hundred went away who could not get in at all."

January, 1849.

—"For the last three months a quiet, happy work of the Spirit has been progressing amongst us. We have had a delightful winter so far as religion is concerned. I am a happy pastor over a happy people."

Wheeling, Feb., 1849.

—"In this work there is no noise, no extra meetings. It is characterized by great stillness in public worship and the great numbers that attend. There are many who have not been in any church for years, and my congregation, to a great extent, is made up of those who went "nowhere."

The Session remains every Sabbath and Wednesday evening, after public worship, to impart counsel and instruction to any who may desire it. I have good hopes that the work will be a permanent one. One great comfort to me is, that out of the 25 added at the last communion nearly all were heads of families."

Whilst in Wheeling, Mr. Dickson made one or two trips to Rock Island to visit his venerable father, now growing somewhat infirm, in his advancing years. On his return from one of these

tours he remarked to the household that the order of things was somewhat changed during the lapse of years, inasmuch as he now had made the trip in the same number of hours that it had required days to make the same journey in 1836.

In 1849, he was appointed Stated Clerk to the Presbytery of Washington, an office he continued to hold until his removal to the Presbytery of Baltimore. He was, during a part of his sojourn here, a Director of the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny, resigning on his removal to the east. His influence was felt largely at this time not only in the west but in the eastern portion of the church, and his name was mentioned frequently in connection with the great church enterprises of the day. This influence was felt in the Synod of Wheeling, where great reliance was placed in his judgment. He did not often speak, yet when important questions were at issue, his short incisive sentences, so clearly and sharply cut, in his brief speeches, always had weight, and greatly influenced the body in its conclusions. In the same way, in the General Assembly, whilst he was generally silent, yet at times the sharp, quick glance of his eye was the signal of such interest as to cause him to rise and give his views with very great distinctness.

He kept up his correspondence with his father regularly, and in the extract from one of these letters we see something of the spirit that animated his inner life :

Dec. 1854.

"If to see these things 'in a glass darkly,' is so sweet, what will it be to see them "face to face" and if to know them even partially is so exciting, how glorious will it be to know them as they are known. Let us be ready for heaven. From its glorious mountain-tops we can see far away over all the hills and valleys of this little world we now inhabit. The day of our departure is drawing nigh—let us be always *ready*."

His popularity as a preacher was universally acknowledged at this time, and his power in the city, now rapidly growing up, fully felt. A friend of his, arriving at one of the hotels on Saturday night, approached the office on Sabbath morning to inquire the way to the church. He found that he was anticipated by two other gentlemen, who were inquiring who was the best preacher in the city, as they desired to go to church. The gentlemanly clerk, with an earnest look, replied: "Oh go to Dickson's church, of course, if you wish to hear the best preacher."

During his pastorate he delivered a course of Sabbath evening lectures on the seven seals, from the Revelation, that attracted great attention, even beyond his own immediate congregation. Whilst these discourses were judicious and evangelical, and instructive, they were somewhat in advance of the generally received interpretation given by the older Commentators. They were the result of his own private thinking and of his own observation of

the course of history, drawing his conclusions from the past and from these making his forecast of the future.

Whilst he did not advertise his subjects, nor use any unusual methods to attract the attention of those outside his own congregation, he often preached series of sermons that excited the attention of his own people and gave a zest to subjects that would not otherwise have made so strong an impression on their minds.

A letter to a member of the session of the Wheeling church, written from the Secretary's desk, is inserted here, as showing the feelings of the pastor for his old flocks, though occupied by other duties:

FROM CYRUS DICKSON TO ROBERT CRANGLE.

"New York, April 6, 1877.

It was 29 years Monday since I reached Wheeling with my family. It is a good while ago and a good many changes have occurred since! Some have been born and many have died with whom we have been and are still tenderly connected. Your head is covered with iron-gray but mine is white as snow. I am conscious of being the same sinner as then, with, I trust, deeper knowledge of and admiration for God's infinite and unmerited grace. I remember once preaching in Wheeling a long time ago on Paul's expression in Cor. "By the grace of God I am what I am." I think I feel it more and understand it better now by many fold than then.

"Do you remember the meetings you and Edgar

and I used to have long ago? How tenderly I loved you both! We will meet again in heaven where we will recount the wonders of the way—Mc Kelly, Sharpe, and Moore, and—what numbers!

"I pray every day for the people with whom I have lived in my ministry. I look back upon my pastoral work in Franklin, Wheeling and Baltimore with great humbleness of mind and at the same time with devout thanksgiving to God for His grace and mercy given. No man has ever been blessed with kinder Christian friends than I. God bless them all."

Whilst the work was going forward as usual at Wheeling the attention of the people of the Westminster, church, Baltimore, was attracted to the Pastor. That church had become vacant, and as they looked about for a supply for their pulpit, the name of Mr. Dickson was mentioned as a person admirably adapted to their peculiar wants. The sprightliness of his style, the evangelical character of his sermons, and the fervor and dignity of his bearing in the pulpit, had all commended themselves to a casual hearer from the Baltimore Church, and on his suggestion Mr. Dickson was elected Pastor, and a formal call made out for his Pastoral labors.

The idea of a separation between Pastor and people is always a painful one, where there is a feeling of love and confidence between them. The ties become very strong. They are like those of the family relation, and cannot be sundered without do-

ing violence to the tenderest feelings of the heart. Nor should such ties be sundered without the clearest convictions of duty, and the plainest indications of the will of God. In this case the struggle was long and painful. But the second church of Wheeling had become strong and self-sustaining. Perhaps the work was done there ; perhaps there was work for the pastor in Baltimore. Perhaps others could take up the work in Wheeling and carry it on better than he, and what seemed appropriate work was opening up for him in the new field. These were the questions that were agitating the mind of Mr. Dickson, and concerning which he was seeking light. He had labored with the same questions before, and his belief was that he had been directed by the Holy Spirit, and he sought the same direction now.

There were the two sides to the question. The work in Wheeling had been successful and the Lord had blessed him beyond his most sanguine hopes. He had gathered around him a band of Christian workers, such as are found in few churches. He was devotedly attached to them. The session had met and talked and prayed together so often that they were most tenderly attached to each other, and the Pastor felt that it would be little less than agony to leave such a session and such a congregation. On the other side he was the Lord's servant, separated to His work, bound to go at His call, and should be ready to labor in any part of the field where he might be assigned by

the great leader. But as he thought, and reasoned and tried to take in the whole question of duty, the impression became strong in his own mind that he should go to Baltimore. The announcement was made to his session and then to his congregation, and they were invited to join him in asking the Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relation existing between them.

Unwilling as the congregation were to do this, they saw that his mind was made up and they gave a reluctant consent, and the relation was dissolved. This was on the twenty-third day of October, 1856. At the same time he was dismissed to the Presbytery of Baltimore.

Once more the home was broken up, the great burden was rolled upon his family as well as himself of sundering most tender ties, and going forth amongst strangers. But the entire household were ready to make the sacrifice at this call from what seemed the way of the Lord, and preparations were made for removal to the new home and the new field of labor. The words of farewell were said; they looked into the faces of the people; hands were pressed and the little family were on their way whither they seemed to be directed by the same power that guided Israel of old to the field of their settlement in Canaan.

The work in Wheeling had commenced in faith and prayer, and had been carried forward in hope and courage, with manly work and effort. Those eight years were years of seed-sowing, trusting in

the Lord of the harvest. But they were also years of wonderful ingathering. Sometimes it seemed as though the winter had fallen upon the church, but this was succeeded by the harvest, and pastor and people rejoiced together. The records of the church show that the entire pastorate was one of successful work and successful enjoyment, through the blessing of God. And the unrecorded success, could it be known, would have been equally gratifying, as the results might have shown the power of divine truth lodged in the hearts of men and bringing forth fruit after many days.

One strong characteristic of this pastorate of Mr. Dickson, is the power of personal effort, relying on the help of the Holy Spirit, in answer to persistent, importunate prayer. This was the Alpha and the Omega in the work from its beginning to its close. It throws a hallowed light upon the entire work that encourages faith, animates hope and strengthens resolution on the part of all who would be wise to win souls to Christ.

The following letter from Rev. James I. Brownson, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Washington, Penn., has reference to the Wheeling pastorate.

Washington, Penn., June 1st, 1882.

Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, D. D.,

Dear Brother:—My heart promptly responds to your request for some reminiscences of our very dear and noble friend, the late Rev. Cyrus

Dickson, D. D., especially covering the period of his connection with the Presbytery of Washington.

Simply to establish my right to bear witness, not as a stranger, I may be allowed a brief reference to the ties which united our departed brother and myself in close sympathy. He was my senior by about three months. During most of our collegiate training we were contemporaries—he in Jefferson College, and I in Washington, seven miles apart, with the difference of one year in the time of graduation. We met, in intimacy, at the annual sessions of the old Synod of Pittsburg, until the Master's will transferred him from the Presbytery of Erie, in 1848, and me from Redstone, in 1849, to the Presbytery of Washington, and the Synod of Wheeling. No one of my brethren gave me a more cordial welcome into these new relations than Brother Dickson. Nor, until the Autumn of 1856, when he accepted the call to the Westminster church of Baltimore, did our intercouse ever fail to be that of mutual esteem and love. I was made a confidential recipient of his intense heart-conflicts, at that crisis of removal when he felt constrained to follow his conviction of duty against the strong protest of his affections. And through the comparative separation of a quarter of a century, until his death, our friendship did not abate.

But in this statement of brotherly relations, nothing exceptional is claimed. Other members of the Presbytery were as intimate with Dr. Dickson as myself, and there were none who did not regard

him with habitual kindness and admiration. His sincere, frank, genial and playful spirit never failed to win and hold their good will. Both in public and private intercourse his delicate regard for the sensibilities of his brethren, was one of his most marked characteristics, and its demonstration was never wanting when there was an occasion for smoothing difficulties, healing wounded hearts, or reconciling conflicting opinions and policies. Craving sympathy for himself he was ever ready to extend it to others, coming readily under his burdens His practical common sense, manly fairness, politeness, kindness, social pleasantry, polished wit, and abiding friendship gave him far more than usual personal influence. His companionship was both sought and valued by all classes of persons.

In the business of church courts our brother had no superior among us, and few equals. Our venerable senior brethren, Weed, Mc Cluskey, Stockton, Mc Kennan, Hervey, Scott, Eagleson and Wines, themselves men of ability and influence, heard him with respect for the clearness of his views, as well as their eloquent utterance, and were ever ready to place him in positions of trust and responsibility. Habitually modest, it was not in his power to keep himself out of the front rank, whether as chairman of important committees, as stated clerk of Presbytery, as an effective debater, as a powerful pleader for schemes of church advancement, and as a still more powerful pleader for missionary consecration and liberality. And even

then, the tact and power of administration, joined with platform eloquence, were discovered, and often pressed into the service of the Master and his Church, which, in the development of riper years, stirred his brethren of the Church at large to resistless urgency in demanding his abandonment of his beloved pastoral labors for the crowning, if not crushing, work of his life. One striking illustration of this force, I can readily recall, in his masterly appeal for a voluntary division of the Presbytery of Washington, so as to unite the wealthy churches of the city of Wheeling and others adjacent to it, with the large and neglected territory since embraced in the Presbytery of West Virginia, so as better to secure its spiritual culture. The statistics, logic and eloquence of the plea were unanswerable, even though, in the vote, the reluctance of brethren who had long dwelt in pleasant unity to separate, appeared. But others like myself have attributed, in part, the increased interest felt since in the work of the Presbyterian church in that region of need and promise, to that very speech.

Dr. Dickson's service as a preacher and pastor, during the years now under review has an abiding record. He was more of a speaker than a writer. His sermons were carefully studied with but little use of the pen, for the reason that his mental operations were too quick and cogent for adequate elaboration on paper. But they were Scriptural, clear, evangelical, lively, variously and happily illustrated, exhaustive, pointed, and impressive. Cultured

minds were edified by them, and "the common people heard him gladly." If the fervor of his impassioned presentations of Christ to perishing souls now and then offered words and phrases to the censure of a cold criticism, it seldom failed that criticism itself was swept away by the life-current of thought and emotion which carried the hearer into the presence of the Searcher of hearts. Pastoral vigilance, also, fulfilling its purpose in family visitation, personal attention to the sick, the sorrowful and the bereaved, and special efforts in behalf of the youth, both in and out of the Sabbath school, did not fail to enforce the proclamations of the pulpit. And so the church prospered, believers were edified, and souls were born of the Spirit. A devoted people clung to their pastor to the last, and followed him with their love and prayers when he was gone.

I cannot close this letter, without a slight allusion to his happy domestic relations. I have been sufficiently in his home to concur heartily in his confessed indebtedness, for a large share of his usefulness, as well as his joy, to the fine discernment, poised judgment, affectionate steadfastness and efficient co-operation of the wife who, now in bereavement, as none other can, holds him in honor in her heart. To her, to her venerable mother, and to her daughters—especially to her who, abiding in the parental home, has been permitted to be an angel of support to a blessed father now a saint in glory—I offer assurances of sympathy and regard. Very truly yours,

JAMES I. BROWNSON.

VI. PASTORAL LIFE AT BALTIMORE.

He preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men,
Love breathing thanks and praise."

BAXTER.

"*Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.*"

ACTS XX. 31.

VI. PASTORAL LIFE AT BALTIMORE.

The work commenced in Baltimore in November, 1856. The Westminster church had just crystalized into firmness and strength, and had been experiencing the uneasiness and the uncertainty of a first vacancy. Rev. William J. Hoge had been their former Pastor, and under his ministrations the church had assumed form and consistency. Now that the chasm had been bridged over and the new pastor was in the field, the people rallied around him and gave him their confidence and support.

Mr. Dickson was received into the Presbytery of Baltimore on the twenty-seventh day of November 1856, and installed as pastor of the Westminster church on the same day. Personally the circumstances of his commencement were not favorable to his comfort and the enjoyment of the work. The family had not yet arrived; arrangements were to be made for their accommodation; visits were to be made elsewhere; months would pass before the social circle would be re-formed and the time seemed to pass slowly and heavily. There was the extemporized study, the work in the congregation, and in the pulpit; but there was not the home, and although the work was entered upon vigorously, yet the result was that a feeling of unutterable loneli-

ness came over him that he could not restrain. He even began to doubt whether he had not acted hastily in changing his field of labor, and looked back with longing eyes to the calm, pleasant home at Wheeling, and the many friends he had left there.

This feeling was probably the result of two causes: the absence of his family and the consequent want of the old home; and secondly, the re-action from the terrible excitement consequent upon the removal from the Wheeling charge. A temperament like his is most readily affected by causes of this nature. And it seemed to him that he could hardly be reconciled to the change of circumstances. The same violent shock had been felt on leaving Franklin and settling in Wheeling. But in that instance there was the presence of wife and children, and the home commenced at once, and was but a change of place and surroundings. In this case the home and its influences had not yet been removed to the new field, and a feeling akin to home sickness almost prostrated him. In spite of all the attentions of friends whose hearts went out to him in sympathy, time moved slowly and heavily and the poor minister had the same experience that Paul had, "When driven up and down in Adria," the prey of the Euroclydon, as he waited for the calming of the storm "and wished for the day."

A letter written to his father during these troublous times will show something of the trials and disturbances that gathered around him about this

time, and something of the conflict through which he passed. It will also show that the minister was not alone in the trial and trouble and heartbreaking that grew out of the change, and the breaking up of old ties that had grown strong. The other members of the circle had been partakers of the trial.

TO HIS FATHER.

Nov. 1856.

"I cannot tell you, with my pen, the pangs and sorrows I passed through in leaving Wheeling. I will do it when I see you. It nearly took my life, and I am by no means over it yet. Poor Delia: her heart was torn, bruised, and almost broken. If I had known how much I loved them, and how much they loved me, I perhaps would be there still."

But these dark months passed, and the light began to break in, and he found that this conflict was with poor, disordered nerves, rather than with either spiritual enemies or his own waywardness. Yet the letter brings out some of the fine points of the man, and shows us in what direction he looked for relief. He also said to a friend, about this time, that he had found great force in the prayer of the prophet "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me," and had made it his own continually.

But the sky is not always overcast with clouds; the sun will, ere long, burst forth in its beauty and the dark shadows will depart. Even the great, majestic ocean, when vexed with storms, will at last

sob itself to rest, and the peace and tranquility will be beautiful. So the troubles of the new pastor passed away; the clouds were withdrawn from his sky; the great ocean was calm once more and all promised peace and contentment in the new work. During the first days of January of the following year, the family were gathered together once more and the home was established in Lexington Street, and everything put on a cheerful appearance, as the minister began to reproach himself for his want of faith and trust in the goodness of divine Providence, and resolve that in the future none of these things should move him or interfere with the serenity of his mind.

The study was established in the quietest room in the new home; its labors went forward, and the result was seen in the earnest attention of the hearers. The pastoral visits had been commenced at first in company with one of the Session, and then alone, just as he had leisure, or as his warm feelings prompted him. But the prompting came full often, and the pastor would come home in the evening wearied, and feeling that he could not soon undertake the work again. Yet the next afternoon would find him in the street as before, meeting his people with the same bland smile, and the same cordial greeting as usual, talking with them, praying with them when the way was opened, and striving in every way to do them good.

There was in his mind the remembrance of the old days in Wheeling when such power was felt

from the presence of the Holy Spirit, with the sweet times of revival and ingathering. And there came over him a most intense longing for the repetition of just such days as had filled his soul with joy and rejoicing at that time. And there were the early morning hours in his study, while the household were asleep, alone with God; the reading of the chosen portions of the word, and the wrestling with the angel of the covenant, with the resolution often and often repeated, of the Patriarch at the ford Jabbok: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And there were the plain, pointed talks in the week-day meetings; there were the meetings for consultation and prayer with the session; and what was most encouraging to the pastor's heart, there was the dawning light in his own soul that told him that God's blessing was near.

Soon after the seal of the divine approval was placed upon his work. The Spirit was poured out, and the people as well as the Pastor began to pray. Many prayed for the first time; others who had prayed with calmness and propriety and with studied phrase, now poured out the genuine feelings of a quickened heart. There was a directness and an unction in the preaching that showed that the minister's heart was deeply stirred, and that he was in an agony for souls. There was a quietness in the house of God that was deeply felt, for it was obvious that the Lord was there, moving upon the hearts of the people and constraining sinners to be-

lieve. The impression on every heart was that God's Spirit was present in unwonted power and that a precious work of grace was going forward.

This wondrous work resulted in a greater ingathering than had ever blessed the church before. They were from all classes and from all ages. They numbered over an hundred, and were notably valuable from the positions they occupied in the congregation and in the community. There were not only the children of the church, the young men and the young women, for whom pious fathers and mothers had labored and prayed; but fathers and mothers of households; professional men; men in business and in politics; men of influence in society and capable of giving tone and power to their new convictions. And with all this there was mingled devout thanksgiving to God for His goodness and mercy to sinners and to His people. When God's people wait for Him and bring their tithes into the storehouse, He always pours them out a blessing beyond their expectations.

The work was permanent. It was not like the morning cloud and the early dew, but rather like the early and the latter rain that make theea rth glad, enabling the mower to fill his hand and he that bindeth sheaves his bosom. There was the fulfilment of the promise: "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon." This gracious influence con-

tinued through the following year, while the membership of the church was doubled and a new character impressed upon it.

There was a very valuable Session in the church at this time. They were praying men, thoughtful men ; men who not only loved their pastor but assisted him in his work. Pastor and Session worked together, prayed together, and God gave them the unspeakable blessing of reaping together, and the harvest was plentiful and glorious. The result of this work of grace in the church was felt in every direction. All departments of church work flourished and all forms of benevolence were greatly enlarged. This was felt at home ; the Boards of the church felt its influence and the reflex influence was felt in the hearts of the people, enlarging them, deepening their sympathies for the world at large, and bringing them nearer to the heart of God.

At the Commencement at Washington College, in September 1858, Mr. Dickson received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. It was the proper and worthy recognition of the worth and value of the man, and particularly graceful as coming from an institution that had been a rival of his own Alma Mater.

In the Summer of 1860, Dr. Dickson made arrangements for an extended tour to Europe and the East by way of relaxation from the severe strain of continuous labor, and for the advantages of foreign travel. Accordingly, all things being in readiness,

he took shipping about the twentieth of June on the Cunard steamer Africa, and in due time landed in Liverpool. The journey was thence through Chester to London. Here visits were made to the renowned places in the Great Metropolis. Old Saint Paul's was a prominent object of admiration, with its memories of old Sir Christopher Wren and its monuments of England's dead soldiers and sailors. Westminster Abbey was a place of almost daily resort, where he wandered amid aisles and chapels consecrated by the memories of so many of the great ones in England's past history, poets and orators and statesmen, and warriors and scientists, and where rest the remains of the kings and queens that mark the wonderful history of England. He regarded with very great interest the old tombs of Mary Queen of Scots, of Elizabeth and Mary, and the Charleses, and Edwards and Henrys, whose histories seemed to reach so far back into the misty past! And there were pointed out to him the old stone of Scone on which Robert the Bruce had been anointed king of Scotland, and on which all the kings and queens of England have been anointed since; also the old coronation chair, still connected with the coronation of Royalty to the present time. Then at three o'clock he sat down with his mind filled with these great memories, and subdued by the solemn lessons of antiquity, to listen to the music connected with the evening service. To have heard this music is to remember it forever. The deep notes of the organ mingled with the rich

voices of the boy choir go up to the lofty ceiling, and, echoing from arch, and capital, and deep recess, seem almost like what we imagine the music of the angels in mid-heaven !

The Tower of London came in for its share of attention. And in passing over its draw-bridge, and walking through its courts and climbing its towers, there came up to his vivid imagination visions of its mighty past, with the men and women who were prominent characters in history, who languished in these prisons, and who laid their heads on the block still shown in the court. Among these were Wallace and Charles II, and Lady Jane Grey and Raleigh.

Passing over the Channel he was joined in Paris by his old friend and classmate and fellow laborer in Baltimore, Rev. J. T. Smith, D. D. Spending a time in this great center of wealth and fashion and taking in something of its wealth of art, they passed south through Lyons and Marseilles, where they took the French steamer to the Orient. Their first landing was at Malta, where they took in the scene of Paul's shipwreck and marvellous escape to land, and thence to Alexandria, passing by Crete and the Fair Havens. At this ancient city of the great world conqueror they first learned of the troubles in Syria, and the terrible massacre in Damascus, that might interfere with their projected trip to Palestine. This persecution of the Christians had been commenced by the Druzes that throng the sides of Mount Lebanon, and was taken

up by the Mohammedans. Many of these Christians had taken refuge in Damascus, coming in from the neighboring villages. In that ancient city, at a given signal, the Mohammedans commenced an indiscriminate slaughter; in which some three thousand were supposed to have been slain.

On account of these troubles, and the positive danger of travel in Syria, the tourists were persuaded by Mr. De Leon, the American Consul at Alexandria, to abandon their trip. This conclusion was arrived at very reluctantly, for they had calculated very confidently on seeing the Holy City, and walking over the land consecrated by the footsteps of Prophets and Apostles, and moistened by the tears and the blood of the Son of God. They had hoped to have bathed their eyes at the Pool of Siloam; to have listened to the echoes of the angelic voices in the plains of Bethlehem; to have bowed down and prayed in Gethsemane; to have entertained sweet memories of the Passion and Resurrection of the Lord in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and from the summit of Olivet to have gazed up through the beautiful, blue sky, through which the Lord of Glory ascended to His kingdom!

Their passage was already secured to Jaffa, but the protest of the consul was so earnest that the trip was given up. The journey up the Nile was extended to Cairo and the Pyramids. From the summit of old Cheops they had that wondrous view that takes in all Southern Egypt, the great

Desert of Africa, and the purple walls of the mountains of Arabia, and from which can be traced the course of the Nile, away to the south, lessening as it proceeds, until as a mere silver thread it seems to reach up and take hold of the blue sky. Then they gazed up into the grand and solemn face of the Sphinx, looking out into the desert, and thought of the profound secrets that were locked up in those great stony lips, and questioned him as to his thoughts, but there was neither voice nor answer.

From Cairo they passed over the land of Goshen, rich with the associations of thirty five hundred years, to the Red Sea, and listened to the dim echoes of the song of Miriam and her band as they recounted the wonders of the Lord in the deliverance of Israel.

From Egypt their voyage was north and across the Mediterranean to Smyrna, the site of one of the seven churches of Asia, where they climbed to the citadel, taking in the view of the bay of Smyrna, and with bared heads standing by the tomb of Polycarp, the grand old martyr who had sat at the feet of John the Evangelist, as it is still shown just outside the city limits.

Then the voyage was westward, and up the stormy Adriatic to Trieste and Venice, the queen of the Adriatic, that wonderful old city that, rising out of the water, seems like a city on some other planet. Here amid the wonders of St. Marks, the Ducal Palace, the Bridge of Sighs. and the Rialto,

the travellers lingered and dreamed and took in instruction until time would no longer permit the stay. Thence the way led up through Milan and Lake Como, and across the Alps to Switzerland, and up the Rhine valley, to Paris and London, and so on through Scotland and Ireland, and then back to Southampton, where Dr. Dickson took the Havre steamer, Adriatic, for home. On this return voyage he had the opportunity of witnessing God's wonders in the deep, as the voyage was a very stormy one. But the great billows had permission to roll and toss the great ship, yet not to destroy it, and under the beneficent protection of His care he safely reached his home, on the last of September, with a heart full of devout thanksgiving, and greatly benefitted and refreshed by the tour.

The influence of Dr. Dickson in Baltimore was very strong, even outside his church and circle of friends. It was his lot to live and labor there in the midst of dark and tempestuous times. For years there was a division in public sentiment in affairs of national concern, and the danger of conflict and trouble was very great. No one could tell whither this difference would lead or to what extent the great cloud that had gathered over the land and over the church would reach. Perhaps few households were a unit on the all-absorbing question, and there was a greater or less difference of opinion in every branch of the church. Very many persons, in the church and out of it, agreed to differ, and to permit each other to hold

their own opinions in quietness and peace. But withal the times were evil. The danger was imminent. The necessity for prudence and good sense, and above all for the fear of God, was very great.

At such times the position of a minister of Christ preaching the common salvation is a most critical as well as a most important one. In the Westminster church, as in others, there was a division of sentiment. But there was generally quietness and peace. The Session were divided in their opinions on the great questions that were agitating the country, but with a prudence and judgment worthy of all praise they did not bring these questions into their official relations. They were content as were others to let the minister hold his own views and convictions of duty and to uphold him in his ministerial work. And so the matter passed along, the great storm raging, and the people often full of fears, yet there was comparative peace in the church. Some quietly withdrew to affiliate with churches more in accordance with their own views, and others came in to take their places for the same reason.

But it was well known where the Westminister Pastor stood on all these questions. He was always faithful to the interests of his country. And, although he never put forth his opinions in an offensive way, yet he was ever ready to show where his sympathies lay, and how he regarded the principles of truth and righteousness as bearing on the common duty.

And the influence he exerted by his quiet, oftentimes silent, yet always consistent course was very great in regard to the common peace and common safety. This was true not only in regard to his own church but to the general cause throughout the city. His judgment in the general was respected. His prudence was known of all; and his unswerving honesty of opinion made him a tower of strength. And this was all exerted in the interest of right and of truth. And the result was that he assisted very greatly in maintaining the peace and harmony that pertained to this above all other border cities. And when the clouds rolled away, and peace and brotherly love returned once more, there were fewer breaches to be healed and fewer heart-burnings to be quenched than in many other places where the danger that had assailed were no greater than here. The consistent manhood of the man and the prudent self-poise of the minister were prominent, the truth was maintained, the gospel was preached, and in this way God was honored and his name glorified.

Dr. Dickson was not often sick, yet early in life he had the supposition that his heart was somewhat affected by disease, and, from the sudden death of his mother, he long supposed that his own departure would be sudden. Once in 1854 or 5, after several days confinement to his desk, as clerk of Synod, he lost consciousness for a few moments whilst preaching on Sabbath, and quite alarmed his friends. Again in August, 1868, he fainted in the

pulpit of his church in Baltimore, and was unable to preach for several weeks. This was the only time he was incapacitated for preaching, by sickness, during the whole of his pastorate of thirty years. After recovering so far as to be able to travel, he went to Oakland and spent a few weeks, and then with his wife to Wheeling, where they had a most delightful visit. On this occasion he writes thus to his father:

Baltimore, Sept., 1868.

. . . . My dear people here, and my dear people in Wheeling have manifested so much sympathy with me, and showed so much love and kindness, as to almost overwhelm me; I cannot tell you the half of it . . . . It is very pleasant to enjoy the love of both congregations. May I be thankful to God and walk humbly before Him for it."

On his return to his labor at Baltimore the tenderness of his people and their words of sympathy and congratulation were a source of great satisfaction to him, their quiet tones as they spoke of his recovery, and their expressions of joy at hearing his voice once more in the sanctuary, more than compensated him for his sickness and weakness. This prolonged indisposition was useful to the pastor himself. Although naturally full of sympathy, yet he had so little experience of the confinement and languor of disease that he could hardly sympathize personally with those who suffered. This new experience gave him a new tenderness at the couch of affliction, and

a new feeling as he knelt down to pray with the suffering and the dying.

And the work went forward; sometimes with encouraging tokens of God's presence in his congregation; sometimes greatly discouraged because so few came to confess the name of the Lord. Sometimes the people seemed greatly interested; at other times coldness and languor prevailed until everything was unpromising, and the word of the Lord seemed to be bound.

His birthday came round once more, his forty-eighth, and, as usual, was observed as a day of review, and of renewed consecration to God. As usual he writes to his father, and opens to him his heart, as he recounts the goodness of the Lord, and refers to the solemn thought that he had spent the greater part of his life in the ministry of the Word. The following is the letter:

TO HIS FATHER.

"Baltimore Dec. 20, 1864.

——My forty-eighth birthday!——

——In looking back I can see but little except sin, and short comings, forgetfulness and rebellion on my part, whilst God has most graciously followed me all the days of my life with goodness and mercy. To day I can truly say 'hitherto hath the Lord helped me.'

I desire to day to consecrate myself anew and entirely to His service and glory who loved me and gave Himself for me.

More than half my life has been spent in the

ministry of the Gospel. I pray for grace to devote the years which remain to the same work for the same blessed Master."

But the indications became apparent that efforts would be made that might call for the services of the Westminster pastor elsewhere. In June, 1868, there was a vacancy in the Old School Board of Domestic Missions, through the resignation of Dr. Thomas L. Janeway, and Dr. Dickson was elected to fill that office. The question was considered most earnestly until August, when the work was declined. The Board were not satisfied, and again tendered the appointment, which was again declined. The Board were still urgent in their endeavors to secure his services, as were also its friends. At length, after a season of special prayer with his family for direction, Dr. Dickson felt it his duty to accept, and on the seventeenth day of August telegraphed the Board, signifying his acceptance of the office. On the following Sabbath he announced his acceptance to his congregation, and asked them to call a congregational meeting to unite with him in the request to the Presbytery for the dissolution of his pastoral relation. The announcement was most painful to the congregation, and at their meeting they resolved not to accede to that pastor's request.

The following brief extract from a letter written at the time refers to that Sabbath service.

"The service was very solemn. Poor father almost broke down in the prayers and hymns, but by

the time he got to the sermon he was perfectly calm and said just the right thing. He preached first on the great cause, its wants, importance, etc., from Rom. 1 : 16 and x : 15, and 1 Cor. 1 : 21 and IX : 14, just as he often did, and then told his decision, the terrible struggle; how he had declined four times; had tried not to go, but finally did not dare to refuse. He told how in every way it was a sacrifice, and gave charges to the officers and members. It was indeed a Bochim."

The Presbytery met at Baltimore on the eleventh of September. Just before going to the meeting the family were called together and the divine direction sought on the counsels of the Presbytery. Dr. Musgrave was present and pleaded the cause of the Board at great length. The three Commissioners from the congregation gave cogent reasons why so useful and happy a pastorate should not be broken up. At a late hour of the night the vote was taken declining to dissolve the relation; when the work went forward with great success for two years longer.

But the eventful year 1869 dawned—the year that was to be fraught with such wonderful changes to Dr. Dickson and the entire Presbyterian Church. The two General Assemblies met in New York and arranged terms of reunion, and the two branches of the church that had been known for thirty years and more as New and Old School came together at Pittsburgh six months after, and amid general rejoicing and glad Hallelujahs were formally

made one. The Union was consummated, and the next meeting of the General Assembly appointed at Philadelphia where all the benevolent work of the church was re-organized, and arrangements made to carry forward the work of the Lord with new zeal and efficiency. A thank-offering was called for in view of this auspicious event, and responded to by the whole church with great liberality and cheerfulness.

At this meeting, on the nineteenth of May, 1870, Dr. Dickson was elected Permanant Clerk of the General Assembly, an office he held, and the duties of which he fulfilled to the entire satisfaction of the church, as long as his health permitted him to attend its meetings.

Growing out of this re-union and the reorganization of the benevolent work, that of home missions assumed a prominent place. Each branch of the church had its Board, or Committee, covering substantially the same field, yet working without friction or interference. The Old School board had been known as the Board of Domestic Missions; the New School, the Committee of Home Missions. At the meeting of the General Assembly at Philadelphia, on the thirty-first day of May, these boards were consolidated under the name of the Board of Home Missions, and, on the third day of June, Rev. Henry Kendall, D. D. and Dr. Dickson were elected Corresponding Secretaries. Dr. Kendall had been the Corresponding Secretary of the Committee of Home Missions,

Dr. Musgrave had been secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions, but, on account of age and declining strength, prefering to retire to private life, Dr. Dickson was elected as the other Secretary.

The call on Dr. Dickson for this new and important service was made a matter of thoughtful and prayerful attention. It seemed the call of God; the unanimity of the Assembly in his election; the satisfaction expressed by his brethren, and the church at large, all conspired to make the way plain and, soon after, the preliminary steps were taken for the dissolution of his pastoral relation. Accordingly at a meeting of the Presbytery of Baltimore on the first day of July the formal request was made to this end. The following paper that had been adopted at a previous meeting, expressive of the feeling of the congregation on the subject, was then presented to the Presbytery, through their Commissioner:

"Whereas our Pastor, Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., has been called by the General Assembly of the reunited Church, to the office of Secretary of the Board of Home Missions:

And Whereas Dr. Dickson has expressed the conviction that the leadings of Providence appear to require him to make the personal sacrifice involved in his accepting this office: therefore,

Resolved:—That we, the Congregation of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, unite with Dr. Dickson, in requesting Presbytery to release him from his pastoral charge.

In adopting this resolution, however, we cannot refrain from expressing our sincere regret, that a pastoral relation which has so long, and so happily existed, and which has been attended with so many tokens of the Divine favor, should now be dissolved. And we embrace this occasion to bear testimony to the fidelity of our pastor—both to the Great Head of the Church and to the souls committed to his charge.

Alike in the pulpit, in the Session, and in the Congregation; in devising and executing new plans of usefulness, in cultivating the graces of his flock, in visiting the sick, and in counselling and comforting the distressed; we have found him "a workman, that needeth not to be ashamed"—"a man approved of God."

"If his fidelity to this congregation has suggested to the General Assembly the propriety of calling him to a more extended field of labor, we bow to the dispensation and follow him with our prayers."

The request of the Pastor was then granted, the pastoral relation dissolved, and the following paper adopted as the expression of the feeling of the Presbytery on the occasion:

"In complying with the request to dissolve the pastoral relation between the Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., and the Westminster Church, the Presbytery would express sincere sympathy with the congregation thus deprived of an acceptable and valuable pastor, endeared to it by a most affectionate, faithful and zealous ministry of fourteen years.

The Presbytery consents to this dissolution because the appointment to another position, which calls for it, has been made under peculiar circumstances, by the General Assembly, the highest Judicatory of our Church—which has, if not absolute authority in the matter, yet the strongest claim on the services of her ministers. And also because Dr. Dickson has expressed his personal conviction, that this is a call in Providence, which he is not disposed to decline, if the Presbytery will permit him to accept it.

In giving this consent, the Presbstery would express their deep regret at parting with a brother who has, during his connection with this body, rendered himself so agreeable in his social relations, so valuable as an efficient and successful pastor, so useful as a Presbyter and so important as a fellow laborer in this community."

He preached to his people the following Sabbath, and placed in the pews that day the following farewell letter:

"To the Westminster Presbyterian Congregation, Baltimore:

MY DEAR PEOPLE:

In the providence of God the long and tender relation of Pastor and People is dissolved. It has continued through nearly fourteen years, ten of which have been years of vast excitement and convulsion in the land, the Church, and the world. Yet "by the good hand of our God upon us" we

have been enabled to live in peace and harmony, and, considering all the circumstances, in great prosperity. Let us unite in mutual thanksgiving for all these mercies.

Nothing but such a call as this from the whole Church, cordially and unanimously given, would induce me to leave a congregation and field endeared by so many toils and trials, to change my home and way of life. As, therefore, our separation has arisen from no dissatisfaction but from the voice of the Master, you will allow a few parting words of counsel and comfort.

Now you will at once need another Pastor. Pastors are among the Ascension gifts of our exalted Redeemer. Seek then for a Pastor especially by earnest, believing prayer. "Ask and ye shall receive." "Seek, and ye shall find." If He has bereaved you, you may confidently plead with Him for another.

In order to secure a pastor keep together, be of one mind, forbearing one another in love. Be punctual in all your attendance on weekly and Sabbath services. Maintain the schools which have always been our ornaments. Thus you will invite and encourage the coming of some true, living, faithful man to be your Pastor.

Regard yourselves as especially called upon to be faithful in secret with God, and in your families, and in the congregation. Uphold your Elders and Deacons and Trustees in their several places and labors. In sickness and sorrow invite them to

visit and pray with you. You can very manifestly honor religion and the Saviour by maintaining your faithfulness to His cause whilst destitute of a minister.

When a Pastor is found, and called, and settled be kind to him, stand by him, and stand up for him, and around him. Support him liberally; let him feel that it is not from constraint, but freely and for Christ's sake. Attend constantly and prayerfully on his ministry and strive to bring multitudes with you. Empty pews have a sad influence on the health, the heart, and the usefulness of a Pastor.

With precious memories of the past and with great anxieties and hopes for the future, I commend you to him who purchased the Church with His own blood, and who is able to keep and comfort you and to supply all your need—who walks amidst the golden candlesticks, who holds the stars in His right hand.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be multiplied to you all. Amen!

I am most truly and affectionately your late pastor and ever true friend.

CYRUS DICKSON.

Baltimore, Md., Saturday, July 2, 1870.

This was the close of a ministry of fourteen years, during which this earnest Pastor had stood in his lot and tried to do the work of an Evangelist, as God gave him strength. His reflections were sol-

emn and his thoughts subdued as he thought of the past. There had been the times of gracious revival and there had been the times of declension, when the way seemed almost blocked up before him : there had been the time of the singing of birds, and there had been the winter with its storms. But all these seasons had been accompanied with the feeling in his deepest soul that the Lord was with him, and that what prosperity the church had enjoyed was from the presence and help of the Holy Spirit.

And as he passed out from the door of the church on his way homewards there was the feeling that he was leaving a field of great privilege and usefulness, yet the reflection came to his mind that he had looked to the Lord to direct him in all his official life and could depend on Him now when just about embarking in this new field. And thus closing the labors of his third and last pastorate he tried to lean on the strong arm of God and began to gird himself for the new work in New York.

Besides his general work in his own congregation, Dr. Dickson was an active and busy man in the general welfare of the church and community. He was often called on to speak in behalf of the public Charities; and churches of other denominations would sometimes invite him to speak in their Missionary meetings, when they wished a special impression to be made. During the war he was connected actively with the Christian Commission, and visited the Field Hospitals after the battles of Antietam and Gettysburgh, ministering to the

wounded and the dying of both armies, the Blue and the Gray. He was Vice-President of the Maryland Union Commission, in whose behalf he visited Richmond in April, 1865, and spoke in its behalf at the great Union meeting in Baltimore, a few weeks afterward. He was for several years Secretary of the Maryland Inebriate Asylum, and a member of the Executive Committee of the "Baltimore Association for the Moral and Educational improvement of the colored people." He was also a member of the Board of trustees of the College of New Jersey from 1860 until his death. He likewise acted as a member of the Re-construction Committee of the Old School church in 1870.

With all these cares and burdens, he always strove to do his work well, and "studied to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed." And how he succeeded is written in the memories of his friends, in the success of the work in which he was engaged, and in the general advancement of the cause of truth and righteousness.

VII. THE SECRETARY.

"The sands are number'd that make up my life. Here must I stay, and here my life must end."

SHAKSPEARE.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

JOHN IX. 4.

VII. THE SECRETARY.

The pastoral work was now intermitted and a new field was to be entered. But there was no time for rest. This never entered into the calculations of this restless laborer in the Lord's vineyard. The family could not be broken up at once; the home must be arranged and the household prepared for the change. This would require weeks for its accomplishment. But there was no time for delay on the part of the newly appointed Secretary; he must go forward at once and take up the business to which the church had called him. So without delay he went on to New York, leaving his family to follow when the necessary arrangements should have been made. He was released from his pastoral charge on the first day of July, and on the following Wednesday was in the Missionary Office in Vesey Street, girded for the work.

The family did not go on until the Autumn, but many Sabbaths were spent with them in the mean time. Dr. Dickson frequently went home to supply Westminster Church, during the time of its vacancy, and administered the Lord's supper at the usual time, which occasion was the last when the whole family were together in the solemn service.

The office at Number Thirty Vesey St., New York, soon became the scene of busy preparation. There was much new work to be performed. The affairs of the two Societies must be brought together and harmonized. Dr. Kendall had been in the work so long that he had become familiar with its details and went forward with it as in years past. But to Dr. Dickson the work, as to detail, was entirely new, and it was not possible but that he would become nervous and chafe under the circumstances, until he should have sufficient time to learn its methods and become accustomed to its routine. But he did not know what it was to sit down and become discouraged in the midst of anything he undertook. He had undertaken this work in good faith, and, relying on the help of the Lord, he was resolved to master all its details, and be equal to all that pertained to his official position. In a little time the seemingly tangled web began to unravel. The two Secretaries worked together, and were mutually helpers to each other. The strong, vigorous hand of Dr. Kendall was equal to the portion of the work pertaining to him, and his long familiarity with the business of the office made it comparatively easy for him ; and soon his co-ordinate in the office could take in and manage the work pertaining to him.

For this work he had very many natural qualifications. He had a quick and accurate judgment : he had a wondrous sympathy for his brethren of the ministry ; he had knowledge of the wants of

the great West: he could generalize and take in and grasp all subjects connected with the work. He had been taking lessons all unconsciously to himself as he labored amid the hills and rocks of Western Pennsylvania. As he had sat down in the log cabins and at the humble boards of his people during his first settlement and talked with them and prayed with them, he was learning the lesson that would enable him to sympathize with the people of God away out on the frontier. He had a knowledge of the wants of the Missionaries from frequent association with them, and an unusual grasp of the magnitude and importance of the field. He had had his first look at the great field thirty-five years before, when as a boy-student he had traveled on horseback from Lake Erie to the Mississippi River. And since that time he had been making pilgrimages over different portions of the same territory, making observations in regard to its wants and with his own keen, quick eye forming his conclusions in regard to the country and the important points to be occupied and made strong in order to the general good.

And now, with the map of the United States before him, and the Minutes of the General Assembly, and the list of the missionaries enrolled, in his hands, he began to grow familiar with the names and locations of churches, their relative strength, their accessibility as to the great lines of travel, and the probable significance of their future history. He became familiar with the names of the Mission-

aries so as to be able to locate nearly every one in his own particular field, as soon as his name was brought up. He made himself acquainted with the portions of the country that were settling up most rapidly and the locations that would be most important in the future, and kept these always in his mind for his future guidance. His judgment was sound, and in all these matters there was an eye to the general result.

And as he looked over the map and remembered that the great States of Kansas and Nebraska, with portions of Colorado and Indian Territory, with their teeming population, were located on what was called the Great American Desert in his school boy days, and then glanced over the new region of the South, New Mexico and Arizona, and then at the north, and across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, from California to Washington, visions of the future greatness of the country's coming history would burst upon his mind, and he would feel his spirit stirred within him with a most intense desire that this whole country should be kept within the sphere of Gospel influences, and that all the institutions of the church should keep equal pace with the settlement of the new territory. The feeling was strong within him that the institutions of the Gospel were absolutely necessary in order to the peace and prosperity and safety of the whole. He would compare the future with the past and imagine what the extent of the population would be in the course of another half century; he would think of the sons and

daughters of the churches in the east going to the new country; he would regard the incoming tide from all the countries of Europe, with the numbers from eastern Asia, and would be almost appalled with the greatness of the work and the intricacy of the problem that was to be solved in regard to the final destiny of the Union. And when he felt, as did others, that the only ground of safety for the country's future was the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the importance of the matter of establishing missionary work everywhere, throughout all this broad land, seemed most imperative.

When his mind had thus become fully saturated with the greatness and grandeur of the subject, he resolved to take another step; this was to visit as much of the territory as possible and see personally as many of the Missionaries as could be conveniently reached. He wished not only to see individual churches, but their prospective bearing on the general work; their influence in the present and on the future; their location as regards the great lines of travel; their connection with the probable growth of the population, and their influence as centres of power. He wished also to inform himself of the Country's growth and progress, and ascertain just in what lines this growth and progress were advancing, and to try and forecast its probable growth and progress in the future.

For this purpose he made long journeys over the western field, and looked over the prospect for coming work and coming progress. While combining

these tours in the general with visits to the great meetings of the church in her judicatories, particularly in the Presbyteries and Synods, he yet made this matter prominent in his own mind, to see for himself and to know from his own observation just what the country was, and just what its probable prospects were, and in this way to form an intelligent judgment as to its wants. This he deemed important in order to a full understanding of the work he had undertaken. At the same time the other details of business were kept before his mind, until the work was well in hand, and an arrangement made between the two Secretaries as to the proper division of the interest and labor.

Accordingly an extensive trip was projected in 1871. This plan was carried out with a minuteness of detail that enabled him to see the work in its outposts, and to come in contact with a large number of its missionaries. After deciding on his line of travel, and arranging as far as possible his time-table, he notified as many of the missionaries as could conveniently make the arrangement to meet him at their nearest point of approach. A personal meeting of half an hour, or even of a few minutes was a satisfaction to both parties. It was like bringing the poles of the battery together, and thus establishing the connection between the office in Vesey Street, New York, and the fields of labor all over the country. It did the Secretary good to look upon the face of the missionary, and was refreshing to the missionary to see one so nearly re-

lated to the Home Office, and to hear words of courage and cheer from his lips.

This tour embraced in its interests Colorado and Utah, and on to California by Rail, and stopping at intermediate points. Then from San Francisco, overland by stage, five hundred miles to Oregon and Washington Territory. From Portland, Oregon, the route was by boat to Puget Sound and Victoria. And if Alaska had been accessible, his adventurous spirit would have induced him to press on until he had thoroughly explored it with its wondrous bays and rivers and sources of wealth, and satisfied his own judgment in regard to its future importance. The return trip was more rapid, yet everything was noted that could throw light on the great field and the best means of occupying and cultivating it.

The next year the journey was made to the North West. This was in 1872. Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were explored, traveling from place to place, where possible meetings of Presbytery or Synod might bring him in contact with the more influential pastors with whom he could take counsel, or with the missionaries, talking with them, advising and cheering them in their work, and encouraging them by assuring them of the sympathy of the entire church, the deep interest felt by the Board in the success of the work, and of the importance of the labor in which they were engaged. In this way the Secretary became acquainted with the field, learned the views of those prominent in carrying forward its labors, and made himself understood by

those with whom he had else come in contact only by means of correspondence.

In the early spring of 1872 a trip was made to Texas, and the entire month of March was spent in that State, examining into its wants and prospects, noting the progress of its settlement, and seeking carefully concerning the duty of the Board as to making it a field of labor. This was undertaken in no spirit of aggression save as against the common foe of all Christianity. It was not with the desire to encroach on the domain of any other branch of the Church, but simply to take in the situation, and learn the character of the field and its claims on the Board whose servant he was. And in this tour he found everywhere a most cordial reception. He was amazed at the prospect that was opening in this extended State, so rich in all the elements of wealth, and so well adapted to sustain a dense population and to furnish the means of life to other parts of the world.

In addition to this his far reaching vision was not without its view of coming events, or prospective unity, and the consolidation of the different branches of the Presbyterian church, and the movement in solid Phalanx of this and other branches of the Church in the all-important matter of winning and keeping this whole great country for Christ.

Other journeys were undertaken of an extended kind until the whole country came under his personal observation and he became familiar with its

wants and had a minute knowledge of its possibilities. Then from his office he had the whole subject before him and could see at once the state of the case when appeals were made for aid in any portion of the field. Dr. Kendall had had something of the same experience in other years, and the two, laboring in concert, and availing themselves of their personal experience and observation, were able to form a very intelligent opinion in regard to the necessities of particular fields.

Another plan of work was to visit the Synods at their annual meetings. He would take the Minutes of the General Assembly and ascertain the times of these meetings, and then arrange his time table, so as to be present for at least twenty-four hours at as many of these meetings as possible, during a given time. He did not expect to be present during the entire meeting, and spend his time socially with the brethren, but simply to obtain a hearing and then go forward to some other meeting. The work always seemed to be urgent and the time limited, and as much work was to be accomplished as possible ere he returned to the office.

His presence at these Synodical meetings was always hailed with joy. His discourses were listened to with interest, and the result was always to quicken the interest, and to encourage the hearts of ministers and elders in the work. His aim was always to deepen the convictions of the church, through its officers, as to the greatness and importance of the work of the Board, the importance of

pressing it forward, and to encourage it in its efforts in carrying forward its vast and responsible mission.

But it was at meetings of the General Assembly in annual Session that his great work of contact with the church was performed. At these great convocations of Ministers and Elders, representative men from all portions of the church, representing it from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the extreme South, the impression was made that was to be felt throughout all its bounds, and a stimulus received that was to be a power and an influence throughout all its membership. No one who was present at any of these occasions can ever forget those electrifying addresses on the Home Mission work. They were recognized for years as the great feature of the Assembly, and, during Dr. Dickson's term of office, were looked forward to as one of the great attractions of the occasion. At the delivery of these addresses the house always filled up, not only with the full force of the Assembly but with others from the outside, who were not generally interested; and there would be profound attention from the beginning to the close.

With all this incessant labor, and these long journeys, it is due to the memory of Dr. Dickson to record that nothing was ever drawn from the treasury of the Board to defray the expenses of these long tours through the west. In addition to this he was always extremely liberal in his own personal contributions to the cause, and during two years of his service he returned one thousand dollars each year to

the Treasury of the Board, from his own salary. He was extremely conscientious in regard to his time, and also in regard to the expenditure of the money of the church. It was to him a sacred trust, and his influence upon the Board and its determinations was always on the side of economy and the most careful scrutiny. And the office he had received at the hand of the church he regarded as a most sacred trust. His time, his best thoughts, the energies of his mind and of his body alike must all be given to the proper discharge of its functions. In the same manner he considered the funds of the church as sacred—the contributions of the poor, the widow, the children—it was the Lord's money and must be used carefully as His, and for His glory. At the same time he was not parsimonious in the use of the funds in the right direction. Where the best interests of the cause were concerned he was always disposed in his advice and in his recommendations to a wise liberality, that would in time bring in ten fold to the general treasury.

The first appearance of the New Secretary before the General Assembly was at Chicago, in 1871. He had thoroughly mastered the details of the office; he had studied the field and had taken in something of its greatness and importance, and was deeply impressed with the magnitude of the interests committed to the General Assembly. His great soul was filled to the utmost with the subject; and every feature of his countenance, as he took his place on the platform, betokened his interest in the theme.

Formerly the matter of Home Missions had been regarded as important; the field was a large one, and a respectable degree of attention had been accorded it. But its presentation had been cumbered with dry statistics. The fact was set forth that many places were destitute; that many churches were weak and struggling; and that there were many hardships connected with the Missionary's work in the West. The General Assembly had listened in other years with a pious kind of interest; had voted on the usual resolutions, and the subject was dismissed. No one expected to be interested, much less greatly stirred up to new thoughts and purposes. But on this occasion it was very soon evident that a new grasp was on the helm, and that a new vigor was to be imparted to the work.

There was no half apology made for occupying the time of the Assembly. There were no dull platitudes about the great field. The new Secretary plunged at once into the subject and under his vigorous handling it assumed a magnitude and importance such as had not been connected with it before. It became instinct with life, and throbbing with importance. It stood confessedly one of the greatest of the enterprises of the age.

The long western tour of 1871 filled his whole soul to the full with the thought of the coming greatness of the country, and the importance of the work of the Board. In October of that year he met with the Synod of Erie, at Franklin, Pennsylvania. It was a large meeting. It was in the midst of the

brethren of his youth; in the Presbytery where he had been licensed; and in the very church where he had been ordained and where the first years of his ministry had been passed. All were anxious to hear him. The spacious church was more than half filled by the brethren of the Synod, and the remaining portion, and the galleries were occupied by the citizens.

The discourse commenced. The Secretary's mind was filled with the grandeur of the West; he had looked upon the majesty of its great Sierras; its immense plains, its fruitful soil, and its exhaustless mines. He had in his mind cities that were springing up, almost like Jonah's gourd, in a night, and the wonderful population that was moving, like a great wave of the ocean, ceaselessly and tumultuously westward, filling up its territory, laying the foundations of great States, and preparing to exert an influence that should greatly assist in forming and making beautiful this great country; or of marring and deforming it, and sowing the seeds of decay and ruin throughout all its borders. And to his eye the Gospel was the only element that could leaven, and purify, and save this seething, surging tide of humanity. And with glowing cheek and flashing eye and animated form he described what he had seen; the mighty barriers of the Rocky Mountains, powerless to restrain the westward march of empire as the problematic damming up of the Nile with bullrushes would be to stop its resistless waters; the golden hills of California; the magnificent

domes of the Yosemite, and the big trees of the Calaveras—exclaiming: "Mr. Moderator; the clerks "at the desk went away across the Ocean, and to "the uttermost end of the Great Sea, to look at the "Cedars of Lebanon, when we have in California "the great Redwoods that were mighty giants of "the forests, when the Cedars of Lebanon were in "their infancy!"; and having detailed the capabilities of all the lands on the Pacific slope from the Mexican border to the British line, he said: "All over this vast sweep of territory I found the "sons and daughters of our own home churches. "Western Pennsylvanians were everywhere, whose "fathers and mothers had been born on your soil "and nurtured on the strong Gospel teaching of "M'Millan, and M'Curdy, and Johnston and Tait, "and they were hungering for the same Gospel that "had been the hope and joy and trust of their par- "ents. They were trying to keep the Sabbath, as "it is kept in Western Pennsylvania, a place where it "is observed better than in any place on the face of "the earth; but they must have the church, the "ministry, and the Sabbath School, or go back to "heathenism and barbarism, and be lost forever!

"Mr. Moderator; and fathers, and brethren; go "home and wake up your churches to the import- "ance of this great work! Tell them in the name "of the God of your fathers; in the name of the "Church he has purchased with the blood of His "own Son; in the name of your common country "and its coming glory, if they will but do their duty,

"to send the Gospel throughout all this broad land, "and then pray for its success!"

The Secretary seemed to have had a clearer vision of the coming greatness and importance of this land than most persons even engaged in its special study. He had studied the map of its territory most profoundly. He had thought over it, and dreamed over it, and studied its resources and capabilities until a most beautiful picture was formed in his mind. He saw the mighty tide of its coming population moving westward, surging over the Rocky Mountains, spreading itself over the region northward and southward, cultivating its soil, exploring its mines, bringing to light its precious metals, and becoming the greatest nation in all the world's history. And with all this before him he saw the necessity of the Gospel of Christ as the only power that could mould and fashion this great country into symmetry and harmony and prepare it for God and His service. And to this end he would have the Gospel sent to every new neighborhood as soon as it was established. He would have the Sabbath, the Church and the Sabbath School, and God's service as the governing influence in the establishment of the country.

He loved his country most profoundly. All her interests were dear to him. He placed her flag but just below the banner of the cross, and spoke her praises next to those of the kingdom of Immanuel. Her interests were next to those of Zion, and for her he prayed in close connection with the Church

of Christ. And with an untiring zeal he labored for the spread of the Gospel and the success of Christianity in this land, as lying very near the interests of the spread of the Gospel in all lands, and throughout the wide world.

In 1873 the General Assembly met at Baltimore. Again he was at his home and surrounded by familiar scenes. When the time came for the Secretary to speak he was wearied and jaded by his duties as Permanent Clerk and by the tedious session of the Assembly. He roused himself however for the work and very soon seemed to be free from fatigue, as he declared that: "This work of Domestic Missions "lies at the very foundation of God's work in this "land and in all lands. Mr. Moderator, I have the "most profound conviction in every fiber of my body "and in every faculty of my mind that the salvation "of the world depends, under God, on this land of "ours, and that the salvation of this land depends "on this work which we call Home Missions—that is, "the evangelization of this great land of ours! I know "that this land seems small when compared with "the islands and continents of the earth, and that "this population of ours seems small when compar-"ed with the millions of the earth's inhabitants. "But we remember that there was a time when the "spiritual interests of this great world seemed to "depend on a little region of country over which "one could walk between Sabbaths; and that in the "plans and purposes of God this little land was of "more importance than Assyria, or Macedonia, or

"Greece, or Rome. And all this because that near "to Jerusalem there was a little hamlet called Beth- "lehem, the House of Bread, where God's own Son "was to be born of a woman. And close by Jerusa- "lem, just outside the gate, was the Place of the "Skull, where the Son of God must be lifted up up- "on the cross. And to-day, our land, so rapidly de- "veloping, has become the Bethlehem of the race, "and the Calvary where the cross must be elevated, "and Christ proclaimed to all the nations. This "land has become so powerful through its commerce "and institutions that, under God, it promises more "for the evangelization of the world than all other "lands in Christendom.

"As to the power of the Gospel in moving the "hearts and moulding the habits of men, let me "quote this incident: In 1812 Gen. Jackson, whilst "engaged with the Indian wars, found himself be- "leaguered in a horseshoe of the Tallapoosa River, "and in danger of starvation. He sent Dr. Nelson, "then an Infidel, under guidance of a Cherokee boy, "to seek help in the mountains of Tennessee. On "their way they passed a place where there was "every indication of peace. An Indian was at work, "and his wife was hanging out clothes to dry, and "both singing. Dr. Nelson asked the Indian guide "what the man was singing. He replied: some- "thing about some one hanging on a tree. It was "the grand, immortal Hymn of Watts: "Alas and "did my Saviour bleed." And then the infidel saw "what the Gospel could do. It was the crucified

"Christ that had turned the savage into a civilized "man, had built the cabin and the fence, and had "planted the corn, and given the man the songs of "salvation and eternal life. And all over this land "there are men just as savage as was that Cherokee, "and you can only put the songs of salvation into "their mouths by teaching them the Gospel.

"And then the tide of immigration must be met "by this same Gospel. Last week a steamer came "in at Sandy Hook with thirteen hundred and fifty "passengers: and the other day a thousand Chinese "landed at San Francisco. All these must be met "and evangelized or we are swamped in the great "sea. The Gospel must be proclaimed to them in "their own tongues, as on the day of Pentecost. "And we must have men to preach the Gospel out "on the frontier who can take in the situation, and "come down to the circumstances of men far out "from the refining influences of the older settle-"ments. Out there you will find men who will call "out to the preacher in the middle of his sermon: "Say Boss, how is this ere; that pint isn't clear, you "must explore it, Boss."

"And now shall not this great Assembly, the type "of the Assembly that is to come, arise and with "one heart pour into the ear of the covenant keep-"ing God the prayer: Send Thy Spirit down and "keep the work alive, and in wrath remember "mercy!"

Such are some of the dim echoes of the voice of the great Secretary that filled the ears of the Gen-

eral Assembly as with the blast of a trumpet and moved their hearts as the trees of the forest are moved when the mighty storm sweeps over them in its wrath. These addresses will be remembered until the present generation of ministers and elders has passed away, and their influence will be felt throughout the ages to come. They gave an impetus to this work of Home Missions that is felt today throughout the entire church, and throbs in every nerve and every fiber of the Christian heart. In this department of labor he doubtless performed his greatest work for the church and for the common cause of Christianity, and in it reached the beautiful culmination of a life useful and valuable beyond the privilege of most persons, for God and His people.

In the year 1877 the great Pan Presbyterian Council was held at Edinburgh. Dr. Dickson was one of the Delegates, and embarked on the Egypt on the sixteenth of June.

He never enjoyed the ocean very much, yet he wished for rest, and in the companionship of his friends the time passed pleasantly until the green hills of Ireland began to appear and the voyage was ended. This was on the twenty sixth. From Queenstown the way led up through Dublin and Belfast through the finely cultivated fields of the Emerald Isle, with their rich associations of daring and suffering, and then across the sea to the Clyde and Glasgow, and on up through the wonderfully beautiful Lakes of the North and the Trossachs

to Sterling Castle and Bannock Burn to Edinburgh, which was reached on the thirtieth. Here the Great Council was to assemble, and Presbyterianism was to stand forth as one of the distinguished branches of the Church, and a witness for the truth in all portions of the world.

It was a grand occasion. Grand historical men had assembled, who had borne witness for the truth in Christian and in heathen lands. They had crossed the ocean; they had passed over the burning sands of the desert; they had left their work for a little time to meet together in this solemn convocation and look in each other's faces, and hear each other's voices, and pray together, and bid each other God speed, The place was worthy of the occasion. It was where heroes had stood up to the death for the cause of truth and for the cause of the Cross of Christ. It was where John Knox had lifted up his voice against the encroachments of superstition and idolatry, and where his dust awaits the dawn of the great Resurrection morning. The Assembly Hall too, was historic. Men of learning and piety; men who were great in the conflicts of mind had met there to discuss the great questions of the day, and the contests had been far more interesting and important than the jousts and tournaments that had rendered famous the courts of Warwick and Kenilworth in the old Baronial days. Men were there from all parts of the three kingdoms; from France and Germany; from the Low Countries and Switzerland; from Italy and Spain;

from the United States and Canada; and all had been interested in the discussions that had occupied the attention of the council.

The evening set apart for the Americans came at last. Dr. Dickson was to be one of the speakers. For several days he had been nervous and excited. The thought of facing this concourse of the very princes of thought and speech, and of bearing on his own shoulders the burden of fitly representing this great object before them all was oppressive to him. His theme was to be the Home Mission work of the Church in the United States. After a modest exordium in which he seemed to be gathering up his strength for the great effort of his life, he launched out into his majestic subject, and soon took captive the entire audience. At the first there was the waving of fans and the almost imperceptible buzz of a great assembly. But a pleasant illustration at the outset, and fans were still and the buzz had ceased. Every ear gave attention, and at times the sturdy going old lords of Scotland cried: "Hear! Hear!" Then came the grand descriptions of our country, and the wealth that reached out to its uttermost borders. There were pleasant anecdotes that convulsed the stately lords and dames with laughter; then there was the stealthy wiping away of tears that would come unbidden, as the orator depicted the scenes of missionary life with their sacrifices and their solemn responsibilities. During the entire address the audience was held as though spell-bound beneath the wonderful eloquence of the

speaker; and a sigh of relief at its close showed how deep had been the impression made upon them. Then the storm of applause that could not be wholly restrained during the discourse burst forth most vehemently. And as the meeting came to a close, congratulations were showered upon him, not only by his own countrymen, but by the warm hearted Britons and strangers from afar.

Perhaps the highest compliment of his life was paid to Dr. Dickson on this occasion. It was by one of the thoughtful, educated men of Britain, who knew men and who was accustomed to weigh the writings and speeches of the literary people of his day, and remarked on this occasion that he doubted whether there could be found in all the realm of England's proud domain one who could have moved and melted and carried away that sober, cultured audience as had this wonderful American.

During his stay in Edinburgh he was the guest of the Lord Provost of the City, Sir James Falshaw, Bart., who was delighted with his genial ways, and often measured his strength with him in the joke and repartee.

From Edinburgh he went up to London, and across the Channel to Paris. At the latter city he learned of the railroad riots in the United States, that so awaked his fears that he resolved to return at once to America. In pursuance of this resolution he returned to London, and embarked on the steamer Spain, August first, and on the twelfth landed at New York, made a hurried visit to his family, then

in Vermont, and on the twentieth of the same month was at his desk in the Mission Rooms once more.

At the close of the year 1879 there seemed to be an interruption to the general good health of the Secretary, and some of his more observing friends noticed that a change was perceptible in the vigor of his walk, and in the general features of his system. Heretofore his health had always been so good and his physical system had been under such control of the strong will, that it seemed as though he would be always competent to carry forward his work. So strong was the feeling of uneasiness in the minds of some of his New York friends that they proposed a trip to Europe with his wife and eldest daughter, offering to provide most generously for all expenses. But Dr. Dickson felt that there was still time for work, and, thinking that the cares of the Office were just then pressing, declined the generous offer of his friends with many thanks.

The family knowing his devotion to his work were inclined to think that even should he undertake the journey he would carry the cares and anxieties with him, and so obtain little benefit from the trip. The Board of Missions were very thoughtful and very kind, and passed a resolution, relieving him from work a sufficient length of time to make this or any other journey he might wish to undertake. All this moved him with the feeling of their kindness and sympathy, and to express himself in terms of very strong gratitude and thankfulness. The following is the Resolution of the Board :

New York, Jan'y. 14, 1880.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Board at its meeting, yesterday, January 13, 1880.

Resolved: That the Rev. Dr. Dickson be granted leave of absence from the office as long as the state of his health may require it, and that he be affectionately urged to avail himself of this as due to himself, his family and the Board.

O. E. Boyd.
Rec. Sec'y.

A few months after this the meeting of the General Assembly took place at Madison, Wisconsin. Dr. Dickson had not been well, and to his friends the time seemed approaching when the labor and care must cease. The shadows had been falling even around the Secretary's desk. They had been lengthening even as he had written those inspiriting letters to the Missionaries in the west. The eye of the officer was not becoming dim, but his natural force was abating. He was not like the mighty Lawgiver of the tribes, strong and vigorous to the last. That finely organized brain, the home of great thoughts, was beginning to give way. That strongly knit frame was sympathizing with the weary mind. A sense of unutterable weariness had begun to creep over him. There came the sleep of the night, but there was still languor in the morning, and it was evident that the system had been taxed beyond its strength. There was the strong will, the determin-

ed effort, and the earnest feeling of duty, but there was wanting the actual physical ability to put forth the effort.

To his friends there came the painful conviction that he was breaking down prematurely. He walked like a man tottering beneath invisible burdens. Something of the old vivacity was leaving him: something of the old sparkle was fading from his eye, and his thoughts would occasionally seem to be far away. He did not lose his interest in the work. He felt its importance more than ever. He did not fail in any of the duties pertaining to that work, but he labored under difficulties that he could not explain to himself, until at last the conviction pressed upon his own mind that disease was at work in his system.

Laboring under this conviction he made a visit to his physician and former Elder, in Baltimore, Dr. Wilson, a most watchful and devoted friend. The Doctor had been watching him with a most painful interest, knowing the peculiar nature of his constitution, and on this occasion advised him strongly, almost importunately, to cease his work at once, even before the approaching meeting of the General Assembly, and even not to attend the meeting of that body. His practised judgment and skilful eye took in the situation at once, and satisfied him that there was no time to lose. But the Secretary thought that there was still time to labor and that the work must go forward even in the

midst of languor and weariness. The time he had set for his term of service was not yet up. He had assigned ten years of labor for the Board, and hoped for a few years then of quietness and peace in some pleasant home. It is a remarkable fact, too, that his friend, Dr. Wilson, had advised him in 1868, when he had the subject of accepting the office of Secretary under consideration, that he would not live over ten years if he entered the service of the Board.

Under these circumstances the Assembly met at Madison. Dr. Dickson was in his place as Permanent Clerk. The matter of the Board of Missions came up, and the usual speech was expected, but the general expectation was disappointed. He was not able to make the effort. The strong will was there, the earnest zeal, and the purpose, but physical inability precluded the attempt. He could only arise and say: that he must beg to be excused as he felt strangely unwell, a feeling altogether new to him as he had heretofore always been so well and so strong.

A feeling of sadness pervaded the Assembly. It was evident to all that his great work was coming to a close. The strong staff was breaking. The pressure had been too great, and the strong man was yielding to its power. And the whole church, speaking through that Assembly, directed that the work should be laid down for a year to afford time for rest, and possible recuperation, if it should be

the will of the Great Head of the Church to preserve him for further usefulness. The following is the action of the Assembly.

It seems to your Committee to be their duty to inform the Assembly, that the health of one of our Secretaries, Rev. Cyrus Dickson D. D., has become impaired in the course of his ten years incessant and self-denying labors in the service of the Board. We ask the Assembly to express their warmest Christian sympathy with Secretary Dickson in this affliction; and in the hope that a season of rest may be blessed to the recovery of his health, and to his return to the duties of his office, we unanimously recommend, that the Board be directed to give him leave of absence until the next Assembly, and to continue his salary for that time."

The work was now interrupted. The burden was laid down, but with regret, for no laborer loved his work better than he, though it was slowly wearing soul and body asunder. It had become to him a second nature to survey the field; take in its greatness; lay plans for its cultivation; encourage the laborers, and speak words of cheer and strength to the Church; and it was a most grievous sacrifice to lay it down.

The following letter from Rev. George Norcross D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, with reference to Dr. Dickson's work in the Secretary's office, will be gladly read and appreciated:

"The Manse, Second Presbyterian Church,
Carlisle, Penn., June 28, 1882.

REV. DR. EATON:

You have asked for my recollections of our friend in his relations to the Board of Home Missions. It was my privilege to be a member of the General Assembly of 1871, which met in the city of Chicago. I was present when he made his first speech in that body as Secretary of the Board of Home Missions. The financial statement of the condition of the Board had been made by his associate, Dr. Kendall, in a very clear, strong speech, but without much appeal to the emotions of his auditors. Dr. Dickson told me afterwards that he had not intended to say anything; but while his colleague was presenting the subject, the inspiration of discourse came upon him, and when the opportunity was offered, he arose and began one of the most remarkable oratorical efforts it has ever been my privilege to hear. Plainly impromptu, glowing with emotion, sparkling with wit, and surcharged with humor, the wonderful strain of his oratory took its way. It was a series of surprises; a resistless torrent bearing on its bosom in whirling eddies the most wonderful and thrilling combinations. Though it was near the hour of adjournment for the morning session, and all were weary and anxious to be away, in a few moments the audience was completery electrified. Many who had arisen to leave the room when he began were arrested and brought back; crowds came in from the lobbies and the ves-

tibule and gathered around the speaker in rapt attention. At times a perfect storm of excitement swept over the house, and the audience passed repeatedly from laughter to tears and from tears to laughter under the sway of his magical gift of unstudied eloquence. The usually staid assembly became one of the most animated scenes; men rose in their places and cheered, and ladies in the galleries waved their handkerchiefs and laughed and cried. When in the full tide of discourse, in the midst of a very telling passage he made some trifling slip in the order of his words, which amounted almost to an Irish bull, but with an Irishman's ready humor he righted himself, and went on, to the infinite delight of his admiring and sympathetic audience. It was a scene never to be forgotten by any who had the good fortune to be present. It was clear to all that a new power had come to the front in the Home Mission work of the re-united Presbyterian church. The two Secretaries were manifestly the complements of each other, and every one felt that they were "the right men in the right places."

I shall never forget the summer of 1874, much of which I spent in his society in New York. A heavy debt was resting on the Board. It had been hoped that some relief would have come from the General Assembly of that year, as the Assembly of the year before had generously come to the aid of the Board of Foreign Missions; but nothing efficient was done, and the ungracious task was laid upon the Board of

cutting down the appropriations of the Home Missionaries. The Board could not distribute funds that it had not received, and common honesty required that it should promise no more than it could pay. It was intensely warm weather; Dr. Kendall was absent from the city because of ill health, and the burden of writing to the needy ministers under the care of the Board the unwelcome news of retrenchment fell upon the remaining Secretary. A great number of similar letters must be written. Everywhere they would carry the sorrow of disappointment, and in many cases the pinching of want. To write these letters was a daily torture to our beloved friend. In imagination he followed every one into the home of a Missionary, and saw the gloom which it shed over his household. His sympathetic nature was burdened by the thought of the anxious men, the weary women, and the needy children to whom his official letter would be indeed sad tidings. I have seen him fairly groan in spirit as he leaned over his ungracious task. Nothing but dire necessity compelled him to go on with the work, and yet he seemed to feel that he must personally write to every missionary, that he might express the tenderness of his fraternal sympathy, and explain to him officially the miserable necessities of the Board. These scenes were brought back most forcibly when Dr. Roberts, his successor, remarked, pointing to his coffin, as it rested at the foot of Westminster pulpit: There lies Cyrus Dickson, the victim of a sympathetic heart!"

In the summer of 1877, on the sixteenth of June, Dr. Dickson sailed from the port of New York on the steamer Egypt, of the National line, for Liverpool. It was my privilege to be one of the party whose faces were set toward the first General Presbyterian Council, which was to meet in the city of Edinburgh, the ancient home of Presbyterianism. During the sea voyage Dr. Dickson, who had left his work in a jaded condition, sought seclusion rather than society. But when he reached the heroic scenes of Scottish story, and met the representatives of a world-wide church. his ardent nature became charged with enthusiasm, and his speech on Home Mission work in America was one of the events of the Council.

The construction of the Free Church Assembly Hall in which the Council was convened is such that the large map, which had been taken all the way from New York, could not be hung up in such a manner as to be seen to any advantage ; so it remained ingloriously rolled up at the Doctor's lodging place. But this disappointment gave him the opportunity for playfully remarking in the beginning of his speech that he "had brought a map along to illustrate the greatness of the Home Mission work in America" but he had "not found room enough in Scotland to hang it up." This hit which was thought to be characteristic of the American spirit, was very well received, and the speaker was soon on the best of terms with his audience.

Dr. Dickson had intended to spend some time

abroad, and even talked of going as far as St. Petersburgh, as on a former trip he had visited the southern part of the Continent, but when the sad news of the railroad riots of that year reached us in London, all his plans for an extended tour were dashed at once, and he determined to return by the next steamer. The accounts of the American riots were greatly exaggerated by the English papers. In common with all his countrymen abroad he felt keenly his country's disgrace in the lawless outbreaks of that summer, but his great anxiety was for the Church and the struggling Missionaries for whom he felt more than a brother's solicitude. I shall never forget his manner when he announced to me in the city of London his determination to return at once to America. He had just returned from a little trip to Paris, but now he had no heart for a vacation, if his country and his brethren were in trouble. His quick imagination met the coming disasters more than half way. He had passed through all the scenes of confusion in the border city of Baltimore during our Civil War. If now a war of classes was begun, as reported, in his native land, he had no heart for tours of recreation and pleasure. He would go back and share whatever God had in store for his distracted country and the church of his fathers. It was idle to urge upon him his need of rest, and the possibility that the reports were false, or at least exaggerated. The spirit of self-sacrificing zeal that wore him out in a few short years was strong upon him, and he hurried

back to his tread-mill round of duties until he staggered and fell under the weary yoke.

When I reached New York on my return, about the first of October, I found him weary and exhausted with his summer's work and anxieties. He talked very freely about his health and his work in the Board. He told me in confidence that he feared he could not stand 'the wear and tear' of his position much longer; that he had received his office by the voice of the whole church, expressed in the choice of the General Assembly, and that when he could go no farther he would resign the trust again to the General Assembly. He confided to me that he did not expect to be able to bear the burden longer than to the Spring of 1880, when, if God spared him, he would have finished ten years of service in the Secretaryship, and could retire with the consciousness of having done his duty to the best of his ability, and the conviction that a younger man could render the Church better service. This presentiment proved to be only too true. It was in the fateful Spring of 1880 that for very weariness that skilful right hand forgot its cunning, and that eloquent tongue began to stammer, and a sorrowing church began to see the beginning of the end.

Of no loving follower of the Master could it be said more truthfully, that he was 'straitened' until his work was 'accomplished'. Many of his best friends felt that his exceptional gifts might have been long spared to the Church, had he been relieved of the weariness of clerkly labor which confined

him so much of his time, not only to the office, but to his desk. It was painful, to those who had appreciated his power on the platform and in the pulpit, to see him wearing out in the veriest drudgeries of office-work—in the performance of tasks that might have been discharged by any clerk. But it is only fair to say that with this feeling of his friends he had no sympathy. He did not thus interpret his obligations to the church at large, and especially to the brethren who looked to the Board for assistance. It was his loving sympathy with these men that made him feel it his sacred duty to open all their letters with his own hand, and read all their contents with his own eye, and in turn, reply to them, if possible, with his own brave and loving words. Many of these Missionaries were his own personal friends; all of them were soldiers enlisted with him in a common cause. He made all their anxieties his own. He suffered with them in their hardships and privations; in their bereavements and trials. He could not spare himself when he knew of the burdens which press so heavily on a large portion of our laborious, but poorly paid ministry. In the Providence of God he might be called to be a leader, but he had all the true soldier's instinct that a manly officer must share in the labors and sacrifices of the common rank and file. He felt himself in living and loving contact with the whole Church, and he could truly say with the Apostle Paul: "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?"

And when the end came no minister of modern times could more truly say: "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

With great respect, I am,

Yours fraternally,

GEORGE NORCROSS.

VIII. THE MAN—THE CHRISTIAN—THE PREACHER.

"Sooner or later that which is now life shall be poetry, and every fair and manly trait shall add a richer strain to the song."

EMERSON.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

PHIL. III. 14.

VIII. THE MAN—THE CHRISTIAN—THE PREACHER.

It is the shrub that is nursed and cared for that grows up into the tall and comely oak. It is the bulb placed in generous soil and treated to sunshine and shower that throws up its strong stock, and produces vigorous buds that expand into rich flowers, filling the air with fragrance and charming the eye with beauty. And the general rule is, that it is the child of the Christian home, the subject of many prayers, the recipient of good advice, the child of the Sabbath School, and of the Sanctuary, that grows up to years of usefulness in the Church and the community. There are exceptions. Sometimes the lily, with its rich, cool petals, and with fragrance that suggests the gardens of some fairy land, is found by the side of the stagnant pool. And sometimes the child that is born under most unpromising circumstances, and with repulsive surroundings that suggest most dangerous influences, grows up to become a pillar in the Church and a blessing to the world. But this only shows what grace can do to regenerate and bless our fallen humanity, and assures us that there is no limit to God's power and no restraint to His mercy.

The early life of Cyrus Dickson was promising.

The influences that surrounded him were pure and good. Both the home example and the home instruction were such as to induce the boy to a good and pure and upright life. He was hedged about with good influences. And they were not lost upon him. They brought forth their fruit in due season.

The advice of the inspired king of Israel in the matter of training up a child was followed, and the rich, ripe fruits of a careful, earnest life were the result. The strong faith and the earnest, persistent prayers of those pious parents brought a blessing of care and thoughtfulness and conscientiousness and consecration to God, upon the son of their love and hope. He became, through the blessing of God, the dutiful son; the diligent, pains-taking student; the earnest preacher of the Gospel; the successful minister; The enthusiastic, brilliant and accomplished Secretary.

When a boy he was a favorite amongst his fellows. The strong, earnest feeling of right that characterized him prevented him from encroaching on the rights of his companions, and his rigid sense of justice induced him to respect the feelings, and wishes, and weaknesses of those who were younger than himself. And the flow of good humor that welled up from his heart, made him a most desirable companion.

And when he left the quiet home, still a mere boy in years, and listened but seldom to the voices that had been sweet music to his soul, he did not forget the past. Amid all the scenes of Academy and

College life and vacation rambles, and associating necessarily with some not the purest in heart or life, he maintained the pure, sweet life of integrity that had been commenced at home. From childhood to mature manhood he maintained a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man, as far as the canons of a most rigid morality and virtue are concerned. And for the rest, between God and his own soul, this was his confidence and his hope: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin."

And then, when he went out into the world to meet the hum of business and the shock of men, he carried with him the same sense of justice, the same respect for the rights of others, the same generous, unselfish disposition that had characterized him as a child. Throughout life he was generous and liberal, often to his own hurt. No call for aid ever came to him that was dishonored. Whether that call came from the poor mendicant that had stopped at his door asking for a morsel of bread, or was borne on the air in soft echoes, as missionary news was sent in from the ends of the earth, it was always the same—responded to with a cheerful heart and a generous hand. And this generosity was not of the ostentatious kind. It was like the evening dew that falls insensibly while the world sleeps. It was bestowed quietly and without outward demonstration. There was no meanness nor littleness about the man, but a heart soft as a woman's, deep as the ocean, and that beat warmly and lovingly for the whole human family.

One who was well acquainted with the habits and modes of thought of Dr. Dickson writes:

"He was so kind and loving to every one, and was especially devoted to the interests of his own people, honoring them in every way he could; and I think almost every individual in his church, old and young, considered him their personal friend. Many things relating to this feature of his character, of which the family knew nothing, have been told them since his departure."

He had elements of popularity such as few men possess. Whether in the home, in social life or in the office, or on the streets, he had a kind word and a pleasant smile for all with whom he came in contact. The instinctive feeling of all who had intercourse with him was that he was their friend. He was acquainted not only with his friends, but with the families of his friends. In associating with his neighbors he always made thoughtful inquiries for all connected with them. Children were always drawn to him. He took an interest in them. He entered into their feelings and sympathies and could always command their attention and regard.

He was popular with the young men of his day. He never forgot the days of his own early manhood, and the peculiar wants of the young, and he always sought out this class with advice and encouragement and sympathy. The young men could go to him and feel that their cause would be made his own.

He had that most desirable faculty of remember-

ing faces and names. and was able to recognize and take in on the instant, the circumstances of those he met even casually. In his country charge, as well as in the great city, he was familiar with the homes of the people. And as he sought out the poor in their humble dwellings, and sat down with them and talked with them, first, of the common things of life, of the children at school, of the older boys who were away from home, of the girls striving to work their own way in the world; and then of the more important things of the world to come, gliding almost insensibly from the less to the greater, they felt that the sunshine had come into their homes with the caller, and that they had new courage and hope and life infused into their souls. And the influence of his presence and the tonic of his words were the same in all the households into which he came, whether in the quiet or more public ways of life.

This was the case when he was a pastor; and when he entered the wider sphere of the Board of Home Missions, with larger advantages, and greater capabilities, there was always the same disposition to enter into the feelings of all with whom he came in contact. The weak, struggling churches in the West, the poor Missionary, almost discouraged and ready to give up the conflict, always found in him a friend, and always drew inspiration from his generous, sympathizing speech and strong faith in God.

And for a man occupying such large fields of work, and coming in contact with so many active,

energetic minds, he was remarkably free from the least approach to envy. His aims were always high; ambition he had in large measure; but it was ambition to be good and to do good, and not ambition to shine in the world's estimation. He was ambitious to stand in his lot, and to do God's work, and benefit the souls of men, and help to make the world better and thus glorify God. But he had no disposition to set himself above his brethren nor to exalt himself at the expense of others. He was content to do his own work, and if others did theirs better, he was always ready to acknowledge their excellence, and rejoice in their success.

Of him as a man it can be said, with far greater propriety than was said of Julius Cæsar, by the noble orator, Mark Antony:

> **His life was gentle; and the elements**
> **So mixed in him that nature might stand up**
> **And say to all the world; This was a man."**

As a Christian this one thing he did—He ascribed everything to God's free grace. There was no self righteousness, no disposition to trust in the slightest degree to his own works. Jesus Christ was all in all to him. The precious blood of the cross was that in which he trusted for the pardon of sin, for daily strength and growth, and for full preparation for the coming glory.

Vital piety is supposed to be a necessary qualification for the preaching of the Gospel. Yet genuine piety may exist under various degrees of development. The sacred flame may burn but dimly on

the inner shrine, yet may not be extinguished. Yet this sacred fire needs to be watched with more than vestal vigilance in order to the soul's sweetest peace, and the highest efficiency in the Lord's service; there must be constant growth and development.

This was eminently the case in the heart and life of Dr. Dickson. All his correspondence with his friends; all the observation of those who studied his life, and were familiar with his ministry of forty years, testify as to how he grew in grace, how he walked with God, and how he improved in spirituality. He was familiar with the word of God, and this not alone as a part of the furniture for preaching, but for his own personal comfort and enjoyment. At a friend's house, on coming down in the morning, he remarked casually on the beauty of a certain chapter in the prophecy of Isaiah, introducing the matter by saying: "I was reading for my own comfort before I came down, and found these sweet words," and then went on to say what comfort there was in the chapter, and what a blessed thing it was that provision was made for all the wants of God's children.

One who was an inmate of his house, in speaking of his religious life, says: "He never seemed to talk religiously as a duty, but no one could help seeing that it was his life. In all his conversation everything was judged by the highest standard. He always brought forth 'good things out of the good treasure of his heart.' It was so full of love to Christ,

and so entirely consecrated to Him that he could not help speaking of Him."

He was a man that walked with God from day to day. He talked with Him, and God's word came to him in reply. Without the outward demonstration to the senses that belonged to "the world's gray fathers," in the days of the tent and the altar, he yet talked with God as a man with his friend. To Him he went for counsel and advice. He always looked for the pillar of cloud to gather itself together ere he struck his tent, and when the cloud stopped, then he was ready to pitch his tent. The mind ot the Lord was the great question with him in the anticipation of the few changes that came to him in his official life, and when God showed him the path of duty he consulted not with flesh and blood, but followed whither the way led.

When filial affection would have prompted him to go to the West and settle near his aged father's home, a more earnest cry from God induced him to go to Wheeling and settle among strangers. And the history of his life shows that in all this he was simply following the counsel of God, leading him onward in such a way as to work out the best interests of His kingdom and the building up of His Church. And in all these changes God honored His servant and stood by him in all things.

As to his devotional habits there is this brief description by one who was familiar with his daily life and knew of its minutest details:

"He always arose very early and went to his

study, so as to have time for his devotions, and for studying his Bible in Greek and English. In winter he often had a light by his bed, and read until the servants were up to make the fires. Even in the most exciting times, I do not believe he ever looked at the newspaper until he had had at least an hour for the Bible. I think he studied the Hebrew a good deal, as it was always on his table, but the Greek Testament was his constant companion.

Although he loved and valued the old version of King James, and made it the chief resort in his devotional reading, yet he loved at times to look into the Hebrew and Greek, and to explore the original sources of the Divine revelation. Just as he loved sometimes to go up to the very fountain where the clear, cool water gushed from the living rock, and lave his fevered brow, and taste it in all its freshness and coolness, so he loved to go to the inspired originals of God's word and examine and enjoy the truth in the very words of the Holy Ghost. And this was his life-long practice, and it brought great comfort to his mind. He did not make a display of this learning in his public ministrations, yet to the careful hearer there was noticed the beautiful and attractive fruits of a rare and ripe scholarship. His well thumbed Greek Testament was always at hand, until his work was done, and he went up to read the Word not in Hebrew nor Greek nor English, but to hear it in the language of Canaan.

His piety was of the hopeful, cheerful and confident kind. There was no sickly sentiment about it.

There was nothing of the morbid, desponding feeling in his heart, that made him ill at ease with himself and with the world. He was not one moment exalted to the third heaven and the next sinking with Peter in the waves of Galilee. If at times there was a feeling of depression in his heart that bore him down as though beneath invisible burdens, it was the result of protracted mental and physical labors. As a Christian man he always felt beneath his feet the strong Rock, and knew he would never be moved. If the waves did dash against him at times he knew that they would never overcome him. So strong was his faith and confidence in God and His good Providence that he knew that all things would work together for his good.

There was a cheerfulness about him that was manifested in all his letters to his family on occasions of his absence, and on little scraps of paper found in his study, that showed something of the heart of the man, and something of the faith of the Christian. There was a feeling of devout thanksgiving to God constantly present in his heart, that made his whole inner life a perpetual Thanksgiving Hymn.

In speaking of his three pastoral charges, there was never a word of censure nor of anything that would betoken a feeling of displeasure with any of them. Although in the nature of things there must have been many causes of irritation in the past, in all these places, yet he buried these things in the forgetfulness of his own heart, and thought and

spoke only of their pleasant and hopeful aspects. He often made the remark: "I am thankful to God for having given me such a pleasant and kind and thoughtful people."

From the same sources, his letters and scraps of paper, is learned his intense feeling for the spiritual welfare of his people. Always is there the prayer repeated in these papers that God would pour out His Spirit on both pastor and people and revive His work. He preached with all his soul, but always accompanied the preaching with earnest prayers for the blessing of the Holy Spirit, and felt always that without this the preaching would be in vain; and the result of all was the man grew in grace; the preaching was blessed; sinners were converted; the people of God were comforted and edified.

In his devotion to his people he was always ready to sacrifice the plans for the cultivation of the interests of his own household. A member of his household says: "The many plans we formed for reading together never could be long carried out. Much as he desired the mental improvement of his children, the bringing lost souls to the Saviour was the absorbing work of his life."

With this manliness of character, and zeal in any work he undertook; with this strong, vigorous intellectual nature; with these habits of devotion and consecration to God's service; with this unceasing prayer for the Holy Spirit's presence and power, his ministry must be a successful one. The preaching must be attended with power, and souls must be

converted and blessed. And that this was the case his whole official life attests.

Cyrus Dickson was about five feet, seven inches in height, rather robust in figure, large chest and neck, with head large and firmly poised. His complexion was florid, hair sandy and growing thin as he advanced in life; eyes dark blue, deeply set in his head and full of fire and animation when engaged in conversation and public address. His brow arched grandly over his other features, giving him the appearance of largeness of brain and great intellectual power. When engaged in public speaking the blood flowed tumultuously up through the large vessels of his chest and neck, deluging his brain with its ruddy currents, quickening its energies, exciting it to its utmost power of thought, and enabling the speaker to pour out his ideas with wonderful readiness and clearness and rapidity. In his prime he was one of the first orators of his day, swaying and moving his hearers as with a master's hand. His voice was attractive. Though somewhat shrill in its higher notes, it was the shrillness of the cornet, and had sweetness even in its loudest tones. In its lower tones it was his mother's voice, sweet and soft and musical as the strokes of

"Silver bells at evening's close."

He had a peculiar constitution. Inheriting the fine, delicate nervous organization of his mother, he was subject at times to great depression of spirits. He was easily moved, and, under the excitement of public speech would often be carried be-

yond his strength, and go home exhausted, crushed, and helpless as a child. Under this depression he would sometimes feel disheartened, despondent and ready to think that everything was crumbling beneath his feet. But this was merely the result of physical causes. It was the effort of a grand soul struggling in the companionship of a physical organization too frail for the conflict. There was no eclipse of faith. There was no loosening of the grasp on the strong hand that upholds all things. All was safe and comfortable as regards the presence and love of Christ.

In his early preaching in the church of Franklin his style was bright and cheerful, and beautified by many classical allusions. He loved Virgil and made frequent use of the beautiful figures and tropes that abound in his sparkling pages. He was a very close observer of men and things, and drew his illustrations from daily life as it was seen passing around him. Hardly anything in the world of nature escaped his notice. Like the wise King of Israel, he spoke of nature from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springs out of the wall; from the little rill that gushes from the base of the rock to the mighty flood that thunders at Niagara, and from the little mole-hill that is crushed beneath the hunter's tread, to the mighty Rocky Mountains that hide their heads in the snows, and bathe them in the fleecy clouds.

But with all the adornments of rhetoric and all the flowers of poesy, there was the firm substratum

of Gospel truth. There was, with all the symmetry and force of Logic, the rich marrow of the Gospel, to feed the hungry, to satisfy the thirsty and to direct the inquirer to the cross and show the way in which earnest souls might be enabled "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God."

He was a thoughtful man, and there was much thought in his sermons. The careful hearer might carry away with him many a weighty thought that would be valuable for his consideration for many days to come. His successor coming after him found the people still treasuring up the truths of his sermons many years after his departure to other fields.

As he advanced in study and in experience and in years, the style of his preaching changed somewhat. While there was the same beauty and adornment drawn from all available sources there was more of the sober, earnest discussion of the doctrine and practice of the Christian life. Whilst there were the bright flowers of thought, there were the solid, glittering gems of doctrine encrusting every discourse. There were more frequently the impassioned appeals to the heart and the conscience, designed to arouse the hearer to the conception of his lost estate as a sinner and to the help found in the Saviour. And as he grew in grace the spirituality of his discourses became more prominent. His own religious experience was largely mingled with his teaching, and the rich fruits of the years were set before the hearers.

He seemed in his style and manner to have grasped the true idea of gospel preaching; to convince sinners of sin and lead them to the Saviour; and to build up the people of God in faith and holiness. He had this before him in the choice of texts, in the plans of sermons and in the delivery of all his discourses. And in the heart of every hearer there must have been the conviction that there was a most intense earnestness in the preacher, and a most profound conviction in his own heart as to the reality of the doctrines and duties that he set forth.

And so he declared the way of God with earnestness and trusted in Him as to the final result.

Dr. Dickson did not write his sermons, but prepared them by his own close mental processes. His practice was to prepare a very brief skeleton, containing all the points of the sermon, and then, with closed eyes and almost complete abstraction, to work out laboriously and patiently those discourses that were to please and instruct and edify his congregations. His usual plan was the textual. The text to him was not a motto for a labored essay; not something to suggest a train of thought, or the starting point for a discussion drawn from the context; but the sole, entire theme of the discourse. The text was selected. Here was a message from God. Here were words indited by the Holy Spirit for the instruction and edification of men. Now what is the precise mind of the Holy Spirit? What is the teaching of the word? And then he set about the

elucidation of the text carefully and prayerfully, and conscientiously. Word by word, and sentence by sentence were scanned. The meaning of individual words was examined; the fullness and richness of sentences were brought to view; the doctrine, the precept, the warning were all brought out with all the clearness and force of which he was master. Then the text as a whole was summed up with patient care, and this was followed by an application of the subject to the heart and the conscience of the hearer with such unction and fervor and plainness as to make each individual feel that the matter was personal to himself. In this way he reached deep down into the subject, and explored the hidden meaning of the word, and brought to light the richness and beauty and value of the word of God.

In these sermons there was much of the consolatory and the comforting, He was conscious of his own wants, and his knowledge of the common heart of God's people showed him that their wants were similar to his own, and the promises and assurances he found in the word so well adapted to his own comfort were brought to bear in the comforting of the church. But whilst he strove for the edification of the body of Christ, and the building up of his people, he did not neglect the great matter of calling sinners to repentance. And here he was peculiarly tender as well as heart-searching. There was no violent denunciation; no magisterial sitting in judgment. But there was the setting forth of the soul's inestimable value; the awful evil of sin; the

wonderful love of God in the work of the cross; the renewing power of the Holy Spirit; the sweet invitations of the Gospel; the promise of eternal life, and the glories of the eternal world. All these things were pressed upon the hearts of the hearers with all the love and tenderness with which a parent would deal with a beloved child.

He was a faithful preacher of the word, and shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God, and the seed sown from a full hand and accompanied by the prayer of an earnest, hopeful heart was blessed of God in many a rich harvest. The seed sown beside all waters will spring up and bring forth abundantly even now that his labors are over, and he is in the rest and the reward: "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever".

His manner in the pulpit was easy and pleasant, his gesticulation graceful and appropriate, and the impression made on the mind of a stranger would be pleasant and commanding. Whilst there was nothing imposing in his figure or general appearance, there was yet that in his countenance and particularly in his eye that would command attention even from an ordinarily listless hearer. He was a natural orator. The audience were at ease when he arose to speak and as he proceeded they had no doubt as to his mastery of himself and of the subject. He spoke at the first easily and calmly, preparing the way for his discussion and gradually warming up until at times every feature of his countenance, every muscle of his body, and every

drop of blood in his veins were in sympathy with his discourse, and brought into exercise to explain and enforce the grand theme that was before him. Then it was that thought seemed to be ever ready at his call, and words flowed from his lips easily, gracefully, and naturally as the rain falls from the summer clouds. He was never at a loss for words nor were words in his lips merely sounds, silvery though their echo might be, they were always the representatives of ideas. They always bore mighty thoughts in their bosom, and always set forth the thought plainly as well as pleasantly. It was a pleasure to hear him preach, not only for the truth's sake and the Master's, but for the attractiveness of the Rhetoric and the happy arrangement of trope and figure and illustration.

Yet withal there was the simple desire on the part of the preacher to preach Christ, to convince men, to help and strengthen them, and to glorify God in the work of the ministry.

Dr. Dickson was in the habit of quoting Scripture with great accuracy, and had vast stores of it in his memory, yet he kept a small Bible in the pulpit, and often read proof texts from it, partly to be strictly accurate, and partly for the sake of example. He retained the shorter Catechism in his memory, and often quoted it in his sermons. In his own household it was kept freshly in memory by constant recitations. Up to the last winter in New York it was the constant custom to spend Sabbath evenings in reciting the Catechism, the Apos-

tles' and Nicene creeds, with portions of the Bible, and singing the old, familiar Psalms and Hymns. In his advice to his children, at home and at school, every accomplishment was to be sought with the one object, to glorify God. Music was but a preparation for the praises of Heaven.

He was always an ardent advocate of the cause of Temperance. In his early days in Franklin he espoused the cause of the Washingtonian movement, as something that promised good; and every scheme that looked in the same direction was encouraged and assisted. Personally he practised total abstinence throughout his whole life.

The cause of education lay very near to his heart. Early in life he assisted many young men by hearing them recite in his own study, and many young men were indebted to him for their preparation for the Gospel ministry.

Whilst in New York, Dr. Dickson's services were in much demand as a preacher. He was always ready to assist his brethren in this way, and gave general satisfaction to the congregations. Many seasons he remained at his post the entire summer, and on invitation undertook the pastoral duties of brethren who were out of town during the heated term. At this time his preaching was full of animation, rich in the language of Scripture, and full of the fine gold of the Gospel. There was great variety in his discourses both as to subject and treatment, yet he was remarkable for the narrow compass of his Hymnology. For his own choice

and tastes half a dozen hymns would suffice. There is this anecdote related illustrating this feature in his habits and taste: he was on a committee to report a Hymn Book, that proved to be the first Hymnal published by the General Assembly. He was notified at Baltimore that the committee would meet on a certain day in New York, with the request to meet with them. Being too busily engaged to leave home, he replied by letter that he could not attend, but if they would select his half dozen hymns he would be ready to sanction whatever they might do. Yet he was a lover of poetry and had many of the elements of the true poet in his nature. He could quote from the old classics many a rich and racy line in the original; and from the old English poets he could give most appropriate quotations, apparently without an effort. It is probable that in the matter of his Hymns there were some old associations that had very great weight in his mind and greatly influenced his choice as he made his selections, and this almost unconsciously.

One of Dr. Dickson's associates in the ministry at Baltimore* has this just estimate of his character and capabilities:

"One secret of his power was in his personal attraction—simplicity of matter and manner, his intense earnestness, quaintness of style, refined gentility, and keen perception of the salient points of human character, and eminent skill in using this power to practical advantage. He was popular

*Rev. D. T. Carnahan.

with all people, for he had the peculiar faculty of making everybody feel not only that he was a high-toned Christian gentleman, but that he could see and appreciate points of excellence in their character which the mass of mankind overlooked. At the same time he was no flatterer.

His capabilities as a platform speaker, which afterward developed into such grand proportions during his brilliant career as Secretary of the Board of Home Missions became apparent during our union services in connection with the different benevolent works of the church. His addresses then became the chief features of such occasions. And because of their quaint, apposite and striking illustrations, and intense earnestness, secured the most rapt attention."

The remark of Justin Mc Carthy in regard to Cobden* is most emphatically true in regard to Dr. Dickson: "On everything he saw he turned a quick and intelligent eye: he saw for himself and thought for himself. Wherever he went he wanted to learn something. He had in abundance that peculiar faculty which some great men of decidedly different stamp from him and from each other have possessed—of which Gœthe boasted, and Mirabeau had—the faculty which exacts from every one with whom its owner comes in contact some contribution to his stock of information; he could learn something from everybody.

* History of our own times.

And now if we try to sum up the characteristics of the man, the Christian, and the preacher, we shall find them very strongly embraced in the one word, growth. He was a growing man always and in every respect. His course was onward and upward. The boy was active and vivacious, and always had before him very high aims. He once told a good old lady who thought small boys should be seen and not heard, that the name of Dickson would yet be heard around the world. As he advanced that boyish vivacity became vigor, and strength as he entered professional life. The desire to know on the part of the boy led to a mind thoroughly stored with all kinds of knowledge, and resources adapted to all purposes. The ambition that characterized him, even as he sat with dangling limbs on the little boys' seat in the old log school house, became in after life the eager desire and the intense zeal that were embraced in the words of the Apostle: "this one thing I do." The feelings that welled up in his heart as he performed little kindnesses for his mother expanded into the desire to benefit the entire race of man, and to show kindness to every human being with whom he came in contact. The boyish effort in the Fourth of July oration was but the little tender bud that expanded and ripened into those grand missionary addresses that electrified the Church, until the General Assembly were ready to follow him in a new crusade against every form of misbelief, and to plant the standard of the cross in every hamlet and town and neighborhood through-

out the great West; even as the people of old followed Peter the hermit, from the pleasant land of France into the desert, after his impassioned preaching. And he continued to grow and expand through all the years, in knowledge in charity, in philanthropy, in patriotism, and in all those broad principles that lifted him up above selfishness, and made him a friend to humanity, and a most ardent lover of his country.

And as a Christian man he grew steadily, constantly, and most perceptibly to the notice of his friends. To himself there was always this feeling—I am not what I should be, I am not what I wish to be—I am not what I hope to be; yet all along his Christian life he could say: "By the grace of God I am what I am." In his boybood days he was the ardent, impetuous Christian, wishing to see the fruits of faith and prayer and work constantly presenting themselves before him. Later in life, there was even more warmth, more faith, and more prayer, but at the same time more of a willingness to sow, and water, and leave the growth and the harvest to God. In his childhood's impetuous feelings he wished some wonderful manifestation of God's power to convince his reason and thus strengthen his faith; as the sun reached its meridian in life, he was willing to take God's word as he found it on record, and trust all to his abiding faithfulness. And in his official work he joined his fellow Secretary in pressing the work with their utmost diligence; and then he fell on sleep, feeling

sure that God would bring this whole Nation safely through the perils that now environ it, and make of it a Christian nation whose God is the Lord. Early in life there was a disposition to draw denominational lines somewhat close, but as the years passed and his life was sweetened by the graces of Christian charity, the feeling was to fraternize with all the children of God as brethren.

As a Christian he grew in grace. In the light of God's countenance; in the sweet sunshine of the Saviour's love; in the strong aliment of the daily study of God's word, and in the invigorating influence of constant, conscientious and enjoyable prayer he grew strong in faith and in spirit. These blessed means of grace were freely used and had a most precious influence on his heart and life and labor. They were more to him than the dew of Hermon to the sources of the Jordan; more than the early and latter rains to the parched fields of Israel's border; more than the summer suns in the ripening of the wheat in the plains, and the fruits in the orchards; they made him mighty in the Lord, and gave to him a regular aud vigorous growth in all the Christian graces.

There was a wondrous and beautiful growth in the preacher. In his youthful days there was ardor and sprightliness and beauty. He loved the flowers in the fields and the great spreading trees in the forest. He loved the hills that environed his Franklin home, and the beautiful, flowing river that glided by. He greatly admired the stars that came out

as sentinels on the watch-towers of night, and all Nature was his treasury, from which he drew his illustrations, to adorn and beautify his sermons. They were all tributary to the one great object, to render truth attractive and to win the heart to Jesus.

There are people still lingering near his early home, amid the hills that bathe their feet in the Allegheny, who remember his early preaching, and how familiar he seemed with Nature, and with what wonderful touches he could adorn and render attractive a subject that before seemed dry and abstruse, by incident, by comparison, and by the lessons of the seasons and the voices of Nature.

But the years passed; the burdens of pastoral work increased, and the solemn contact with immortal souls pressing on to the judgment, whilst exerting a ripening influence upon his intellect, at the same time sobered his reason, chastened his fancy, and brought eternal verities more sensibly to his soul. At the same time he gave attention to reading, and to all forms of literary culture, and there came a wondrous growth of intellect with the years. And this, combined with his growth in grace, and his natural ease and warmth, rendered him a most attractive preacher of Christ. He preached the same Saviour and the same Gospel as of old, but there was a strength, an unction, a power with the preaching of mature life that was most pleasant and delightful and profitable.

This work of progress and improvement went forward through his whole life. To hear him preach,

or deliver one of those magnificent addresses, in the work of his last years, the unprofessional hearer might be led to suppose that all this came as a matter of course, and with little preparation or forethought. But they who should so suppose would have but a feeble conception of the man, or of the nature of his labor, or of the measure of his toil. Like the great orator who was thirty years preparing his great oration, he was all his professional life preparing those city sermons and those soul inspiring addressess that have given him a reputation that is world wide.

> "The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

IX. THE HOME LIFE.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty; where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

THOMSON.

"Then the disciples went away again unto their own home."

JOHN XX. 10.

IX. THE HOME LIFE.

Sir Edward Coke, in an argument of an important case, says: "The house of every one is to him as his Castle and Fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose." It is the one sacred place in all the world where peace and harmony should dwell, and where the weary body and the jaded mind may at once find rest. The tourist in strange lands never gets free from the home feeling. It will come over him in the most sacred places, and in the midst of the most exciting scenes. Temples and Pyramids, and sacred shrines will all lose their interest and cease to please as the thought of home and loved ones sweeps over the heart like the night breeze over the Eolian Harp, with its voices of sweetness and memories of untold joys.

The family and home of Dr. Dickson commenced at Franklin, Pennsylvania, in the month of January, 1840. In that quiet little town, nestled away amid the hills, and surrounded by scenes of great historic interest, he builded his home and established his Lares. It was in a quaint old fashioned house, with porch and veranda in front, and wide hall running through the center facing West Park, and looking out on the waters of French Creek, just be-

fore they debouch into the romantic Allegheny. It was in near proximity to the church and not far from the business portion of the town. In the sweet summer days there was little to disturb the tranquility, save the old lumbering coach that awaked attention as it passed by every alternate day, with its small bag of letters and the few passengers whom business or pleasure brought into the country. All around the town the hills loomed up to a considerable height, cutting off the view of the surrounding country, but clothed in summer with the luxurious green of forest trees, enameled with the bright flowers of the wild honeysuckle coming out in advance of its leaves, and the yet more gorgeous blooms of the laurel. Away to the right, marked by a yet livelier green, was the gorge through which flowed the waters of the Allegheny, and to the left, the course of French Creek, hallowed still by the adventurous voyage of the Father of his country, and hanging darkly over it the precipitous cliff that overlooks alike town and country and river and hill and creek, was distinctly marked out.

Here commenced the ministry and here was planted the home of the man whose influence was to be felt away beyond the Rocky Mountains, and the then unknown region of Alaska, and beyond the great ocean. And here amongst many other happy homes was set up that of the young minister, made beautiful by affection and love and harmony, a model home for those who were about setting up for themselves, even as the life of the minister was to

be an example to those who should be attendants upon his ministry. And there is no doubt but that the influence of this home, with its hospitable board and its entertaining talks and its genial temper and its cheerful ways and its sacred family altar had an influence in improving the society and the lives of all who came within the sphere of its influence, and in moulding and shaping the institutions of the congregation, and of some outside the immediate congregation.

In this small home the minister and his wife began their quiet life. These first years were always full of sweet and pleasant memories to the Pastor. The great world was not so large then as it became afterwards. Although he could even then see away beyond the Franklin hills, and could hear something louder than the murmur of the waters of the Allegheny, yet he found such a paradise in his home that he was content with all its surroundings. The first winter passed. The warm spring came. The mud dried up under the genial influence of the warm May day suns. With his wife he would take long rides on horseback, climbing the steep Pittsburgh hill; skirting the shady banks of the Allegheny, as the road led up to Oil Creek; occasionally dismounting to gather wonderful clusters of laurel, or honeysuckle, and then returning laden with immense masses of flowers as though preparing for the worship of Flora. At other times they would vary the plan and take long walks by themselves in the same early summer days after the forenoon labors of study and

household affairs were over. At such times they would go up by the big dam, where the narrow path hung over the high precipice, and where the waters of French Creek rushed tumultuously over the breastwork of the dam; or they would wander away down to the lower end of the town in the direction of Smith's Run, aud up the gorge that led to Bully Hill. Here they would gather the liverwort and the lady's slipper, and, climbing still higher on the rocks find the gay culumbine, or, nestled away under the leaves, or hidden under the springing sweet fern, the bright, fragrant, trailing arbutus, regardless of the fear of rattlesnakes, or other nameless terrors.

They would then sit down and botanize, giving to each flower its proper place in the flower family, its genera and species, with its medicinal properties and habits. But when the arbutus, with its rough, uncouth leaves, its bright pink buds and its wonderful fragrance came under review all ordinary rules were laid aside in wonder at its beauty and fragrance. By what wonderful chemistry of earth and of atmosphere was this subtle fragrance concocted? Whence this aroma so delicate, so refreshing, so suggestive of the odors of Eden as we dream of it, and whence this reminder of all that is beautiful upon earth, or in other worlds?

And so the hours would pass, and the sun would approach his setting, and the young couple would return laden with their hands full of gay flowers wherewith to deck the high mantle, or the great old fashioned fireplace in the sitting room.

These long rides and walks in particular afternoons of leisure brought relief after morning studies, and afternoons of pastoral work. They brought a change to "The Lady of the Manse" after her careful forenoons in the house, while the pastor was busy in his study, and assisted in confirming that health and vigor that had been the heir loom of both from vigorous and healthy households on both sides. In that romantic home amongst the hills, with its clear, sparkling streams of spring water, and its breezes odorous with the healing breath of the pine forests that stretched along to the north east, they both drank in health, and took on a vigor of body and mind that was of immense service to them when called to labor in far different scenes, and the memory of these things was always sweet and delightful.

From the first pitching of his tent in his own quiet domain Dr. Dickson was happy and contented as any titled dignitary in his turretted Castle. His home was his castle, without towers or baronial halls. It was his paradise without ever-blooming flowers or perennial fruits. It was to him simply home with its peace and its quietness, its rest, its heaven, so far as heaven can be found upon earth. And this home continued sweet and restful to him until he went up to the only perfect home in heaven, where all God's children meet in their Father's House!

This home upon earth changed its locality again and again, but it was identically the same home, for the same light shone in its sacred precincts; the

same voice was the chief attraction in its music; and although new, fresh faces came into it, as the years rolled along, and new child-voices began to be heard in its widening circle, yet it was the same sweet, delightful home to the pastor whether at Franklin, or Wheeling, or Baltimore or New York. "Where the king is, there is the court" so where the wife, the children were, there was the home to this domestic, home-loving man.

And wheresoever the absence and the call of duty led him; whether to Brokenstraw, or Rock Island, or Nebraska, or Texas, or Egypt, or Edinburgh; his mind always turned toward his home, and the attraction was very strong that drew him thither. And so strongly was he attached to his home and his fireside that nothing but the urgent calls of duty could induce him to leave them, even for a short space of time, or prolong his absence beyond the shortest limit possible.

And as he remembered the home of his childhood by the side of the Lake, and cherished the memory of his mother as the one sweet dream of his childhood's life; and saw as the center, the light, the beauty, the glory of that lakeside home, the sweet mother with her soft eyes, and her gentle voice; so now in his own home, the home of his young manhood and of his mature strength, there was the same attraction and the same exceeding great joy. The kind providence to whose guiding hand he attributed every blessing that crowned his life, had sent him a life companion most eminently adapted to his na-

ture and temperament. She was entirely different from him in temperament and general feature, both physical and mental, yet exactly adapted to his whole nature. The one was the complement of the other. What one lacked, or possessed in small proportion, the other possessed in large measure. Whilst the husband was nervous, ardent and often full of anxiety, and restless in regard to many things, the wife was calm, collected, philosophical, and full of hope. Whilst the former saw castles in the golden clouds, and exultant strains of music in the sounds that came to their ears; the latter sometimes saw the gilded clouds driven by storms, and the distant voices heralding the tempest. But the two together, the one the complement and fulness of the other, so blended their tastes and judgments and convictions as to make one beautiful whole, and the result was harmony and peace and prosperity.

And with this blending of feeling and taste and judgment, the home could not but be happy. And in all the changes that came; in all the troubles that rose, in all the joys that were given them, Dr. Dickson always ascribed the light and the comfort and the success to this early partner of his life work, and in every thing yielded her the palm for superior judgment and prudence and discernment as to what was right and proper to be done.

In this quaint old house, with its porch and veranda and high stone steps was born, Margaret Christiana, the oldest child, and here began the family life that has been so full of joy and domestic happi-

ness, even though the shadows did fall sometimes, and the clouds roll themselves up in the sky. But unlike many a family there was more sunshine than clouds, and there was heard the singing of birds more frequently than the voice of storms. But that grand old house has yielded to the changes of time, and the place that afforded the first home to the minister has passed away, and is but a memory to those who once inhabited it. But to some hearts it is a memory that will never be quenched, a home to which the thoughts will go back on many a tearful pilgrimage, even as Israel now does to the wailing place by the side of their Holy of Holies.

The next home of the minister was on the opposite side of West Park, in the brick house that still stands as a monument of the past. It too looks out on the green, shaded by its few trees, and in the rear upon the creek, as it sweeps around the cliff and hastens to bury itself in the current of the Allegheny. Here were born other two daughters, Eva Reynolds and Fanny Delia, the former now Mrs. W. W. Smith of Philadelphia, the latter Mrs. F. J. Leavens of Norwich, Connecticut. And there the grandmother came to be an inmate of the home, to add her experience and the sweet light of her counsels.

In this home the children began to occupy a prominent place and to kindle up the light that afterwards made the little circle brilliant with its domestic joys as the heavens are with their stars. The education of the little ones commenced early. There

were quiet lessons in the nursery, and there was always liberty to creep into the study where there were the lessons taught from the little primer, but sweeter lessons still, about the little Christ Child and the work he came here to perform, and the way to go to him now, even though we cannot see him, as we kneel down in prayer. The very first lessons these children learned were lessons of faith and trust in God, as they learned of the Friend of sinners, and the home of His people in heaven. And this father, with the burdens of the church upon his heart, was yet all cheerful and joyful in the midst of his children in the home. It was there that he could unbend, be a little child once more, and make them happy as he made himself happy in their joy.

But the change came. The call was heard from Wheeling. The home must be broken up. Many of its sacred things must pass into the hands of strangers, and the home be builded once more amid new scenes. Pilgrims are we all, and strangers, continually striking the tent and moving forward, pitching it but for a night, and the devout heart feeling at each stage of the journey, as eventide comes, that it is :

"A day's march nearer home "

And the thought of the Home that will be eternal, after the final tent pitching, gives the heart courage in its pilgrimage here. It nerves the arm for the work of taking down and setting up the tent pins, and makes all the labors but brief episodes on the way to the Father's house.

The family were soon installed in their Wheeling home. The feeling of being among strangers now for a time made the home seem doubly dear, and its joys more precious than ever. The work was not interrupted without; it became more urgent and pressing than ever. But the joy of the home was enhanced by that very cause. The afternoons must be given to the people; the forenoons to the study. But there were the pleasant evening hours when the entire circle were together, and pleasant talk, and childish readings and plays, even games were indulged in, and the labors of the day were forgotten. The weariness of the body and of the brain were unnoticed until the hour for sleep came.

There were no longer the rides and the walks of the Franklin home; the gathering of flowers and the weaving of garlands; the sitting on the porch of Mr. Bowman's house under the soft light of the harvest moon; these times had passed away, and times of greater care and more earnest work had taken their places. But it was not the less a happy and a joyous home. There were amusements, and cares were transformed into pleasures that were quite as enjoyable and profitable as before, and there was the feeling that the Lord was blessing them in their family and in the church.

And in this home there came a new joy into the father's soul. With a beating heart and a gladness in his deep eye that could not be kept back, he said to a clerical friend one day in his study: "I rejoice to say that my dear M. has given her heart to her

Saviour. I think she loves Christ." And he felt more than repaid for the little talks at eventide, and for his prayers when no ear could hear but that of God. Here was the first one of the little flock gathered into the Shepherd's fold, although there had been as yet no outward profession: and here the other two daughters in due time made the same confession of Christ.

In the Wheeling home a new light dawned. A new joy arose in the household. The angels passed by and a little baby was given to the family that was a wellspring of joy, alike to the parents and the older children. It was dedicated to God, and as the bright water drops fell upon its upturned brow, it was called Louisa Herron, after a particular friend of the family. It was born January ninth, 1856.

In this home the time passed rapidly and pleasantly. The children were growing up, they were to be educated, and this matter was superintended by the parents; and the kindness and patience and tact of these beloved teachers will long be a memory and a joy to the children. They assisted greatly in bridging over the ruggedness and the painfulness and the weariness of this stage of the life journey. The children were not relieved of the labor and thought necessary to the accomplishment of their tasks, yet they were encouraged to put forth all their efforts, and then often found a hint or a suggestion most valuable, as they came just at the right time. And in this way the mysteries of Algebra and the details of Science were unveiled

before them and the difficulties all smoothed out, and the way seemed plain. Parents and children seemed engaged together in the work, and, so the tasks were lightened and divided between those who had been over the ground before and those who were just testing their capabilities in overcoming its obstacles.

Another change came to the home. The call to Baltimore was talked over, and prayed over until the light came, and the way was made clear, as the pillar of cloud gathered itself together and was ready for the march. The home was broken up in Wheeling and established in Lexington Street, Baltimore. Tender ties connected with the old home were sundered; friends came to say good-bye; words of farewell were spoken and the new life commenced amongst strangers. But it was not long before new and very tender ties were formed in the new home. The people of that goodly city that was to be the scene of the new labors gathered around them and the house was soon bright and the work began as it had been broken off, and was carried forward with new heart and new zeal. Soon everything was moving on as usual. The children were growing up; new studies were undertaken; new duties varied the every day round of life. Yet these new duties to the church were not in the way of the home duties. The study and the afternoon calls were adhered to with more zeal than ever, yet there was always time for the family circle. There was always the sweet sunshine that was brought

in from the street; and the yet sweeter light brought down from the study when the labor of books and pen and severe thought were over. And then, in the light of the home circle, the cares of the profession seemed to roll from his shoulders, the wrinkles of toil seemed to smooth out and he was young and genial as ever. And the family circle was brightened up at his approach and new cheerfulness seemed to be infused into the hearts of each one in his presence.

A member of the household writes these appreciative words in regard to his influence in the mental and religious culture of the children:

"I sometimes feel what a great blessing it would have been to us if father with his. . . . capabilities could have personally conducted our education. But if he had done so he would not have done the great work he did for the Master: and after all. . . . it may have been a greater blessing to us to have his example of unselfish devotion to the highest ends. All his influence over us was to lead us to the best and highest mental and spiritual culture.

"He thought so much of gentle, attractive manners, and so often begged us to modulate our voices and to avoid slang. In almost every letter to us he would say: 'Nulla dies sine linea,' or 'The pen is mightier than the sword.'

"With our young friends he was very genial and pleasant, having his jokes and teasing as well as his more serious conversation."

The family seemed on an equality in almost every

respect. The father would talk to the children as though they were equals in every way. Their interests were his interests, and he would come down to their capacity in their younger years and talk as a little child, and make them feel that he could enter into their feelings in every respect; and the consequence was that there was perfect confidence between them on all subjects and their highest and best interests were greatly promoted. And the good influence of this early training will be felt in the household throughout the lives of its members.

When the father had been absent from home on any of his trips, it was always a great treat to the children of the household to have a narrative of his travels. He would sit down in the midst of them and patiently relate all that had happened from the time of setting out until his return. All the incidents were related, and what he saw and what he heard, always mingling instruction as well as entertainment in the narrative. Perhaps the journey had been out to Rock Island to see his father. Then the incidents of the steamboat voyage were to be related. The views of the Ohio and Mississippi were to be described; the outcroppings of the Magnesian Limestone, running zig-zag in its course and resembling the ruins of old castles on the Rhine were noted, and the general make up of the passenger list was commented on. Possibly the story was about a run across the great prairie, amid the waving of grass and among the bright blooms of the nichniddy, or the great brilliant clus-

ters of the wild lilies, not forgetting the prairie chickens, nor the cunning looking prairie dogs, that would sit up on their hind feet on the top of the little mounds that were over their dwellings, and bark until the near approach of travellers and then dive head foremost into their subterraneous houses.

And so the whole journey would be lived over again and the whole household would get an idea of all that was interesting in the trip. And this familiarity was kept up with the children until they grew up and went out into homes of their own, and there was always a feeling of love for their old home and the delightful times they had enjoyed, by those who had established homes of their own.

The following extract of a letter from another member of the home circle gives such a delightful picture of the life of the father and friend that it is here introduced:

"There were no great events in our home life to mark it—the charm was the atmosphere of love, the perfect confidence that existed between parent and children. I always felt that my father was a very busy man—at work all the time. He was up early in the morning, and, after the never-omitted cold bath, went to his study for his private devotions, till breakfast time. No one ever went to the study then. I remember from my early childhood his prayers at worship, always suited to the emergencies of each day, the joy or sorrow of every member of the household tenderly remembered, and an enthusiasm kindled to live the day for Jesus. Af-

ter breakfast the mornings were spent by father in his study. In the afternoon he was busy in pastoral work, or as we used to call it "pastorial visits."

"As we children studied at home, when we were young, our amusements were in a measure colored by father's employments, we made little stories and poetry, editing papers, and we kept diaries. This last was father's especial request. He gave us all blank books, asking us to keep daily records of our lives, and reminding us of the book of remembrance that our "Father in Heaven" was keeping for us.

"There was always a great deal of company at our house. Most of them were bright, intelligent people. We children enjoyed the frequent talks on politics, literature and religion. The Manse table was seldom without "angels unawares" who often left the impress of their character on the young folks.

"Father always took an interest in everything that concerned his children. Our friends were his friends. I have often seen him devote his rare conversational powers to interest or draw out some shy young girl or bashful youth. Fatherless girls were especially his care. His tenderness and sympathy for them was great.

Even in his busiest times he seldom omitted calling all of us and mother into the study on Sunday afternoons to say the catechism; he would explain the answers and talk to us on personal religion. He often spoke to us of his mother then, how she used to catechise her children. I remember one

Sunday when we came to "The souls of believers are at their death," &c., he told as that this was the theme she explained and talked about the last Sunday he was with her. You know she was especially precious to him always.

"My dear father was so bright and joyous in his home, so full of wit and repartee, his sense of the humorous was so keen, and his amusing stories so well told—my memories of family life are full of sunshine. I cannot remember a harsh word or anything that he ever said or did that I could have wished different. I would go to him in every trouble or dilemma sure of his sympathy and his prudent counsel. And in every pleasant thing that happened his enthusiasm made enjoyment newer."

Another member of the home circle thus writes:

"One thing that characterized my father was prayerfulness. Our family worship never became a mere formality. Morning and evening all the household old and young, servants, visitors, extra work people were gathered to it, and in its prayers mention was made of all that interested us. On our birthdays there were special petitions. If a guest was expected, a pleasant and profitable visit was asked, and if one were departing, a safe journey was invoked. I remember one friend writing of a marked deliverance in a railway accident that seemed to her and her husband a direct answer to the supplications at our family altar that morning. As soon as one of us could "lead a tune" there

was always singing, as had been the custom in his boyhood home. Whenever any perplexity or critical question arose there was prayer with those of us who were with him. From my earliest remembrance we used to be called to his study on Sabbath afternoons to be catechized, prayed with, and talked to individually about our souls. I was always able to speak more freely with my pen than with my tongue, and so sometimes to me he would write, and give me the missive to read and answer. Before me now is such a letter, dated when I was ten years old, urging my responsibility and duty to God and those around me, so full of a father's tender solicitude. This solicitude was not confined to his own children, but there were few to whom he did not speak on the subject of personal religion."

At the Baltimore home the shadows fell very darkly one day, and the light of the house seemed to go out at noonday. It was on the fourth day of November, 1857. Death came to the little child that had won such a place alike in the hearts of parents and older sisters. The flower that had bloomed so sweetly faded in its first brightness. The sickness came, the pain, the weariness, and wrote lines of weakness and suffering upon the brow that had always been so full of smiles. And then the change came. The angels bore the little one into the bosom of the Saviour, when all the lines of suffering faded out, and the little sleeper smiled more sweetly than she had ever done in life, for the light of the vision of the angels seemed to

linger on every feature of her countenance, and the parents felt that it was well with the child, as they heard the voice of the Lord in the sweet echoes that come down from the days of his flesh: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And whilst there were the aching hearts and bitter tears at the departure of the little one, there was at the same time the consciousness that it was at rest, and that the shadows would never fall upon its pathway, and that there would be a glad meeting in the Father's house, where "the inhabitant shall no more say I am sick, and where the home circle shall not be broken forever. And with these thoughts, cheerfulness came into the house once more, although the child was not forgotten, and the active duties of life went on as before,

The following extract from a letter to his father express something of the parent's feeling:

TO HIS FATHER.

"Balt." Dec. 3, '57.

"You have known often, but I never did until our pet was taken, what it is to have *one's own child* die. It is a great thing, and I trust it will help me to sympathize more tenderly with those in sorrow hereafter. We have those in the better country to welcome her, above all the chief Shepherd is there, who takes the lambs in His arms and carries them in His bosom."

Jan. 38.

The little chair at our table was empty, the pattering of little feet was not heard. The last year has given us a great and sad experience of immortality. We start out on the journey of this new year less confident of reaching its end. The road is less safe and less certain to us since our sorrow."

The following extract from a letter written by one of the bereaved circle will convey an idea alike of the circumstances and the feeling under this bereavement:

"The death of little Louisa was a great shock to him as well as to us all. She was much younger than the other three of us, and so was a household pet. When old enough to walk she would go back and forth between my mother's room and the study, and was as much indulged in the latter as in the former. "Seeing him write she would wish to do the same, and he would give her ink, paper and pens to use as she willed. There is still among our relics a Presbyterial Report covered with her last scribblings, which she ended as usual by emptying the little inkstand on her paper. November 3d, 1857, my father left home, taking us two older children to school, and the baby stood at the window, the picture of health, kissing her hand as we drove away. He returned the following day at noon, and was met at the station by one of his dear friends with the tidings that the little one had just died after an illness of a few hours. We were sent for and reached home the 5th, and I

remember while we daughters and mother sat with him in the study he read from his Greek Testament —the same that was his companion till the last days of his life—the ever-consoling words of 1st Thessalonians, IV: 13–18. The funeral was at our home in Lexington Street, on Friday, November 6th, Dr. Smith conducting the service, and other pastors being the pall-bearers.

"On the Sabbath morning after her death he preached from Psalm VIII. 2. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou has ordained strength," —the text he had chosen early in the week, before the coming of his bereavement."

The following extract of a letter from a valued friend in another State is so appreciative, and at the same time so just, that it is inserted here. The home described had been enjoyed, and its beauties noted:

"Brilliant and successful as Dr. Dickson was in public life, those who knew him only there knew nothing of the most delightful side of his many sided nature. It was in the home, surrounded by the appreciative family, that he was most attractive and charming. There the earnest preacher, the magnetic orator, the enthusiastic worker, and the genial gentleman were merged into the tender and devoted husband and father, the entertaining and instructive companion, and the household guide and friend.

"Though of nervous temperament and given to exhaustive work, it was not in his nature to expend

his best gifts abroad, and then leave for home use only worn out energies and the nervous irritability so common to literary men. His keenest wit and liveliest sallies, as well as his deepest emotions, were reserved for his family circle, in which, it seemed to the familiar friend that, all the domestic virtues were most beautifully illustrated.

"To the lovely, cultured wife, and the bright, intelligent daughters whose education had been the parents' joint care—he came for rest and refreshment; and in the family life, mirth and music, jest and games were admirably blended with more serious things, and study and solid reading were so judiciously seasoned with the best works of fiction and poetry that it was refreshment to any favored one who shared the family life. Like a band of sisters and brothers they dwelt together, sharing each other's labors, joys and griefs, having books and friends in common—stimulating each other to clever rhyme and repartee, as well as to all manner of good works, and, while this cup of human happiness was held in the steady hand of the perfectly balanced mother, the father's wit and humor kept a perpetual sparkle on the brim.

"The family were never banished from the study—as it was familiarly called, and, in return, the father, sometimes with gown and book, would visit the family rooms, where often some privileged guest was made welcome, and interest himself in the minor details of everything that concerned or interested the rest.

"As a host he was perfect, with cordial greeting and wonderful consideration, dispensing hospitality as if he ever felt he might be entertaining angels unawares.

"It seems to me that no words are too warm or glowing to use in speaking of Dr. Dickson's home life. It is impossible to tell it all; I only know that while his loss to the Church and the cause of Home Missions is irreparable, there is many and many an old parishioner and friend, who, with his family, is sorrowing most of all that they shall see his face no more at all in that dear home circle, and that his chair is vacant by that fireside."

There was this distinguishing feature about the home that marked it from the day it was established at Franklin until its final setting up at Baltimore: this was its hospitality. There was always a place at the board and in the guest chamber for the friend, for the minister, and for their households. As in the Shunem home, there was the chamber on the wall, with the bed and stool and candlestick, where the weary prophet might turn in and find a welcome rest. And there was this most delightful way of dispensing hospitality—every one was made to feel at home. No guest could for a moment feel that the presence of strangers made any change in the arrangement of the household. Everything seemed to go on as usual. The family did not seem to be disturbed by the presence of the guest, and the guest was not disturbed by any unnecessary attention on the part of the family. One quite familiar

with the home life in New York remarks: "One thing he felt most deeply the last ten years was the want of a home where he could gather his friends around him."

Dr. Dickson knew well how to make his friends at ease in his home. With that ease and suavity and politeness of which he was master, he could make any one who entered his house feel easy and comfortable, and when they left, the guests were almost persuaded that they had conferred the favor, and not the master of the house. Yet with all this there was no merely empty display of feeling nor of sentiment. It was the natural feeling of the man; it was his native politeness giving expression to the feelings of his heart.

But the change came yet once more, and the Baltimore home was broken up at the call of the church. The Board of Missions must be served. It was the voice of the church. It seemed to the busy pastor the voice of the Lord, and like Abraham of old he struck his tent and "journeyed, still going toward the South." The home was transferred to New York. And in the great city with its busy scenes he had less time than ever for the comforts and pleasures of home. But when the day's work was over he was glad to find rest for a time in the home where he had fixed his abode as a mere stepping stone to work.

During the ten years' sojourn in New York, the circumstances of the home were somewhat changed. Housekeeping was interrupted and rooms were occu-

pied in the upper part of the city. The time of the Secretary was called for at the Mission Rooms, and little was seen of him save in the evenings. All the sweet amenities of home were kept in view as before, yet there was the early departure for the office in the mornings, and the return in the evenings, weary, jaded and exhausted, when cheerfulness became almost an effort, and when the light seemed almost to go out in his home nature. But he took the same interest in his home. He strove to be cheerful and to keep up the old ways of the household, and to make home happy as before.

The members of this family were not numerous, but they formed a circle that was almost complete in itself, as far as completeness can be predicated of anything in this world. When the work of the other members of the household is done here, there will be a glad re-union in the realm of the beautiful. And this reunion of a family, all of whose associations were so pure and good and lovely, will be a scene to make the angels glad, and will add new glories to the home where all God's people will find their rest and their joy forever!

X. THE EVENING AND THE MORNING.

"I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort, and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much:—and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death—and the world talks of them while they sleep."

LONGFELLOW.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

II. TIM. IV. 7, 8.

X. THE EVENING AND THE MORNING.

It is related of a celebrated French Marshall who fell in battle at the head of his army, that his name was still continued on the roll, and called with those of the other officers, when a soldier would cry out: "Dead on the field." In this way there was a continual remembrance of the dead soldier and of his prowess in battle. And if it were proper that such honor should be paid to any soldier in the Church militant, it would be most worthily bestowed on our departed officer. He stood in the forefront of the battle in this noble cause of Home Missions, giving his strength and vigor of mature manhood to it, laboring for it in season and out of season; laboring with pen and personal argument; laboring in the office; but laboring most effectively of all in the great Assemblies of the Church; waking up its energies; stimulating its zeal; and going forward in the very van of the march of the Church, and leading it as it had never been led before in this great work of evangelizing this wonderful country for God and his Christ.

How the prophetic view of this country's greatness, that seemed revealed to him, was conveyed to the church by his public addresses, the church itself is witness and will abundantly testify. And

now that he has passed away if it can be said of any one of our dead heroes with precise and literal truth ; "Dead on the field," it can be so proclaimed of our late Secretary.

From the Madison Assembly the way led to New York, thence to Norwich, Connecticut, where he enjoyed the tender ministries of careful and watchful friends. Then the family went to Pittsford, Vermont, where the summer was to be passed, near the mountains, and where it was hoped the grateful shades of the country might bring comfort and peace. Daily exercise was taken, with long rides along the country roads, where the meadows and the wheatfields lay on either side, and where the notes of the robin and the brown thrush reminded him of his boyhood's home. At other times they would take walks down through the meadows and by the side of the cornfields ; and then they would climb away up the rugged mountain's side, seeking wild flowers, and bringing home the bright golden rods and the sweet williams and the meadow pinks and violets. It reminded them of the early Franklin home, and the delightful days when the world was all new in the way of professional life. Then, when the weather was unpleasant, books would be procured from the village library and the time would be spent in reading.

In these quiet pursuits the summer glided by, September came, and with it the return to Norwich, and then to New York, where a little necessary business was transacted, and then on to Philadelphia to

visit a dear friend. Here, in the society of cheerful and cultivated friends, the days passed very pleasantly; here too he attended and enjoyed many of the meetings of the Presbyterian Council. From Philadelphia he went to Baltimore, where a house had been already secured.

All his people had been kind, but Baltimore had been the last place of his ministry, and his remembrances of that people and that place were very vivid and very grateful to him; and the thought of passing his last days amongst the people whom he had gathered into the fold and had been instrumental in edifying and comforting and strengthening in the Gospel commended itself to his heart. There was the hope at times of further labor and further service in the Board. This work was still at times in his heart. He could not get entirely away from the thoughts and plans and purposes that had borne like a mighty burden on his heart for the last ten years. Then the feeling of great weakness would come over him and he would reflect on the situation as being in the Lord's keeping: "The Lord is very strong; He is infinite in His resources; He can carry on the work without my poor help; perhaps I have depended too much on this frail arm of flesh, and have had too much confidence in this poor judgment of my own: the Lord will do what is right and best."

For a while after returning to Baltimore he walked about the streets and was delighted to meet and converse with his old friends, who exerted them-

selves to cheer him and to throw sunlight upon his pathway. He attended Westminster and other churches, but only as a hearer.

His hand had not forgotten its cunning, nor had his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, yet there was too much physical weakness for preaching, and the nervous system was too severely shaken for any public service.

But he was glad to hear the Gospel. It was sweetness and comfort to his soul, and he could appreciate in all its fulness the comforts of Gospel hearing, as they had often been represented to him by his hearers in his old pastoral days.

In the early summer of 1881 he made a visit to his older brother, John, who resides near Rock Island, Illinois, His father had fallen asleep years before, and the only brothers and sisters he had living, resided in that neighborhood. He enjoyed this visit very much. Much of the old feeling of oppression remained, but it was almost forgotten in the gentle ministries of his family and relatives. He and his brother John would sit out under the shadows of the apple trees and talk by the hour of the old, delightful days of the past,—their boyhood days—their sports—their youthful dreams, their hopes for the life just opening out before them, and of the bright golden future they anticipated. Then they would talk of their own personal hopes of heaven, their faith in Christ and their enjoyment of His service. Then their conversation would take a tenderer turn, and they would speak of the depart-

ed ones; the mother with the soft voice, and eyes so deep and sweet, who had led them to the Saviour, and who was now in glory awaiting their coming. Then they would talk of their father with his great, strong nature, and his trust in God; and then they would speak of others of their friends who had gone up to be with the Lord, and try to imagine what the feeling would be to meet and strike hands with all these glorified ones in the courts of the Lord's House when all would be perfect and holy forever!

The return to the Baltimore home once more brought something of rest to the physical system, but there was still the feeling of unrest to the brain. It had been overworked, perhaps unconsciously, yet still overtasked, and the results were following—a feeling of constant, oppressive weariness by day and by night. That delicately strung nervous system had been overstrained, and now was relaxing and could not be brought into harmony again. That great active brain so full of schemes for the good of the Church and the welfare of men had been overtaxed. The blood that had been forced up from as manly a heart as ever beat in a human bosom had flooded that brain, as he had labored in public discourse, until its fine organism had been injured and its strength was sapped. The time was drawing near when the golden cord should be loosed; when the golden bowl should be broken; when the pitcher should be broken at the fountain and the wheel broken at the cistern.

Nor was all this unexpected nor unrealized by Dr. Dickson. Long before he had left the office at New York he had spoken of his decease, which he should accomplish, ere long, perhaps in the Secretary's chair. He remembered his mother's sudden departure; he had knowledge of his own frail constitution, although he had very seldom been sick, and had spoken to a few intimate friends of the probability that he would ere long be called away from earth. But the thought gave him neither pain nor uneasiness. It was a part of the history of every life, and would be a part of his own history, and he could look upon it without fear and with calmness and tranquility. He had looked at the change too often to be distressed at the thought of its coming; he had made the matter a study, and the prospect of the coming life in Christ was pleasant, and the hope of seeing the Saviour in His glory was most delightful. And if the work here was done; if the warfare was accomplished. and the Lord had need of him in the perfect kingdom, then His will be done.

He was no longer seen on the street. Latterly it had been noticed that his footsteps had become slow and wearisome; he did not notice, as quickly as he had been wont, the faces of his friends, and his greetings were not as quick and animated as formerly. The weariness was oppressing him, and the day came when he went forth no more from his house. Anxious inquiries came to the home; friends called to sympathize, but there was need of

rest and quiet, and he seldom saw those who called.

In his own quiet chamber, ministered to by tender hands, and cared for by a devoted family, all was peace. Disease still made progress and wasted his system, yet his mind was calm and his faith was fixed on God. Sometimes the oppressed brain gave less light than usual; at other times he was his old self, full of cheerfulness and comfort and hope. His days passed as do the natural days—sometimes the cloud, the darkness, the shutting in of cheerfulness; at others the calm, sweet sunshine, the odor of blossoms, and the singing of birds. And in those pleasant, sunlit days, now so sweet to his family to remember, there was so much calmness and cheerfulness, and hope, and joy, that it seemed as though the whole atmosphere was full of fragrance and the voice of singing.

In the month of June, 1881, feeling that he could no longer hope to return to the duties of the office, Dr. Dickson sent in his formal resignation. This was accepted by the Board with many expressions of sorrow for the ground of the resignation, and of sympathy with him in his afflictions. This resignation caused the Secretary many a feeling of regret. It was a work he had enjoyed to the full, with all its perplexities and difficulties. It was adapted to his tastes, and had become so much a matter of habit that it was almost like giving up his home and his household. Still, in this, as in other things, there was the disposition to bow to the mind of Providence, and to say "the will of the Lord be done."

It is probable that up to this time he had felt that perhaps his health might be restored, through God's blessing attending medical advice and cessation from labor. But now it was evident that other hands must take up the work where he had laid it down, and other hearts bear the burden he had borne so long, and so the letter was sent in for the acceptance of the Board.

There is something inexpressibly solemn in laying down a great work and feeling that it is for the last time. The memories of the past gather, and its voices are in the ear sad and mournful as the wind sighing through the majestic pine forest. There are possibilities and hopes and expectations all laid to rest. The book is closed and sealed, like that of the one in the Apocalypse, with seven seals, and but awaits the future.

It was with sorrow that the Board accepted the resignation of one who had spent ten of the best years of his life in serving the church under its direction. His genial manners, his great power as a public speaker in behalf of Home Missions and his entire devotion to the work had greatly endeared him to the members of the Board as well as to the missionaries and to the Church at large. In parting with him the Board adopted and placed on its books the following:

"Minute on the resignation of Dr. Dickson, adopted by the Board of Home Missions, June 18, 1881.

In accepting the resignation of Rev. Dr. Dickson as one of its Secretaries, the Board of Home Missions desires to say—

1st. That it gives them unfeigned sorrow to be compelled, by reason of his protracted illness, to accede to this request, for it severs a connection that has lasted nearly eleven years, and deprives them of the pleasant smiles and kindly greetings, every month, of a brother beloved and a co-laborer in the Masters's vineyard.

2nd. That by this act the Church is deprived of the eloquence that has often roused her pastors, elders and members to consider the spiritual destitution of this broad land, of the efficient services of one of the most conscientious and devoted of her officers, and of a representative always welcome at the meetings of Synods and Presbyteries.

3rd. That, while they bow submissively to the ordering of Providence which renders the resignation a necessity, they will still continue to pray that God may soon restore his servant to his accustomed health, and make him more useful than ever in the Church and in the world.

4th. That they deeply sympathize with Doctor Dickson and his dear family in this sore affliction, and commend them to God and the word of His grace, which is able to build them up, and to give them an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

Although confined to his house and shut out from the scenes of activity, such as he had been accustomed to in the years of the past, the time did not seem long. There was the reading of the Word, the discussion of the religious and secular

news of the day, the news from friends who sent their greetings, and at times the faces of friends bearing sunshine into his room, and the days really seemed short although there was the feeling of waiting.

After separating himself from all farther thought of labor in the future there was more of the inward communion with his own soul. There was the looking forward to the close not only of actual contact with work, but with the work itself. There was the feeling that the time of the departure was drawing nigh.

During these waiting days, the presence of his little grandchildren, who often came to see him, was a source of never ending pleasure to him. He loved to have them curl themselves up by his side, as he reclined on the sofa or on his bed, and go to sleep under his protection; then, when they awoke, he loved to look into their fresh young eyes and try to sound their depths, and to talk to them in the most simple manner and listen to their innocent prattle, and be charmed from his weariness by their young, strong natures. It was one of the characteristics of the man to love the presence and the prattle of little babies. His heart went out to them, and he was never too busy nor too weary to give them his attention.

After the rest of the night and the morning refreshment, he desired, first of all, to have the word of God read to him, then some restful religious book, then portions of the newspapers of the day. Dur-

ing this reading he often made remarks showing his interest in the subject, and his appreciation of the matter read. Then, if able, he conversed about general topics, evincing an interest in things that were passing, and a pleasure in the prosperity of the church. And during all his confinement to his couch, until unconsciousness approached, he always asked the blessing of God on his meals as they were brought to him ; and at such times he always remembered the faithful colored servant, Julie, who brought them, with a smile and a word of thanks. Sometimes, however, during these last days his nervous system was so much disturbed and his unrest so great, that these pleasant scenes were interrupted, and the shadows would gather around him. But the sunshine would break in and he would be cheerful and hopeful and joyful once more, and delighted to hear the word and to talk about the preciousness of Jesus. At such times there was many a delightful interview with his immediate friends, with words and smiles and hopes and prospects suggested and talked over and anticipated. But these scenes seem almost as sacred as the interview of Moses and Elijah with the Lord, on the Mount of Transfiguration, when they spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. They are just now all too sacred to be discussed, and must remain locked up in the memory and consciousness of those who were present, and who watch and wait until the time of the re-union shall come.

But there was no time when he did not feel the

strong Rock beneath his feet. There was not a moment when he did not feel underneath him the everlasting arms, as he quietly waited for the morning, and knew that it would soon dawn. It needed not that there should be the long, minute testimony, as heart and flesh were failing, that the Lord was with him. It needed not, for the comfort of his friends, or the faith of the Church, that he should utter last words of testimony that he died a Christian. For fifty years his life and his words had all testified to this, From the day when he had stood up in the old North East church, when fourteen years of age, and solemnly and publicly professed to be the Lord's, his whole life had been a solemn, earnest testimony to his faith in Jesus. And now, as a matter of course, when the end was approaching, he felt that Jesus was more precious to his soul than ever.

On Monday, the twenty-fifth of July, he was out of his rooms for the last time, but walked from one to the other until within a few days of his death. From this time he saw no one but the family and the physicians. His depression vanished, and he thought and conversed only of pleasant things. The past came back to him, and its memories were all golden. He talked of his boyhood's days; of the home by the lake side; of the swelling music of the grand lake, and of the old church and the people he had known when life was new. And for every one he had words of commendation. Then he would talk of his college days and the scenes

and recollections that are always so pleasant to a student: and everything seemed bathed in a soft, mellow light that gave him so much pleasure and joy.

The thoughtful kindness of his friends—their messages of love—their little offerings of fruits and flowers—touched him greatly. The tears would often gather as he would respond "How kind and thoughtful."

The early days of September came, and it was evident to his friends that the angels were waiting for the beloved one, and that he was lingering on the very threshold of this life, and just ready to pass over to the life that is beyond. On the third he spoke with difficulty, and could take nothing but fluid nourishment. On Friday, the ninth, the shadows began falling thickly, and on Saturday, the tenth, he was unconscious. For two days he remained shut out from all that was passing here. Whether he was conscious of the coming of the Lord; whether he had visions of the angels and the open gates, as Stephen had, we do not know; no mortal can tell.

"Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do."

But the morning came at last; the day dawned, and the shadows fled away, and henceforth to him there was to be no more night, but that glorious, blessed day where the shadows never fall.

During these two days he had lain entirely passive, with closed eyes, apparently unconscious of all that was passing, yet with a smile so sweet and

heavenly wreathing his countenance that it seemed as though there was an inner vision sweeter and more beautiful than any that belongs to this world. There must have been the glory of the Lord, that left its beautiful reflection on his countenance and testified to God's wonderful faithfulness when heart and flesh were failing.

An enthusiastic traveler once approached the walls of the Holy City, Jerusalem. And as he traced the outlines of its gray walls, and gate, and tower, and bartizan were revealed to his eager vision, the wonderful memories of the past clustered around him, sweet and beautiful as the night visions when the stars come out in their splendor. David was there tuning his harp to the songs of Zion. The gorgeous train of Solomon swept by in all its glory, and disappeared around the shoulder of Mount Zion. Prophets and kings mingled in the scene; and, as they disappeared, He who was greater than all the prophets and kings, followed by his disciples, came up from the way to Jericho, and down the side of Olivet, and across the valley of the Kedron, and in at the golden gate, amid the waving of palms and the cries of "hosanna to the son of David!" And the pilgrim's heart thrilled, and his pulse leaped under the excitement of the scene and its blessed memories. And as he crossed the threshold of the Jaffa Gate, the words of the Psalmist came to his mind, sweet as the melody of flutes, "My feet shall stand within thy gates O Jerusalem! As we have heard so have we seen in the city of the Lord of Hosts, in the city of our God!"

So it must have been on that sweet September morning, just as the Sabbath bells were ringing upon earth, and the yet sweeter bells were ringing in heaven, and God's servant, just ready for the transfiguration scene, caught his first glimpse of the amethystine walls, and the wide open gates, and the soft light of God shimmering through, and listened to the faintly heard strains of the music that was wafted down, and noticed the thickly gathering hosts of the angels; and, sweeter and fairer and more beautiful than all—"One like to the Son of Man" beckoning him up to the light, up to the glory, up to the home of the redeemed. There was joy in his heart, born not of earth, but of heaven. And that joy was expressing itself, not in words, but wreathing his countenance with smiles, and giving him, who can doubt, a most delightful foretaste of the glory of heaven.

God never forgets his children, either in the clouds or in the sunshine; and when to the poor vision of sense everything is fading and vanishing away, to the blessed experience of faith His arm seems strongest, His word seems sweetest, and His presence most real and comforting.

And so he passed in to stand before the throne! It was early morning upon earth, the morning of the eleventh day of September, 1881, which was the Sabbath, when he went up with the convoy of angels to pass through the gates into the City, and worship before the throne, and keep the eternal Sabbath of the Lord.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the wondrous things of the Eternal City. Paul could not reveal the glories that threw their broad splendor over his soul as he was caught up into the third heaven. And the gentle hearted John labored and strove to tell us something of the beauty and melody and joy of the place, yet labored almost in vain; for mortal lips could not utter the language of Canaan, neither could mortal ears take in the entrancing utterances, had they been breathed from angels' lips.

Yet, withal, the eye of faith would try and follow the translated one and strive to behold some faint glimpses of his glory and his joy. There was the presence of the Saviour whom he had so much loved here, and whose presence was the joy of his soul; this first of all. Then there was the meeting of friends; the sweet voiced mother; the strong hearted father; the little babe, so beautiful on earth, yet still more beautiful in heaven, who had reached the Home before him; friends without number who had been gathered into the kingdom and were ready to welcome him to glory, and join with him in the first burst of the new song that is sung continually before the throne of God!

This departed servant of God had, while upon earth, a wondrous conception of the greatness of the missionary field. He had taken in, as God had revealed it to him, this great American Nation as a people to be won for God, as few Philanthropists or Christians have been able to do, and it had thrilled

his soul until, in his eager, impetuous zeal, he had been overborne in the work. But now that he is lifted up above the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills, and, with vision cleared of all mortal restraint, looks abroad upon the vast creation of God, and notices the eternal kingdom with its glories, of which every soul that is ransomed from earth becomes a priest and a king, he rejoices that now the field of service is not the world only but the grand Universe of God.

It must be that God has some special sphere of service for his ministers who have worn out their lives here in the upbuilding of his kingdom. It must be that they have some distinguished honor, as crowns radiant with the jewels of eternity, and robes made white for priestly service are distributed to those who have overcome, through the blood of the Lamb! But of this glorified servant of God, passed away in his yet mature manhood, worn out while the day was yet in its strength, consumed by the fires of a zeal that knew no bounds, at an age when many are in their prime, we know this; the angels have enrolled his name amongst those of the noble army of martyrs of whom it is written: "these are they who have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God."

The services connected with the funeral were at the Westminster church, on the fourteenth day of September. There was sadness in many hearts in

the city where he was so well known and so greatly loved. This was evinced by the very large concourse of people, and the great number of clergymen of other denominations who were present on the occasion. The services were solemn and appropriate, as recorded in another portion of this volume. He was borne to his burial with the conviction on the part of his friends that he died as a martyr to the cause of Home Missions, and that the rest would be sweet in the more blessed and glorious sphere where the unwearied soul shall serve God in His sanctuary forever. And as the solemn words were uttered: "In the hope of a glorious resurrection, we commit earth to earth and ashes to ashes," there was the conviction that this body that had been such a fit temple for the Holy Ghost was not left there to perish. The angels watch over it. They keep guard around his tomb as they did around that of Joseph of Arimathea until the sleeping Son of Man should come forth from his repose. All unseen of mortal eye they will watch around this Christian man's tomb until the coming of the great Resurrection morning, when the dead shall be raised incorruptible and appear in all the beauty of the glorified estate to meet the Lord in the air!

And so he was left to his rest, that sweet September day, with the thought that in the higher realm of God's temple there was a glorified soul, still carrying forward the work of the most High, while the body was here awaiting the time of its redemption, when it too shall join in the same service.

Who can doubt that there is service in Heaven; who can fail to see from all the teachings of divine inspiration that the life here, with all its grand possibilities and its glowing scenes of beauty and majesty, is but the prelude to the life to come? Who can fail to notice that God talks to us here as though He considered us as standing in the outer courts of the temple of life, and that there remains for us some better thing, when we shall be admitted into that within the vail—God's Holy of Holies, where no shadows fall, and where the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof! And in that inner Temple, where palms await the victors and harps are tuned for singers, there will be a sphere of service as much above that in which God's people engage here, as the heavens beyond the stars are above the earth on which we tread!

And in this service who can doubt that the redeemed, ransomed, transfigured body is to have a part? The Lord of glory, our Saviour, is there in his glorified body—Enoch, the first translated, is there, and Elijah, the prophet of fire, is there, and all are clothed in the body, transformed from the natural to the Spiritual, and made like to the glory of the King's Capital where they reign. And so all God's ransomed ones shall be there, both soul and body when the glory dawns.

And so we would infer that all Heaven's beauty and glory will not be developed until the end of the ages here, and the grand period shall arrive when they that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake,

and ransomed soul and body shall put on the robes of immortality, and enter upon the full inheritance of glory. And the beauty of that estate none can know here. If the heavenly estate is spoken of as the dream of all beauty, indescribable in its loveliness, what shall be the beauty and the splendor of those who shall dwell within its walls of precious stones?

And this estate will be eternal. Angels fell, and their brightness faded to be recovered no more; but the blessed Redeemer took not on Him the nature of angels. They were never ransomed by atoning blood. Adam and Eve sinned and fell from the grand glories of the terrestrial Paradise: but they stood in their own strength; there was no kinsman Redeemer behind them in that first estate to insure their safety. But for the perfect, redeemed worshipers, who stand upon the sea of glass that John saw in vision, there is neither danger nor peril. They are forever safe, as are the pillars that uphold the great Temple of Life.

And it may be that hereafter, in the Peerless City in all the Universe, in the home of beauty, in the highest realm of exalted taste, the glorified human form will be found to be the very highest type of beauty in all the worlds. It may be found that these bodies, tabernacles of immortal souls; temples of the Holy Ghost, sick, wounded, bruised, dying here, when made like to Christ's resurrection body, out of the dust of the earth; will be more beautiful than the dreams of earth's first born Poets and Sculpt-

ors—yea, more comely than the Cherubim that soar highest in the atmosphere of Heaven!

How sweet these golden thoughts—how precious is the work of Christ, our Saviour! He comes to us in our sin and ruin and wretchedness and brings deliverance. He washes these poor, sin-stained souls in His own blood, and fits them for the holy society of Heaven. And even these dying bodies, distorted by disease, worn by labor and toil, faded by time and wearing out through the cold, heavy influence of the curse, are raised up by almighty power from the dust of the centuries, made more erect than the Palm Trees, and more beautiful than any earthly dream, and prepared for the highest sphere of service the eternal God ever appoints for the creatures He has made.

Now are we the sons of God—and if children then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ—yea, we are the younger brethren of the King, through the wonderful adoption of our God, and the eternal covenant He has made for our glory.

And lastly there is nothing terrible in death if we have clasped hands with Jesus and surrendered all to him—it is but the beginning of the true life—it is but the passing from the vestibule where we get echoes of the melody, into the grand, glorious Temple of Life to dwell in the light and join in the thrilling melody of the New Song: "unto Him that hath loved us and hath washed us from our sins in His own blood!"

"Weep not for death!
'Tis but a fever still'd;
A pain suppressed, a fear at rest,
A solemn hope fulfilled.
The moonshine on the slumbering deep,
Is scarcely calmer—wherefore weep?

Weep not for death!
The fount of tears is sealed;
Who knows how bright the inward light
To those shut eyes revealed?
Who knows what peerless love may fill
The heart that seems so cold and still?

II. FUNERAL SERVICES AT BALTIMORE.

" How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest in heaven."

WILLIS.

"And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."

ACTS VIII. 2.

II. FUNERAL SERVICES AT BALTIMORE.

On Wednesday morning, September 14th., all the officiating clergymen, the pall-bearers, and a few friends gathered with the family at the house, No. 2, McCulloh Street, where the Rev. William J. Gill, the pastor of Westminster Church, read the following Scriptures and offered prayer, before accompanying the coffin to the church.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me: because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the Angel of His presence saved them; in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them and carried them all the days of old.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee,

yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire thou shall not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations ; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law ; that Thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity.

For the Lord will not cast off His people, neither will He forsake His inheritance. For the Lord will not cast off forever ; but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation,

that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth in Christ.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty; for He maketh sore and bindeth up; He woundeth and His hands make whole.

He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

For His anger endureth but a moment; in His favor is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy; he will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities; for as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy towards them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our

frame; He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them."

On arriving at Westminster church, where a large audience was assembled, the coffin was placed in front of the pulpit, and the Rev. Dr. John C. Backus, Pastor Emeritus of the First Church, offered the invocation and read the hymn;

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

After the singing, Rev. Andrew B. Cross a lifelong member of the Presbytery of Baltimore read the following selected Scriptures:

"I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and

the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.

I SAMUEL I: 26-28.

Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Then the Lord put forth his hand and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold I have put my words in thy mouth.

JEREMIAH I: 5-9.

But Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great, exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and tō give his life a ransom for many.

MATTHEW XX: 25-28.

I was made a minister according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by the effectual working of His power. Unto me, who am less than

the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ.

EPHESIANS III : 7–9

By the grace of God I am what I am: and His grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

1 CORINTHIANS XV : 10.

For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you ward.

2. CORINTHIANS I : 12.

I think that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ; we are weak, but ye are strong; ye are honorable, but we are despised. Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place, and labor, working with our own hands; being reviled, we bless: being persecuted, we suffer it: being defamed, we entreat: we are made as the filth

of the world, and are the off-scouring of all things unto this day.

1st CORINTHIANS, IV : 9–13.

And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. * * It is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

1st CORINTHIANS II : 4, 9.

His own purpose and grace * * is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel : whereunto I am appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles. For which cause I also suffer these things : nevertheless I am not ashamed : for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.

2d TIMOTHY, I : 9–12.

I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.

2d TIMOTHY IV : 6–8.

Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an

innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel.

HEBREWS XII: 22–24.

Blessed be the God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

IST PETER I: 3–8.

And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and

the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life: And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell gave up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.

REVELATION XX: 11–13.

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

REVELATION XIV: 13.

And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.

REVELATION XXII: 4–5.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.

1ST JOHN III: 1, 2.

He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.

ACTS VII: 55.

And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.

ACTS VIII: 2.

Martha saith unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus saith unto her, I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

JOHN XI: 24–25.

This was followed by the

ADDRESS OF THE REV. DR. J. T. SMITH,

Pastor of the Central church, Baltimore, sketching the life and work of Dr. Dickson.

We were boys together. We were class-mates at College. We were settled side by side as pastors during the first seven years of our ministry, and then, separated for a little while, were re-united here. We crossed the Atlantic, traversed Europe, climbed the Pyramids, stood on the shores of the Red Sea together. I have been a frequent inmate of his home since the day he first had a home, have seen his children grow up around him, and have buried his dead. For half a century our lives have run on together, side by side. If this familiar and lifelong

association seem in one respect a qualification for the service to which I am here called, I feel it at this solemn moment rather a disqualification and a hindrance. It is so hard to bid away these thronging memories, to bid down these throbbing emotions, to get away from these obtrusive personalities, and to speak calmly, impersonally, as the occasion requires.

Cyrus Dickson was born in the township of North East, Erie County, Pennsylvania, on the 20th day of December, 1816. His childhood was passed on the shore of the great lake, and almost within hearing of the thunders of Niagara. The illimitable expanse on which he gazed day by day with boyish wonder and awe, and the thunders of omnipotence which were always sounding by his side, it is not mere fancy to say, imparted something of their own expansion and sublimity to the unfolding faculties of the man. But other and more powerful influences were around him. He was a child of the Covenant, the descendant of a long line of godly ancestors, some of whom were princes in Israel. He enjoyed as his birthright the inheritance of Covenant blessings. Breathing the atmosphere and surrounded by all the hallowed influences of a Christian home, his earliest and profoundest impressions were of the reality, the nearness, and the transcendent importance of eternal things. How fondly he cherished the hallowed memories of that childhood's home, and how lasting its impress upon his character!

Western Pennsylvania was then almost a wilder-

ness, just beginning to blossom as the rose. Its first settlers were almost all Presbyterians of the straitest, purest, strongest type, from Scotland, from Northern Ireland, from the Cumberland valley and the homes of Presbyterianism in the East, but chiefly from Washington and the Southern counties of the State. Dr. McMillan, a most remarkable man, the John Knox of his age, God had raised up and endued with Apostolic gifts and sent before as a pioneer herald to prepare His way in the wilderness. From his log college in Cannonsburg, —the Geneva of the West— there went forth a race of ministers whose like the world has seldom seen since apostolic times. Their names, if going down on earth, are ever bright and brightening in Heaven. Their labors if long since ended on earth with no visible monument or memorial, still follow in their blessed influences, and sanctified souls who have never heard their names. Tait, Eaton, Johnston, Hughes, Satterfield, Woods, M'Curdy, Smith, Marquis——these are the honored names of a few of those mighty men of old. From the banks of the Ohio to the shores of the great lakes they went everywhere preaching with power from on high the Gospel of the Kingdom, and crying aloud "Prepare ye in the desert a highway for our God." The Pulpit then was what Pulpit and Platform and Press combined are to day, and their pulpits were the mightiest influence in fashioning society. The people were poor in this world's goods, but they were pre-eminently rich in faith. Eternal things were not to them myths nor shadows

nor soulless abstractions : they were present and palpable realities. They saw God and the great white throne, and Heaven and Hell as present and real, and the vision influenced and controlled their whole lives. Religion was the great business of their lives. It was the chief theme of conversation. It constituted almost their exclusive reading. Instead of morning papers and magazines and reviews and cheap literature of every kind, the Bible and the Confession of Faith, and Baxter and Doddridge and Bunyan were the companions of their solitary hours. The question as to worldly amusements, when and how far they are lawful and innocent, did not trouble them, for their rejoicing was in the Lord, and they felt the need of no higher joy.

Their Communion seasons were like the great annual festivals of the Jews. They were held in groves, God's first temples, for no walls could contain the gathering multitudes. The services were protracted through many days. The people assembled for many miles around ; neighboring ministers were called in ; preaching from the tent was continued with short intervals almost the entire day, and far into the night the voice of prayer and praise was heard in their dwellings. And the Spirit often came down upon them like the rustling wind in the tree-tops, like the rushing mighty wind of Pentecost. The revival services of those times were almost the repetitions of Pentecost. Most remarkable in their nature and methods, most lasting in their blessed influences, few scenes in the whole history

of the Church so displayed the power of God's Spirit, and so magnified the grace of the Gospel.

It was amidst such influences the childhood of Dr. Dickson was passed and his Christian character shaped. The blessed baptism then received left its lasting impress on his whole future life.

At the early age of fourteen he joined himself publicly to the Lord, and from that hour his purpose to enter the ministry seems to have been fixed. His preparatory education was obtained in the district schools of North East and at the Academy at Erie. In November 1832 he entered Jefferson College, and was graduated in 1837 in a class which embraced the martyr missionary Lowrie, and gave, as the fruit of a precious College revival, so many ministers to the Church. Theological seminaries were then in their infancy, and the great question between the Seminary and private instruction was still under debate. Dr. Dickson, in accordance with the wishes of his Presbytery, and his own convictions at the time, pursued his theological education under private instructors.

He was ordained and installed pastor of the united churches of Franklin and Sugar Creek in Venango County, Pennsylvania, in June, 1840, and in the same year was married to Miss Delia E. Mc Connell, the helper of his faith, the sharer of his labors, the charm of his home, and the solace of his life for forty years, and a ministering angel around his bed of death.

Franklin, the county seat of Venango county, situ-

ated at the junction of French Creek and the Allegheny River, was then a little village of some four hundred inhabitants. Sugar Creek, situated on the stream of that name, was some seven miles distant. The churches in both places were little, rough, wooden structures, with naked walls and quaking windows, and rude pine pulpits, lit up at night by flickering tallow candles. The people were few, scattered, poor, primitive in style of dwellings and customs and manners. The salary was $300. Those churches were just on the edge of what was then almost a wilderness, now the oil region of Pennsylvania. The roads were often but blind bridle paths, filled with stumps, and in places almost impassable from snags. The streams were bridgeless, and the crossings of French Creek, Oil Creek and Brokenstraw were often difficult and sometimes perilous. The inhabitants, chiefly lumbermen, were scattered along the water courses, while the intervening regions were desert. A few feeble churches were erected at long intervals, and where they were wanting, the lordly pine or the wide-spreading oak, or the rude country school house afforded a sanctuary. The people hungered and thirsted for the Bread of Life, and it was the delight of the young pastor, mounted on a horse as well known throughout all that region as himself, through hunger and cold and storm to carry the Bread of Life to those scattered sheep in the wilderness. His coming was always a festal time, and his name in all that country was as ointment poured forth.

His fame as a preacher began to be noised abroad, and other and wider fields began to solicit him. In 1848 he accepted a call from the Second Church of Wheeling, Virginia, then just organized. Few ever felt the pangs of parting as keenly as he, and the parting from the people of his first love almost broke his heart. Upon his new field he entered with characteristic ardor. The church grew in numbers and influence, and became, under his ministry, one of the largest, best organized, and most influential for good in the Presbytery. Here, as everywhere, with that strange magnetism which bound all hearts to himself, the people were drawn to him and bound to him by ties which were hard to sunder. But a still wider field was opened, and, in November, 1856, he became the pastor of the Westminster Church, Baltimore. From the very beginning of his ministry in Baltimore, an unusual blessing attended him. During the first two years there was an almost continual revival, and a precious harvest of souls was gathered. The people of God were edified and quickened in every good word and work, and the church prospered during the whole fourteen years of his pastorate. His influence in all the churches and throughout the entire Presbytery was great and constantly growing, until he occupied a position from which it seemed he could not be spared. Then the voice which had been always calling to him "Come up higher" called once more.

In 1870 he was elected, by the General Assembly, Secretary of the Board of Missions. The congre-

gation with one heart and one voice opposed his removal. Their representatives in Presbytery, with the earnestness of profound conviction and the eloquence of deep emotion, remonstrated against it. But his own conviction of duty was clear, and his brethren of the Presbytery, with whatever reluctance, were compelled to acquiesce. And for ten years he filled the office which made his name a household word, not only throughout this entire land, but through all Christendom. More than a year ago failing health compelled him to retire from the active duties of his office, and to seek in temporary rest strength for new labors. But his work was done: his crown was ready; and the Master had need of him, and called him once more to a still higher service. He came back to the people he had loved so well to spend among them his last days, and leave with them his precious dust. Slowly we saw the light of life go out. Day by day we saw his step grow feebler and feebler, his eye grow dimmer and dimmer, his eloquent voice fainter and fainter. And on last Sabbath morning, the day whose dawning he always rejoiced to welcome, while we were making ready for the earthly sanctuary, he was caught up into the temple above, joined the great congregation around the throne, and mingled his voice in the new song.

Such is the brief, historic outline—the setting of the picture—but the picture itself we hesitate to attempt. Portrait-painting is always difficult. Those delicate spiritual lines which the soul within traces

upon the features it is hard for the most skilful pencil to transfer to canvass.

1. As a *man* he was richly and in many respects most remarkably endowed. There was in him a rare combination of the most seemingly incompatible qualities. Imagination was the imperial of his soul apparently holding all others in subjection to itself. Out of the faintest analogies and the dimmest resemblances it fashioned ideal scenes and built up ideal worlds for his habitation. His sensibilities were keen, reflecting as a burnished mirror the form of every passing object. His sympathies were quick and warm and transforming. I have never known a man who could so thoroughly appreciate the situation, enter into the feelings, and put himself into the place of another. His affections were ardent. Seldom was a man surrounded with such hosts of friends and loved with such intense affection. Imaginative, impressible, sympathetic, affectionate, his temperament was that of the Poet and his world the world of romance. And yet, with all this, there was a strange mingling of the most prosaic and practical qualities. His observations of men and affairs were large and yet minute and circumstantial. His mind always active, his faculties always on the alert, he was always gathering knowledge from surrounding objects. His information upon all subjects of practical interest was vast. His knowledge of human nature in its weaknesses, its follies, and its excellencies was almost unequalled. The ideal with him served not to lessen nor to con-

fuse, but rather to embellish, to wing, and to elevate the actual. Never so much a student of books but always a student of men and affairs, he was always ready to give counsel in any perplexity, or discuss any subject of practical interest. Of those marvellous extemporaneous speeches which so thrilled his hearers, he might say as Daniel Webster said of his great speech: "It took me thirty years to prepare it."

2. These natural characteristics, consecrated by Divine grace and brought into the service of the sanctuary, gave their peculiar complexion to his character and work as a minister. A devout student of the Word, his theology was drawn directly from its pages. The great end of preaching, as he regarded it, was simply to declare the mind of the Spirit, and his preaching was largely expository. But his imagination embellished and flung new attractions around the whole. The most familiar truths it grouped into new forms and presented in new combinations, so that the old was forever new, and his hearers, always kept in a state of pleasant surprise, found the charm of perpetual novelty, as the old was forever being new. His ardent sympathies enabled him to discern the application of the truth unfolded to the wants of those before him, and his ardent affections enabled them to bring them home to their business and bosoms with a power seldom equaled. The man embodied himself in the Preacher, and transfused his own magnetic personality into the sermon. His preaching was not like that of other men,

for *he* was not like other men, and he spoke out of a full heart that which he did know and had seen of the grace of Christ.

3. As a Pastor he was almost everything that a pastor should be. No shepherd ever watched his flock, no watchman ever watched for souls as he. If you think the words extravagant, ask any of those who enjoyed his pastoral care. Kind, tender, sympathetic, he was ever ready to weep with those who wept, and to pour the balm of kindly sympathy into the bleeding heart. Not in those great sorrows only which rend the heart strings, but in the every-day annoyances and perplexities which make up so much of the bitterness of life, he was a wise counsellor and a skilful guide. I remember well the impression made by the young Pastor among his own people and throughout the churches of Western Pennsylvania; he was not a man of books alone, and of theological abstractions, dwelling in a world apart; he knew men, he knew affairs; he was a dweller in this present, actual world of living men and living interests. He could talk with farmers and merchants and physicians and lawyers and judges with an intelligent appreciation of their affairs and a real sympathy in their perplexities. And these sanctified secularities were always a power in his ministry.

4. As a Presbyter here, in this presence where nearly the entire Presbytery of which he was so long a member is assembled, I need scarcely speak. Ye, Brethren, are all witnesses. His promptness in at-

tendance upon all meetings, his readiness to take his full share of labor and responsibility, his quickness, his versatility, his large information, his ripe experience, his deep earnestness and magnetic power in imparting his own spirit, are familiar to you all. How invaluable his counsels, how effective his agency in composing differences and healing breaches. How beyond the narrow limits of his own Church his eye ranged over the entire Presbytery, and his large heart embraced all the churches, and his busy hands were ever ready to minister to their wants.

5. As a Secretary. Great as the loss was to us, great as the grief was to him in sundering the ties which bound him here, the Church acted wisely for her larger interest in placing him at the head of her Board of Missions. His qualifications for the work, both theoretical and practical, were remarkable. Few had a larger knowledge of this great land in its present condition, or a clearer prophetic vision of its future greatness. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the great lakes to the gulf, it was spread out before him as a map. He had traversed almost its entire extent. He delighted in collecting statistics and gathering information of every kind concerning it. With its climate, soil, productions, character of its inhabitants, undeveloped resources, and possibilities for the future, few statisticians were better acquainted. From boyhood the coming glory of this great land was a delightful theme. His eye always sparkled and his voice always grew elo-

quent when he adverted to it. And with those glowing visions there was burned into his very soul the profound conviction that the Gospel was the only hope for that future. Those marvelous speeches of his which so thrilled all hearts in Presbyteries and Synods, and from year to year on the platform of the General Assembly, and gave such a mighty impulse to the cause for which he pleaded, were just the outflow of that clear prophetic vision of the future greatness and glory of this broad land, and the profound conviction that the Gospel alone was the conservator of that future.

I have spoken chiefly of the man and of the characteristics which fitted him for the several departments of his great life-work. Of that work itself and of its results, present and prospective, I leave others to speak more largely. The special lessons of his death for those here gathered, and the consolations the Gospel brings to those who mourn with a greater sorrow than ours, I leave for the more fitting lips of him who is to follow.

Dr. Dickson dead! That motionless marble forever shut up in that narrow coffin, the eyes closed, the eloquent lips sealed, is that all of him that remains to us? And shall the places that knew him so long know him no more forever? Shall he be to us henceforth only a name or a memory, an inspiration or a spiritual influence, everywhere with us indeed, but unseen? How hard to realize it here within these walls where the tones of his eloquent voice still seem to linger!

Farewell, Brother, farewell! Thy work is done, thy warfare accomplished. The crown long since woven and laid up for thee the sacred hands were waiting to place upon thy brow. Not dead, but gone before! We gather with tearful eyes around thy sacred body and will bear it reverently, as such a temple of the Holy Ghost ought to be borne, to its burial. We will place by thy side the dust of the little prattler whom, long years ago, thou didst give up to Heaven to await thy coming. There in the bed that Jesus has softened for thee, sweet be thy rest, Brother, until the morning of that great rising day when we shall all meet thee again.

If earth has grown darker, heaven has grown sweeter to us to-day, since Dr. Dickson is there. Another familiar face looks down upon us from the midst of the great cloud of witnesses to-day. Another dear friend has gone before to welcome us to the Father's house. How very sweet Heaven is becoming to us! How many of earth's most precious treasures have been given up to Heaven within the last few months! Adams, Beadle, Boardman, how their names throng upon us when we begin to recall! What glad reunions were celebrated in the Father's house above last Sabbath morning! How many greeted the joyous entrance of Dr. Dickson there! You can see them thronging around him, the spiritual children who have gone before from this church, and from so many churches! How rapturous his joy as he stretches out his hand and says, "Ye are my crown and my joy!" With what precious jewels

is Dr. Dickson's crown set, the souls he has brought home to God!

Farewell, Brother, farewell. We will try to follow thee even as thou also didst follow Christ. And soon, very soon, dear Brother, we will meet thee again in the Father's house, and together be forever with the Lord!

The next speaker referred more particularly to the Baltimore pastorate, in the following words:

ADDRESS OF THE REV. DR. JOHN C. BACKUS.

The mourning of this occasion is not a mere sentiment. Tender and sacred associations have indeed been severed. To myself personally one of the strongest, most intimate, confidential and useful friendships of a more than usually protracted ministry has been closed by the event that has brought us together. How many here have lost a dear friend! What then must be the feelings of those who have been wounded in the keenest of the natural affections? Yet we are here in this House of God, and not in a private dwelling, because a great public loss has been suffered.

This is not the time for a full, discriminating account of the life and character of the lamented servant of God. His life-long friend, who has just sat down, has given as ample a sketch as such a service will permit. It ought not to pass, however, without recalling something of the life with which we were more particularly associated.

Assembled in this Westminster church, where so important a part of his ministry was spent, it is appropriate to remind you that his was the *longest*, the most favored and successful pastorate it has yet known. It had, under Dr. William J. Hoge's youthful and very attractive, though brief ministry, just passed through its infancy. That was the era of its taking form, becoming established, getting into a condition for work. Gathered from various scattered congregations, of diverse character, it required those four years to take shape and become settled so as to be a homogeneous body. The first treasurer told me that in those four years there were as many who left as there were at any one time in the church. And yet there was a constant, steady growth.

Dr. Dickson came just as it was getting ready for its mission as a church. He came from a region that had been prolific in ministers, and to which this city and Presbytery are more indebted for their supply than is generally recognized. He came of that Scotch-Irish element to which our church and country owe as much, under God, as to any other. That rare blending of earnest enthusiasm with patient perseverance, genial vivacity, with hard, practical sense, was displayed by him on all occasions. And what gave these characteristics their peculiar religious influence was, that the blending had been developed from the first in the old country and, when transplanted into this, under gracious revivals. He came, too, with a ripened experience from his for

mer settlements in Franklin and Wheeling, where he had the finest opportunity for the exercise and development of his extraordinary gifts and graces for the ministerial work.

Just when this church was sorrowing under its first vacancy, one of the prominent elders happened to be detained over Sabbath as he was passing through Wheeling, and attended the church to which Dr. Dickson then ministered. So impressed was he with the earnestness, the evangelical spirit, the directness and eloquence of the preaching, the appropriate and edifying method of conducting the devotional services, the warm zeal manifested in the Sabbath School and all church work, as well as with the account given of his popularity and influence, that he immediately directed the attention of this congregation to him, and he was at once unanimously called.

What no doubt added greatly to the efficiency and success of his pastorate here was its being early attended with a remarkable effusion of the Holy Spirit. Not long after his settlement, when his family were away, a feeling of special loneliness seems to have come over him, and he became deeply depressed. With all his vivacity and hopefulness, he was subject to occasional depressions. Perhaps he missed the old friendships of Wheeling, when the Baltimore ones had not fully ripened.

He looked on the dark side; he saw discouragements that had not occurred to him when the field was viewed from a distance. He questioned wheth-

er he ought to have left his former charge where he was doing so useful a work and was so beloved. But out of the depths he cried unto the Lord, How often has that call, "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!" been graciously answered. And he found how God's power is made perfect in human weakness. The Spirit was poured down from above, and a most precious revival followed. More than one hundred were added to the church that year, and nearly two hundred in that and the following year. Many of them were persons who had been prominent in politics and business. Husbands and wives, parents and children, teachers and scholars, young men and maidens all stood together here and professed their covenant vows.

This season of refreshing gave an impulse to the church that continued for years. The membership was doubled. Many became active workers. It deepened the unction of his preaching, gave increased efficiency to his pastoral work, brought him into more intimate communion with the people, and thus greatly enhanced his influence in the congregation, and his reputation in the community. He had only to be thus more intimately known to be felt. His warm enthusiasm, his genial temperament, his keen insight into human nature, his tender sympathy, his ripe experience, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, his wonderful power of illustration, detecting the slightest analogies, his readiness in reply, all gave him great influence in social life. Those who came in contact with him at the family board, friendly

gatherings or more public meetings were always deeply impressed with this. These remarkable gifts rendered him an invaluable co-worker in such a city. He took an interest in all questions, was always ready to bear his part. What he said was to the point, his selections for reading, his devotional services, his addresses were appropriate and at the same time animating and stirring. So that his brethren regarded him as a host in himself. Our weeks of prayer have never had such an interest since.

After ten or twelve years, through such a successful ministry, and his appearances in our church courts, his reputation had become widely extended over the church. In 1868, before the re-union, on the resignation of Dr. Musgrave, he was called to the Secretaryship of the O. S. Board of Domestic Missions. His brethren then felt that he was eminently qualified to fill most usefully and successfully this important post. The call deeply impressed him, but he loved the pastoral office, and as his own mind was not clear, and he devolved the responsibility of a decision on the Presbytery, it was, after careful deliberation, determined that he ought not to go—and Presbytery refused to dissolve the pastoral relation.

The attention of the whole church, however, was directed to him as a fit person for such a post. And at the re-union in 1870 he was not only elected Permanent Clerk of the General Assembly, but also when the whole benevolent work of the church had to be readjusted, and it was found that an able, thor-

oughly qualified Old School man must be selected to go into the Secretaryship of the Home Board—upon the success of which that of all the others greatly depended—he was at once unanimously elected, on the nomination of the late Dr. Adams, then the leader of the New School branch of the church. It seems now a remarkable coincidence that his physician and devoted friend (who was a member of Presbytery as an Elder, when the subject of his dismissal came again before the body in 1870, and earnestly opposed it) gave it as his opinion that if he were transferred to that post he would not live more than ten years: and he did actually break down just ten years after, and died the next year on the same day of the month. This, however, no friend could foresee. His field of labor in this church had somewhat changed. After the war the city began to extend rapidly north, west and east. Business increasingly encroached upon this neighborhood: the residences of the congregation rapidly changed; numbers of his old parishioners moved up town; so that after ten years hardly any of those he left continued near the church. He felt greatly the pressure of the call in that crisis of the church, and the change alluded to no doubt reconciled him to a removal; and, after prayerful deliberation, he expressed his willingness to accept the post. Presbytery, reluctant as it was to dissolve the pastoral relation, and grant him a dismission, did not feel at liberty longer to refuse. It has been a great satisfaction to me to learn recently that, while

he never expressed a regret that he went when he did, yet he did say that he was grateful he did not go in 1868, as the last two years of his pastorate were among the pleasantest of his life. And I notice that the accessions to his church in these years were greater than in any except the years of special revival.

The results of the ten years labor as Secretary of the Board also seem to justify the step. A better selection could not have been made. He was pre-eminently fitted, in talents and disposition, in gifts and graces, for this most responsible post, in which, under God, he accomplished so much for the church and his generation. The Presbyterian church has been highly favored in having so distinguished men to fill such important and responsible positions through her history, some of whom have gone to their reward. You will at once recall the names of Walter Lowrie, John Breckinridge, Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, and others that will ever be held in honored remembrance. Each had specially eminent gifts. But no Secretary ever made deeper impressions, waked warmer interest, or won more hearts by his eloquent appeals in the pulpit, on the platform, or on the floor of an ecclesiastical body, than our revered brother. His first official appearance, in the General Assembly at Chicago, in 1871, stirred that body as it had never been stirred before. No one who then heard him will ever forget the occasion. These impressions were repeated at each succeeding Assembly. His addresses became the prominent

features of the meetings. So wherever he went, from Presbytery to Presbytery, from Synod to Synod, he kindled an enthusiasm much like that of Alexander Duff when he first returned from India, and so stirred Scotland on the subject of Foreign Missions. His last, perhaps profoundest, impression was made at the first Pan Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, on "Home Missions in the United States."

But time would fail me should I attempt to depict this last ten years' work—his high conception of what was to be done in evangelizing the land, his fidelity, conscientiousness, supreme devotion to the work—how he studied the field, journeyed, wrote, spoke, ever saying "This one thing I do." The requirements were arduous and exacting, and his services were manifold. But it was too much for him. The anxious thought, the earnest activity, the intense excitement, spending and being spent, wore him out prematurely. Inan ordinary pastoral charge he might, humanly speaking, have labored on through another decade or more. But in this service he broke down. It was, however, in his Master's cause, and he never begrudged the sacrifice; I merely now recall it that you may have in mind, as we carry him to his burial, what God did by him, and what He will permit those to do for His cause who are willing to present their "bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

And now, in conclusion, I will only add that at the first funeral service I attended with him, as we

stood by the open grave and lowered down the coffined remains, in a clear and distinct voice he recited that answer of the Catechism, "The souls of be-"lievers are at their death made perfect in holiness, "and do immediately pass into glory; and their "bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their "graves till the resurrection." The faith and hope of these precious truths give what an aspect to this occasion! Look into that coffin. He is not there. He is risen. We look merely to see the place where he laid—the tabernacle in which he dwelt for a time. "The Lord formed man out of the dust of the "ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath "of life." The *dust* must return to the earth as it was, must rest in the grave; be taken down, as the house infected with leprosy, that it may be reconstructed in the resurrection, and "fashioned like un-"to our Saviour's glorious body." "As by one man "sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so "death passed upon all, for that all have sinned." The bodies of believers, however, are *still united to Christ.* And He has said "I am the resurrection "and the life: he that believeth in me, though he "were dead, yet shall he live."

But the *Spirit* shall ascend to God who gave it—it is now, this day, with Christ in Paradise—it has entered into the joy of the Lord. "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself." Comfort one another with these words. He shall not return to us, but we may go to him. Give all diligence to make your calling

sure. So an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

At the conclusion of his address Dr. Backus read the hymn :

"High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our mortal sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love;
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

"'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs triumphant rise—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love;
Happy spirits, they are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

"All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest."

After the singing the Rev. Dr. J. F. Stearns, of Newark, New Jersey, a member of the Board of Home Missions, made a short address.

The Rev. Dr. William C. Roberts, the newly-chosen successor of Dr. Dickson, as Secretary of the Board, then made the following address:

"What means this concourse of solemn worshippers, and the pall of sadness resting on every heart? A Prince in Israel has fallen, and the people have come together to do him honor. It cannot be said of him, as of the illustrious Patriarch, "He died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; for his eye was not dim, nor was his natural force abated. He was not prostrated by the arrow that flieth by day, nor by the pestilence that walketh in darkness; but he was brought to death in the midst of his years, a victim to constant care and incessant toil for his country's good. If it is sweet and praiseworthy to die for one's country, it is surely sweeter and more praiseworthy to die for the eternal well being of one's people. We have now before us an illustrious example of such a death.

Dr. Dickson was so tender and sympathetic that he was touched by every note of sorrow, and ready to bear upon his generous heart all the trials and discouragements of his brethren. Knowing this, Christian mothers besought him to send missionaries to care for their boys who had gone to the plains of Nebraska, the far off Rocky Mountains, and beyond the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras. College classmates, from distant fields, begged of him, for the sake of old and sacred associations, to help them in their poverty, to relieve them in their embarassments, and cheer them in their despondency.

Old friends pleaded with him to send the Word of Life to their destitute neighborhoods, and remember the perishing in their midst. These pitiful appeals of mothers, classmates and friends rang in his ears day and night. He presented them to God in prayer, pressed them on the attention of the churches, and incorporated them in his great speeches before the Synod and the General Assembly. All of this was prostrating to the mind and paralyzing to the powers of the body.

To a sensitive nature like his the draught upon the nervous sensibilities, in ordinary times, must have been almost beyond endurance; but in such years as followed the moneyed crisis of 1873 it was unavoidably prostrating. The people as well as their pastors suffered in many sections of our land for the want of the necessaries of life, and the Board was unable to render them the needed help. Anxiety about the means necessary to carry on the work of the Board greatly increased the burden under which his stout heart was already staggering. Be spent sleepless nights over the condition of the work of Missions, and poured forth such loud appeals in the ears of Presbyteries and Synods as demanded of him more vitality and nervous energy than he could afford to expend. When urged by his friends to leave his work, and recruit his wasted powers, his invariable reply was "not now." His cry to the last was, "My country, my people, my beloved church!"

The two characteristics that particularly distin-

guished Dr. Dickson were his *loveableness* and his *piety*. Of him it may truly be said:

> "None knew him but to love,
> None named him, but to praise."

Even little children were attracted to him by his pleasant smile and winning ways. His friends felt that there was magic in his presence as well as magnetism in his tongue. No stranger ever approached him but with respect amounting almost to love.

His crowning glory was, perhaps, his deep and ardent piety, which rendered more attractive his other shining traits of character. He combined in admirable proportions, the emotional and the intellectual. Though one of the most ardent of men, yet he never felt that religion consisted in mere feeling, however deep or heavenly. He was a Bible Christian. He incorporated its principles in his life and actions and looked upon its precepts as the only infallible rule of faith and practice. His Christian experience and Christian activity went hand in hand. He was satisfied that he could impress others only in proportion to the depths of his own personal knowledge of what he was urging upon them. His piety was not bold and demonstrative, but gentle and full-fed from the perennial springs which flow from the Eternal Hills. He fought a good fight, and kept the faith. He laid his richest treasures, like the wise men from the East, at the feet of King Jesus, and his name shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy sweet employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

After prayer, by Dr. Roberts, the coffin was borne to the vestibule, attended by the clergymen, where an opportunity was afforded to all who wished to look upon the face of him whom they should see no more on earth.

After the congregation had withdrawn, the family, clergymen and bearers, and a few friends followed the precious dust to Loudon Park Cemetery, where it was lowered into its prepared resting place. The remains of Louisa H. Dickson, the youngest child, who died Nov. 4, 1857, had reposed in a vault beneath Westminister church until this morning, when they had been laid in her father's grave.

As the first handful of earth was cast in, the Rev. William J. Gill said:

"In the hope of a glorious resurrection we commit earth to earth, ashes to ashes."

When it was filled, an anchor of pure white flowers and ivy leaves was laid upon it by one whom he had baptized in infancy and received to the communion of the church.

Then the Rev. Mr. Gill repeated:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:

Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall

behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

He then pronounced the Benediction, when the company retired.

The Honorary Bearers were:

Benjamin Whiteley,	W. K. Carson,
H. P. C. Wilson,	D. Holliday,
E. H. Perkins,	J. K. White.

The acting bearers were:

William G. Sproston,	B. F. Smith,
George S. Sproston,	E. S. Heath,
Russell Murdoch,	J. J. Smith.

All twelve were friends of many years, and, with one exception, had been officers or members of Westminster church dnring his pastorate. That exception was an officer of another church.

It was a beautiful September day, and the warm, bright sunshine, and the calmness and peace that prevailed, together with the sweet words of comfort that had been uttered, had a soothing influence upon the little company that now separated for their homes.

III.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT FRANKLIN, PENN.

"What is done is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, everliving, everworking Universe, and will also work there for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time."

CARLYLE.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

PSALM CXII. 6.

III. MEMORIAL SERVICES AT FRANKLIN, PENN.

When the tidings came that Dr. Dickson was no longer amongst the living of earth, the Session of the church of Franklin, where he had exercised his first ministry, was convened to take action expressive of their love for the man, and of reverence for his memory. After conversation in regard to his work in this individual church, and the yet more important work in the church at large, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, God in his all wise providence has called to his rest, Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., a former pastor of this Church, a valued minister of Jesus Christ, and a Secretary of one of the important Boards of the Church; therefore,

Resolved, I. That in this dispensation we recognize the hand of God, and bow reverently to His sovereign will.

II. That calling to mind the excellency of his character, his valuable services to this church and the church at large, we record our sincere sorrow at his death, the testimony of our deep affection for his memory, and our unalterable love for him as our former pastor.

III. That in view of his former relation to this church and his life long attachment to it, and of the deep love and reverence we bear in our hearts for him, the chancel of the church be draped in mourning for thirty days, and a memorial service held on Sabbath morning, Sep. 25th.

IV. That a copy of this paper be sent to the family of our departed brother, and spread upon the records of the church.

SIGNED BY THE CLERK.

In accordance with these resolutions, memorial services were held in the church on the morning of Sabbath, the twenty-fifth of September, 1881, The chancel, reading desk, and tables were draped tastefully in sables by the loving hands of those who had listened to the voice of the preacher in childhood. One of the large chairs in the chancel was similarly draped, and on a small table by its side was a large harp of Immortelles, the offering of a life-long friend. Vases and baskets of flowers, the spontaneous offerings of friends, were placed on the desk, on the platform, and on the table beneath the pulpit. The sweet breath of calla lilies mingled with that of white carnations and rose buds floated out on the atmosphere, and testified to the kind memories that lingered in the community.

After a solemn and fitting anthem by the choir, and Invocation, the 752d selection from the Hymnal was sung:

"Soon and forever—such promise our trust,"
Though ashes to ashes and dust unto dust—
"Soon and forever" our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer! in Thee;
When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er
Its pangs and its partings remembered no more,
Where life cannot fail and where death cannot sever:
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and forever."

"Soon and forever the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
Soon and forever the soldier lays down
His sword for a harp and his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near;
When—blessed reward of each faithful endeavor—
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and forever."

After reading appropriate selections from the Word, and prayer by the pastor, the five hundred and eighty-seventh hymn was sung:

"What though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue.

Th' eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us; and his voice
Still animates our heart.

'Lo I am with you!' saith the Lord;
Thy church shall safe abide,
For Thou wilt ne'er forsake Thine own
Whose souls in Thee confide."

The following memorial discourse was then delivered by the pastor of the church: Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, D. D.:

MEMORIAL SERMON.

"*How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!*"—JEREMIAH XLVIII: 17.

On the tomb of Æschylus of Athens was inscribed this brief sentence: "He was a soldier and fought on the field of Marathon." This epitaph was framed by himself. No mention was made of his great excellencies as a poet. No reference to his wonderful triumphs as a writer of tragedies, under the influence of which the multitude wept and laughed as they were moved by the power of his genius and his strong grasp of their emotional natures. There was only to his mind this one fact: he had been a soldier, and stood up for his country when the enemy was thundering at its gates. In that heroic age war bore in its bosom the very highest achievements of human glory. To stand up for one's country, and suffer and die in its cause, furnished the strongest claims to immortality. The Spartan mother gave her son a shield on the eve of his marching to battle, with the curt speech: "Return with this, or on it!"

The world has more light now than when Æschylus fought at Marathon. The standard of heroism is different now from what it was when mothers sent their sons to battle and to death for a name and an empty fame. The better light is that which beamed

forth from the cross planted at Jerusalem eighteen centuries and a half ago. It is the light that goes down into the deepest depths of the human heart, and removes its gloom. It is the light that falls on the pathway of human duty, and shows how the grandest achievements in the life of an immortal soul may be wrought out. It is the light that shows the way up the steeps of life, and away beyond the earth and the stars, to the very home of the Highest!

And under this light and this sublime vision, the highest triumphs of humanity are recorded in language far different from that of the tragic poet of Athens. The sublimest knowledge now is to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent. The grandest achievements are wrought out now, not on the tented field, not amid the roar and crash of battle, but in the simple, sublime service of Jesus Christ. In this service a name is to be secured that will be bright when stars grow pale; and crowns and palms and harps inherited, that will be beautiful when all this world's fair things have turned to dust!

The soldier of the Cross, the minister of Jesus Christ, who has been faithful unto death, has achieved a success that surpasses "all Greek, all Roman fame." His work on earth is in connection, not with a temporal, but with a spiritual kingdom; not with wars and battles, the results of human ambition or human love of power, but of the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan, and the

establishment of the kingdom of Christ on the earth, and its final victory over the kingdom of sin.

And the work of God's people is partly on earth and partly in heaven. It is carried forward here in the midst of weakness and pain and dying. It will be carried forward hereafter in the light of God; away above the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills, where worlds, that now seem like the powdered star-dust on the robe of night, will be all ablaze with the glory of God, and be fitting fields for the service of the ransomed of the Lord throughout the eternal years.

This world and all the worlds are fast anchored to the throne of God. Just as the silver cord of gravity binds them all together by physical law, so does the golden cord of eternal love bind them all together in the loving embrace of the Great Father of light and love.

And the throne and the footstool may be nearer together than we mortals ever dream of. If we had the spiritual perception Jacob had at Bethel, we might often see the same golden ladder that was visible to him, reaching up from earth to heaven, and not only the angels of God ascending and descending, but the redeemed of the Lord ascending its golden rounds, under the convoy of the angels, going up to higher spheres of service and more blessed enjoyments in the realms of the beautiful. But our visions are dull; our conceptions are material, and we judge from what we see with our natural eye, and we think of heaven as very far away, and of those

who leave us here as gone forever from our sight. And when some illustrious servant of God lays down his battered armor, and his shield and spear, bruised and broken in the conflict, to go up to the presence of the King, and be crowned, and enter upon his kingdom, we cry out in our sorrow and tears: "How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!"

We too often fail to read God's providence in the light of the world to come. We do not avail ourselves of the light God gives us to interpret what else is so dark and mysterious. We look to poor human reason alone, and are sadly misled in matters that are vastly above all reason and all natural light. We try to look at the outer court and find all mysteries solved there, and forget the glory of the inner sanctuary, beautiful with light and with the clear revelation of God. We weep over the present and forget the joy of the future. We place our faces in the dust of earth and cry out "how dark this world is," and forget to look up at the stars, where the glory of the Lord is revealed. When we cry out, how is the strong staff broken, in regard to the departure of God's servants, we forget that God has said, "I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." We forget that the beautiful rod, instead of being broken and thrown away, has budded more beautifully in the House of the Lord than did that of Aaron in the Tabernacle, and is stronger and more beautiful in heaven than it could be upon the earth. Earth is but the training school of heaven. The redeemed of the Lord are

on the earth prepared for their work in heaven. And as true life only dawns when the gates of immortality are thrown open, so the full service only commences when God's people pass through this gate, and look upon God, and see His kingdom in all its length and breadth and beauty and glory! Oh! not broken, but made strong is the staff, when the sweet, restful change comes. Still more beautiful and glorious is the beautiful rod, when the curtain is rolled away that separates between the holy place of this life and the Holy of Holies of the life to come.

Providence has its great mysteries. We cannot fathom them here; we cannot take in the mighty sweep of the pathway of Omnipotence, nor can we see the steps by which He accomplishes His infinite counsels. We but trust in His wisdom and faithfulness and leave results to Him. We sit under the cloud and see but its dark shadow. We look only at its sombre folds, its gloomy reflection, and at the jealous hiding of the sunlight. We forget the rain that is borne in its bosom to water the earth; the electricity that hides in its folds to purify the atmosphere and restore the equilibrium of its many forces; and lose sight altogether of the soft silver and burnished gold that deck and beautify its upper strata, as the great sun looks upon it and paints it with his golden beams.

We look at some beautiful and valuable life that has gone out when we thought the world and the church most needed it, and cry out, how mysterious

are the ways of Providence! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! But in this we are taking our view from the earthly standpoint; we see but the earth side of the cloud. We forget the beautiful, heavenward side, all lustrous with the light of God. So let us remember that the life broken off here, however beautiful and valuable, is continued in the hereafter—that the song with mingled notes of pain and gladness, when broken off here, will burst forth in beauty and joy, and become lofty and triumphant forever in heaven. God has some grand, excellent work in heaven for those who have been his valued and faithful servants upon earth.

The world is all beautiful and God's service on earth desirable; it bears with it so much sweetness and joy; but the world to come is far more beautiful, and God's service infinitely more desirable than here. And God chooses the time and the circumstances when His people shall be transfered to the other side.

And there is the change from this world to the next. There is the transfer from the present to the future,

> "But lying darkly between,
> Winding down through the night,
> Is the silent, unknown stream,
> That leads at last to the light.
> Closer and closer come my steps
> To the dread abysm
> Closer death to my lips
> Presses the awful chrism!"

But this stream is no longer an unknown tide. It has been crossed by Him at whose footprints it shrunk away as did Jordan at the footprints of the priests who bore the Ark of the Lord. It is neither deep nor cold now to those who have faith in God and who walk by the side of Jesus. It is only to our poor, imperfect vision that the change seems so undesirable. It is because we cannot see that the shadows that lie across the valley so terrify us. In the light of the sublime faith of the Gospel of Christ we can be quite sure that dying is to God's people but going in to see the light and be at home in eternal joy.

Cyrus Dickson was the third son of William and Christiana Moorhead Dickson, and was born in Harbor Creek, Erie County, Pennsylvania, on the twentieth day of December, 1816. He was a child of the covenant. His father was an elder in the church during the greater part of his manhood. At one time he lived in Venango County, in the same State; in his later years he resided in the State of Illinois. His mother was a daughter in the long line of believing, praying Christians. He was early dedicated to God in baptism, and from his earliest childhood was taught the way of life. That mother's prayers and quiet talks and earnest exhortations he never forgot. Through this faithful, Christian education, by the blessing of God's Spirit, he was brought into the fold of Christ. He seemed to grow up into the knowledge and truth of God, and to feel that he belonged to the Lord, and so felt it not only a duty

but a privilege to consecrate himself forever to His service.

When but a boy he turned his face toward the Gospel Ministry and commenced his preparatory studies in the Erie Academy. Being a bright, hopeful boy, he made good progress in his studies, and was in good time prepared for College. The young collegian gave promise of his future devotion to the Lord's work by engaging in the work of tract distribution during one of his vacations. It was in 1833, when a boy of seventeen years. The Brainard Evangelical Society had published a little tract of four pages, called "Duty to the Heathen," with a resolution to place a copy of it in the hands of every family in Western Pennsylvania. This work was to be done by volunteer students. During the Fall vacation, Mr. Dickson, in company with two others, volunteered to take the borough of Erie and nine townships in his native county. From what we know of the character and resolution of the man, we may conclude that the work was accomplished. In a letter yet extant, relating to this work, he says: "I must be about my Father's business." He graduated at Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1837, and subsequently received the Honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Washington College in 1858. After his graduation he taught for a time in New Jersey, in the neighborhood of Princeton, carrying on his theological studies at the same time, and was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Erie on the fifteenth day of

October, 1839. In December of the same year he was sent as a supply to Franklin, Pennsylvania, at that time vacant. At this place he gave such good satisfaction, and so commended himself to the hearts and judgments of the people that a call was extended to him for his pastoral labors. This call he accepted, and he was ordained and installed as pastor by the Presbytery of Erie on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1840. This was a most pleasant relation to both pastor and people. The church of Franklin was then small and weak, and for six years he gave half his time to Sugar Creek, a congregation about seven miles in the country. The last two years of his work at Franklin were given wholly to that congregation. There were many young, professional men in Franklin at that time, who afterwards became eminent in the political world, who gave him their support and encouragement, and he soon ranked as one of the most popular and promising young ministers in the church. There was a brilliancy and glow about his preaching that were peculiarly attractive to the hearers, and which gave promise of a prominent future.

Early in the Spring of 1848, an effort was made to secure his services in a second church in Wheeling, West Virginia, then just organized. Very much to the regret of the people of Franklin, the young minister was constrained to regard this as a call from above, and asked the Presbytery to dissolve his pastoral relation. This was done on the sixteenth day of March, 1848, and Mr. Dickson was dismissed to the

Presbytery of Washington. At the same meeting of Presbytery calls for his pastoral labors had been presented from the churches of Rock Island and Camden, Illinois. These the Presbytery declined putting into his hands. The pastoral relation with the church in Franklin had continued about eight years, attended by a good degree of success, and was terminated with mutual respect and love on the part of both pastor and people.

In his new field of labor in Wheeling, Mr. Dickson met with great success in building up the infant church. He was assisted by a number of active, vigorous helpers, who had connected themselves with the organization, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the church growing and prospering through the influence of the Spirit of God. His labors seemed to be prospered and he had the mind to work.

All these years he was growing, both intellectually and spiritually, and giving indications of the sprightliness and brilliancy that characterized his maturer years, when called to more important and responsible fields. His popular manners, readiness of speech and tact in seizing upon times and circumstances, in enforcing the truth and illustrating its power, gave him great advantages as a preacher and as a guide to popular sentiment. He gave a freshness and zest to his discourses that rendered him peculiarly the preacher of the day. While he was not unfamiliar with close, laborious thinking, even at this early day, yet he had the tact of introduc-

ing the illustrations of the present in such a way as to make everything seem new and vivid. There was the nicety of art in his manner, yet the outward appearance of nature and simplicity that was most pleasing and attractive.

In 1856 he accepted a call to the Westminster church, Baltimore, Maryland: having served the people of the second church in Wheeling to their full satisfaction and profit. It seemed to him the path of duty; and with pain he sundered the ties that bound him to his second pastoral charge, and took up the work of his life once more amongst strangers. But he was never long amongst strangers. He made friends rapidly, and was soon at home in his new field of labor.

Here, as in his other pastoral charges, he gathered around him a willing band of faithful workers, and the church was increased, strengthened and edified. It seemed to him then that Baltimore would be his field of labor for the remainder of his active life. Both himself and family became greatly attached to the city and people, and felt as though it was to be their home, after the changes that had been their lot thus far in the Lord's work.

But the Master had other and more vigorous work for His servant. There was to be a change in the whole tenor and disposition of his work. And for this, much of the rough, vigorous training of his early life had been fitting him. The same wisdom that took David from following the sheep and contending with the lion and the bear, to rule over Is-

rael, was now calling his servant who had seen hard service in cultivating the paternal acres; who had toiled over the rough hills of Venango County, Pennsylvania, seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and in building up the infant church of Wheeling, in West Virginia, to one of the most responsible positions in the church.

At the time of the reunion of the two branches of the church, in 1870, the work of Home Missions assumed an importance it had never presented before. The field was greatly enlarged. What had been the work of two churches was now consolidated into one, and it was thought advisable to secure the wisdom and judgment and labor of two Secretaries. Dr. Henry Kendall had commended himself grandly in his work in one of these branches, and as another was sought, the choice fell upon Dr. Dickson, who, by an unanimous voice, was elected Co-ordinate Secretary with Dr. Kendall. This opened up a new field of effort, and brought into service powers of which his friends had hardly dreamed. His popular manners and ready, extemporaneous speech adapted him to the work: first of laboring in the regions beyond, and secondly, of arousing the Synods and General Assemblies, in his annual visits to their meetings. In these visits he not only appeared before every General Assembly, but before a large proportion of the Synods, taking them in rotation. He made himself familiar with the wants of the Great West, visiting large portions of it, extending one of his trips even to Texas. It was

his policy to see personally, as far as possible, every missionary on the great lines of travel, by notifying them to meet him at some point on the road nearest to their field of labor. In this way he and the other Secretary, in course of time, were better prepared for the conduct of their work.

But the result shows that he tested his powers, both physical and mental, beyond their power of endurance. That finely-woven nervous organization could not long endure the strain that was brought to bear upon it in the service of the Board. That large brain, so thoroughly flooded with blood, in times of public speech, must give way under this almost constant excitement. That strong physical frame could not endure all the burdens laid upon it by the willing mind and the energetic purpose. It had become evident to his friends, long perhaps before the suspicion had crossed his own mind, that the eloquent preacher, the faithful pastor, and the brilliant Secretary, was taxing himself beyond his powers, and was wearing out. The bright Damascus blade was slowly wearing away the more fragile scabbard, and there must be relief or the work must fail.

It was at the meeting of the General Assembly of 1880 that the church at large became aware of his failing health, and of the probabilities that his valuable services would be lost to the Board of Home Missions. By the unanimous vote of that General Assembly he was relieved for one year of all labor and care in connection with the Board, in

the hope that rest and change of scene would restore him to his wonted health and vigor.

But the result has shown that his days of labor and thought and active energy were over. The ensuing sixteen months were spent chiefly amid the scenes of his last pastoral labor, in the beautiful city of Baltimore, where he closed his eyes in peace, in the early morning of the Lord's Day, September 11, 1881. Early on that Sabbath morning, ere the bells had commenced ringing to summon the people to the service of the Sanctuary on earth, the bells of heaven rang out a glad peal of welcome to the servant of God as he entered into rest and received his crown.

There was no note of triumph sounded at the close. There were no last words of testimony whispered as the change came. There was no need of these to this life-long servant of the Lord. But there was that peace God gives to his children. There was comfort drawn from the living word, ere disease had sapped the foundations of life, and weakness had prostrated the powers so noble when in health. There is the life to testify. There are the long years of faithful, loving service rendered to God and His Church; and the testimony of the thought, and the words and the works for nearly half a century to show us that for him it was a most blessed thing to die. We do not know what Paul's last words were, nor what John, the beloved, felt in the immediate prospect of the change; we do not know what Peter's testimony was as he hung upon

the cross ; but we do know how they all lived, and so believe that they all died in faith, on the testimony of their godly lives.

His mortal remains were laid to rest on Wednesday, the 14th, in the Cemetery of Baltimore, near those of an infant daughter, who had fallen asleep during the period of his pastorate there.

In the early months of 1840, Dr. Dickson was united in marriage with Miss Delia E. Mc Connell, of Girard, Pennsylvania, who survives him. In her he always found a most congenial companion : a wife eminently adapted to his peculiar temperament, and specially fitted to help him in his varied work. He relied on her judgment; his restless, nervous temperament was balanced by her cooler, quicker perceptions ; her hopeful, cheerful disposition shed light upon his way, when else it would have seemed very dark, so that his heart could always safely trust in her.

Besides the little infant that sleeps beneath the flowers in Baltimore, three daughters survive their father—Miss Margaret C., Mrs. Eva R. Smith, of Illinois, and Mrs. Fannie D. Leavens, of Connecticut. The aged mother of Mrs. Dickson, now advanced beyond the years of four score, has for more than forty years been an inmate of the household.

The circle is broken now. A strong link in the chain has been sundered. A sky that was bright with sunshine and with stars has darkened, and the clouds that have gathered will seem very heavy. There will be quietness in the home where cheer-

fulness and peace and most blessed tranquility once prevailed. There will be the changes common to this world; there will be the meeting and the parting; the sorrowing and the rejoicing; and then there will be the glad reunion in the Father's House, and the joyous Home-keeping forever!

In person Dr. Dickson was rather below the medium stature, with massive chest and large neck, clear, blue eye, over which his brow projected grandly as the mountain cliff; thin, sandy hair, becoming somewhat gray in later years, and with a voice rich and sweet and melodious as the evening voice of bells. He had great fluency of speech, and like Chrysostom of old, might well have been styled "the golden-mouthed." He had wonderful command of an audience. There was a magnetism in the man that drew all hearts to him, and enchained the attention until the last word was uttered. It mattered not whether he was preaching the Gospel in some quiet country church, or speaking on the subject of his Missionary work before the august General Assembly, he threw heart and soul into the work, thrilling his own heart and the hearts of his audience with the theme; deluging his brain with his heart's blood, and working up his fine nervous organism to the most intense pitch, and then going home to exhaustion and helplessness and despondency.

Dr. Dickson did not often seek relief from labor. An occasional trip to the West to visit his aged father gave him recreation, and increased his ac-

quaintance with that portion of the church, its wants and its resources, that assisted him greatly in the work of his later years. During his pastorate in Baltimore, in the year 1856, he made a tour to the Orient, extending his visit to Egypt, but failing to reach the Holy Land on account of political troubles that had broken out in that portion of Syria. Again, in 1877, he crossed the ocean as a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, Scotland, on which occasion he extended his visit through the United Kingdom and a portion of the Continent.

His official position as Permanent Clerk of the General Assembly, since the Re-union, brought him to all the meetings of that body, and enlarged the circle of his acquaintance by bringing him in contact with ministers and elders from all sections of the church, and thereby greatly enlarging his sphere of usefulness.

As a social man he possessed very many fine qualities. There was a genial freshness in his nature that was most attractive. He surpassed in conversational powers, and was the chief attraction in social circles where he was present. He knew how to unbend without descending to levity ; and there was an Attic wit about him that relieved him from all suspicion of dulness. In the home, and in the social circle elsewhere, he was a power in inducing cheerfulness and enjoyment. His range of reading and of thought was large and his resources almost inexhaustible. He seemed acquainted with the past

and its changes; with the present and its improvements; and was well informed on all subjects, historical, scientific and theological, so that his conversation was at once interesting and instructive.

As a Christian, Dr. Dickson was a growing man. With a loving faith in Jesus from the first of his Christian life, there was in the latter half of his life a steady, sensible growth in grace that made the hearts of his friends glad. There was not the less cheerfulness nor mirth even, but there was the growing consciousness in the minds of his friends that he was getting nearer to God, and that Christ was increasingly precious to his soul. His whole life seemed to embody the words of St. Paul: "This one thing I do." And this Christian growth continued throughout his entire professional life. It was seen in the drift of his thoughts; in the spiritual character of his conversation, and in his untiring zeal in the Lord's work.

But he is perfect now. The dross has all been removed. The wood, hay and stubble have all been consumed, and the fine gold remains in its purity and beauty. He stands beside the throne. He is like Jesus. He sees Him as He is.

As a preacher he had rare power. He did not write his sermons. They were prepared carefully in his study from very meagre written briefs or skeletons. His clear, comprehensive mind seemed to grasp the subject almost intuitively, and mold it into shape as by some unwonted power, adorning it with classical allusions, and fashioning it into chaste

and beautiful forms. His usual style of preaching was the textual, analyzing the text, and word by word elucidating its meaning, bringing out its force, showing its connections, and making everything about it as clear as the light of noonday.

His illustrations were very happy. They were drawn from the ancient Classics; from Mythology; from the Poets; and from his own inexhaustible knowledge of human nature.

His sermons were Scriptural. With all the flowers of modern Poesy, and all the gorgeous drapery of classic story and poetic legend, every sermon was yet radiant with the bright tints of the Rose of Sharon, and fragrant with the aroma of the Lily of the Valley. There was beauty and grace, and at the same time the rich marrow of the Gospel. There was the truth and the life, and always a pointing of the earnest soul to the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world.

He preached, always, in every place, Christ the Saviour of sinners, the Helper of the helpless, the Joy of the sorrowing, the only Redeemer from sin and from death. Whilst he preached the terrors of the Law in fair proportion, he yet delighted in setting forth the love of Jesus. The Healing Balm and the living waters were to him always at hand, a joy and a delight; and these were placed before the suffering and the sorrowing, with a tenderness and an unction that showed how familar he was himself with the Cross and the mercy seat. The applications of his sermons were always personal to the

hearer, tender and affectionate, and calculated to seal the truth on the hearts and consciences of the audience.

As a *pastor* he had rich and valuable gifts. He was able to get very near to the hearts of his people. In times of conviction and sorrow and despondency, he could, by his tenderness and sympathy and acquaintance with the human heart, find his way to the very holy of holies of the soul's sanctuary. He knew when and where to speak words of warning and reproof, as well as of caution and alarm ; and when to speak of comfort, consolation and hope. The living truth of God was what he relied on to lead the soul to the truth, and this he applied most skillfully.

In trouble and sickness and bereavement he was specially thoughtful, attentive and tender toward his people. His words of consolation and comfort brought healing and peace. He readily became acquainted with all his congregation. He sought them out, and became familiar with their wants. He had a word for each one and a token of recognition for all ages. By his pastoral gifts and their exercise he attracted his people to himself and to their church, and in this way increased greatly his influence over them ; and that influence was always exerted to the utmost for their welfare.

As one of the Secretaries of the Board of Home Missions, Dr. Dickson was brought prominently before the whole church. This was perhaps his great work. In this position his great executive power

and his matchless eloquence were prime features of his character. The entire church was charmed by his thrilling addresses before the General Assembly. The members of the Assembly were stirred to the deep places of their souls as he pointed out the greatness of the country's possibilities, its immense resources, and the absolute necessity that the knowledge of the Gospel should be kept abreast with the growing population that was filling up the Mississippi valley, surging over the Rocky mountains, and sweeping toward the mighty Pacific. All this, interspersed with illustrations and anecdotes, made a very deep impression on the audience.

On the occasion of his last visit to Great Britain, whilst in attendance at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, at Edinburgh, he delivered one of his characteristic Home Mission Addresses. The ears of the people were opened and their hearts enlarged by the stirring addresses that had gone before, and he spoke in his best vein. As he enlarged in his wonderful description of this country; its boundless territory; its inexhaustible treasures; its rapid increase of population, and the vast sweep of its influence on the age and on the world, and the consequent necessity of taking possession of it for God and His Christ, the impression made on the audience was tremendous. One of the foremost of Scotland's thinkers made the remark afterward that he doubted whether there was a man in the United Kingdom who could have made such an impression

on that cultured audience as was made by the eloquent American.

This congregation will remember the last time he was amongst us, and how eloquently he discoursed on his favorite theme. It was in September, 1875. His thrilling address reached down into your hearts, your sympathies, and your pockets, as they have never been reached before nor since. And this was but a sample of the effect produced when he poured out his whole soul in pleading the Lord's cause in behalf of Home Missions.

His feeling of attachment and love for this, his first charge, was very strong; and, conversely, the love of this congregation for him was stronger than for any other man who ever brought his influence to bear upon it. I know well the feeling of grief and sadness that pervaded your hearts when the news came that he was dead. We can hardly yet realize it, for he seemed so well when he was last amongst us, and appeared still in the prime of his grand manhood.

But he has gone from amongst us. He has passed in to look upon the unseen of the earth. And whilst we are sad that we shall see his face no more upon earth, that we shall no more feel the warm grasp of his hand, and no more look into those kindling eyes, there is yet a chastened gladness in the thought that he has found rest. That lithe, active form, so often weary with the toils of his daily labor, now rests in the embrace of the quiet earth. That great, restless brain, so full of great thoughts and

sympathies and plans for the good of the church, yet withal so weary, no longer throbs with pain nor is oppressed with weariness, as it was in the work here. Invisible burdens no longer rest upon his shoulders. The great wrestling with the intricate problems of daily life and duty no longer oppresses him. He has found relief from all his burdens, and peace and triumph after all his conflicts. After the storm and the clouds how sweet must be the eternal sunshine!

Yea, verily, we seem to hear a great voice coming to us, above the cries and the heart sobs of time; above the echo of falling sands on the narrow sepulcher; above the words of farewell and parting upon earth. It is the voice of the Lord, full of all gladness and melody: "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" And there are other voices that come to us, broken, yet sweet; far off, yet thrilling with unutterable melody:—"These are they who have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!"

And of the society of the ransomed, the Apostle has spoken these words: "Ye are come to Mount Zion, to the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the General Assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant."

Here then, is the grand society into which this faithful pastor, this earnest laborer in God's great field has entered, as he closed his eyes upon all earthly toil. In the light of God's word and of a tender faith in the unseen, we can imagine the ascended soul under convoy of the angels, just landed on the threshold of the gate of pearl, with the shimmer of golden streets and the magnificence of jeweled walls bursting upon his view, and the joyous melody of the songs of white-robed worshippers falling upon his ears, seeking first of all Jesus, the Saviour and Redeemer. And finding Him and rendering to Him the homage of a loving, redeemed spirit, we may suppose him going forth to seek and converse, not alone with Abraham, but with Adam and Enoch, and Noah, and other of the first-born prophets of the Lord before the flood, and with all that came after; the Martyrs and witnesses of Jesus, who wear crowns on their brows, and bear palms in their hands.

And this society, the very elite of all the universe, what does it all mean? It implies knowledge of the Highest, of His grand nature, and of the magnificence of His kingdom, and the glory of His dominion, and the eternal resources of His home!

What if from Adam he hears anew the story of Creation as he heard it from the lips of God! What if with Noah he hears of the terrors of the flood, and of the goodness of the Lord in his preservation! What if with Moses he hears recounted anew the wonderful chapters of Genesis, that tell of the origin

of the earth and all human affairs! What if with Isaiah he looks down the centuries of time to see all the light of all the ages gathering around the Cross of Calvary! What if with Paul he hears once more the story of his conversion at Damascus, his visions and revelations from the Lord, and his triumphant death at Rome! What if with John he hears the recital of those wondrous Patmos visions, when the rocky isle was glorified by the light that streamed down from the open door of Heaven, and when, even upon earth, the beauty and glory of the New Jerusalem came down to give him a foretaste of its joy! And what if with others, the mighty ones of science, the illustrious ones in the great field of thought, he explores all the mysteries of creation and learns all the secrets of the stars, as he listens to their songs and bathes in the amethystine light of their glory!

Imagination grows weary in its flight, and even faith is almost dazzled at the prospect, yet no height is too exalted; no glory too radiant; no song too triumphant, for those who have been redeemed by the death of the Son of God. No place will be too high beneath the very summit of the throne of God, for immortal souls washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, redeemed from sin, and purchased by infinite and eternal love.

Yet the crowning glory and joy; the perfection of all life will be the living, glowing, joyous presence and love of Jesus, throughout all the ages, the Lord Teacher, Friend, Beloved of the soul.

Oh, say not then in your grief and sadness this day: "How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!" for the staff has become a pillar in the Temple of God; the beautiful rod has become still more beautiful, blooming forever in the Eden of the Lord.

Farewell then, friend of our early years; once pastor of this little flock; valiant soldier of the cross; eloquent preacher of Christ; earnest lover of country and of Zion; farewell for a little time; we will watch and wait until the day shall dawn to us too, and the shadows flee away from our visions as from thine, when we shall meet again, and together live and love and sing on the steeps of Mount Zion, and be forever with the Lord!

The discourse was delivered to a crowded house, whose quietness and solemnity bore witness to the love and respect that were felt for their former pastor and the kind remembrance of the worth and services of the departed to the church at large.

The services were closed by singing the thirty-second chant:

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping
Beyond the sowing and the reaping
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and Home! sweet Home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest and Home! sweet Home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and Home! sweet Home!
Lord! tarry not, but come!"

This was followed by the benediction and the departure, and the sweet memories of the early pastor and his great work for the church.

IV.
WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

"Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string,
Is set in friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high."

HOLMES.

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

GAL. VI. 2

IV. WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

The following extracts from letters received by Dr. Dickson's family, breathe alike the spirit of sympathy and of strong faith. They are the spontaneous outburst of hearts sorely smitten by a common affliction, and going forth in sympathy to a bereaved household. They come from all portions of the American church and from across the great ocean, bearing witness to the deep hold the departed minister had upon the entire church and on friends beyond. They were written at nearly the same date, showing that the electric current of friendship touched at once the hearts of a multitude of friends, and inspired them to speak words of sympathy and comfort and consolation.

These letters are all pervaded by the same spirit: it is the feeling of great loss toward those that remain, but of hope and confidence and almost joy for the one who has departed.

Whilst there is sorrow that one so good and kind, and unselfish, and so valuable to home and friends and church has been taken away; there is the common, uniform feeling that he has entered into the joy of his Lord, and is among the crowned kings who minister before the throne.

They seem, like the precious box of ointment

that was poured on the head of the Lord, to breathe a most fragrant perfume, and are fittingly placed with other tributes to the memory of the departed.

Sept. 1881.

"If you could only be helped by the sympathy that rolls up for you from a hundred loving hearts that feel they have some share in your irreparable loss! For I think, all who knew and loved the great soul that has gone, feel they will not look upon his like again, but I pray that his influence may always be active in our lives. For myself I think the memory of his noble character, made so through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, will always be something firm and convincing to hold to, in the surging sea of doubt and scepticism and speculation which threatens to engulf us."

Sept. 12, 1881.

"I feel that the death of Dr. Dickson is a personal affliction to me. There is not a brother in the ministry that I loved more dearly than your sainted husband. I went to him unhesitatingly with all my cares and troubles. I told him many things that I never told to another. He is gone. I can hardly realize the thought that I shall see his face no more. But I expect to have very delightful converse with loved ones in heaven."

Sept. 12, 1881.

"Your father, as you are well aware, was everything to me that a person of his position and influence could be to another who needed and appreciat-

ed his services. To realize that he has passed away, that I am no longer to meet and converse with him, that in no trial God may have appointed me I am to have his good and invaluable counsel and prayers, is a task that I can but slowly perform, although the undoubted words have been given me."

Sept. 13, 1881.

"I wish I could go to you, much as I should miss the warm welcome and pleasant smile of him, whom I am very grateful to be permitted to call *friend* in the real sense of the term ; and what a sincere friend he was ! What a blessing he has been to the world ; what a grand work he has done ; and now the Master has called him up higher to be with Him. What a blessed meeting of dear old friends and what *rest !*"

Sept. 13, 1881.

"We feel that we have indeed lost a friend in him whom we have long loved. Ever since those days when, as Aunt L——'s Pastor in Baltimore, we learned to love and appreciate him. He was such a welcome guest here and we had so hoped for another visit from him. We will never forget his earnest prayer for the stranger, in which we felt included when we first visited Baltimore."

Sept. 13, 1881.

"I have a part in your great sorrow. He who was your husband was my intimate and very dear friend, probably more intimate and more dear than any with whom it has been my happiness to walk in close and confiding companionship.

He has ceased from his labors and entered upon his rest. On earth it will be published far and wide 'Dr. Dickson is dead.' Many who knew him personally and many who knew him only by report, will say one to another, 'Dr. Dickson is dead!' In heaven the glad word is, 'Cyrus Dickson has entered into life."

There is sorrow in the church on earth—there is joy in the church in heaven. He is one of the ever-increasing cloud of witnesses to the all-overcoming power of faith in Christ Jesus. "If ye loved me ye would rejoice because I said I go unto my Father, for my Father is greater than I."

He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith, and now he wears the crown of righteousness, given him by the Lord, the righteous Judge. He was not cut down prematurely, judged by the grand work he accomplished. Worn out in that work—a work to him of love—the voice came down to him, 'Come up hither' and so he gladly went and entered into the joy of his Lord."

Sept. 13, 1881.

"This life is not all. Dr. Dickson had been a faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard. He had worked on in weariness, and faintness, and exhaustion, and the Lord accepted his work. But He has still other work for him. The kingdom is not all in this world. The same service is not all here. The kingdom in its glory is on high. There is work there as well as honor and glory. To that higher

work he has been called. And he now works for the same Master for whom he worked upon the earth. But he works now without toil, or weariness, or tears. He works now not under the noontide sun, but in the sweet, blessed light of the Lord God and the Lamb."

Sept. 14, 1881.

"It was with great sorrow that I heard of your bereavement—yes, and mine, for he was *very* dear to me. He was the first one that led me to the Saviour, and the first that gave me an incentive to study—but he has gone home a little before us and is at rest—blessed rest to the weary, tired one, and his works do follow him."

Sept. 14, 1881.

"What a life of unbroken service, of constant devotion, of unshaken faith, was your father's! What stars and jewels sparkled and shone in that crown he has already cast at his Saviour's feet! How sweet his rest! how unspeakable his joy, how glorious his reward!

But how large a place he has left empty in your hearts and in the church—who can fill it? I remember that Christ has promised to abide with His people, and to dwell in the church. I know that what He does is wisest and best, and yet I find myself casting about, and asking who of men can take your father's place?

Who can take up the work where he has left it? I know no one whose Christian character seems so well rounded and complete as his."

Sept. 14, 1881.

"Your sorrow is my sorrow. He was so lovely, so good, everything that could be desired—to me it seemed that he could not be spared, his usefulness was so great. But our Heavenly Father knew best. 'His ways are not our ways.' Your father's prayers at family worship I shall never forget. They were always good and comforting. Even this summer he prayed so lovingly for me."

Sept. 14, 1881.

"His life has been a full one. He has most fully realized the adage that 'It is better to wear out than to rust out.' I know of no man who was more thoroughly consecrated to the Master's service. And how he will be missed! You, dear madam, and your daughters are far from being the only ones to mourn his transfer from this to the broader field of usefulness and glory. And are we sure that the broader field must exclude this lesser one entirely? 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?' Who? If angels, why not men? Men redeemed by grace. But for him this service will be lacking in every particular which tended, 'whilst in the body pent' to make it irksome or disheartening.

Thousands of homes throughout our boundless West will long continue to lament one whose ceaseless energy and unflagging faith sent so many blessings to them."

Sept. 14, 1881.

"My heart is stirred with sympathy for you and your daughters in this your hour of deep affliction. I can never forget the many happy hours I have spent in your family, nor the many reasons I have for gratitude to your dear husband for encouragement and helps in my preparation for the ministry. I would crave it as a privilege to be considered by you in the number of those who admired and loved him while living and who now sincerely mourn his death.

God in his inscrutable wisdom has permitted one of the pillars of His earthly temple to fall, and the shock is felt throughout our Presbyterian Zion. I don't believe there is a minister in our church whose removal would touch more hearts or affect more importantly the general interests of religion.

It must always be an unspeakable satisfaction to you that he was permitted to accomplish so grand a work for the cause of Christ. And now his works do follow him. The toil and anxiety which wore him out are ended. The ardent affections which made him so attractive in life, now find scope and exercise in the society of the redeemed. With pious kindred who went before him, and many of his early friends and a great company of those who were turned to God through his ministry, he beholds the glory and sings the praises of that Saviour whom he preached so faithfully."

Sept. 14, 1881.

"It is now just the hour when the congregation is assembled in dear Westminster, whence the form of him who for so many years was its light and charm was to be borne away to return no more.

The tone of tenderness, the voice of ringing earnestness, the tongue of silvery eloquence is silent, but the memory will linger in those walls forever.

What a grand life it was, so helpful, so earnest, so gifted, always dispensing brightness and imparting strength."

Sept. 15, 1881.

"We find it very hard to realize that we have seen your dear father's genial and kindly face for the last time on earth. He was just such a man as to kindle in the hearts of others a warm personal attachment, and I suppose there is no man in the whole church who has so many warm friends, and many will be the pang of sorrow felt in hearts all over this broad land. Your honored father seemed to possess just the gifts and qualities for eminent success and usefulness in his high office."

Sept. 15, 1881.

"I honored and loved the Doctor so sincerely and deeply that I shall always mourn his loss. He was a true friend to me, kind and fatherly in all his intercourse with me, and some of his letters and messages will cheer and help me throughout life.

Now his most useful life is ended and he has gone to the land where none shall say 'I am sick.'

How often I have thought of the good-bye he gave me when I first set out for———. He repeated that beautiful verse in the last of Philippians, 'Be careful for nothing * * * * and told me to take it for a motto.

What a joy it would have been to have had Dr. Dickson preach to this large congregation from the old pulpit in which Whitefield stood! Who else could so stir the hearts of men, with enthusiasm for missions? I know not one who can. But the Head of the Church will take care of His own cause.

I can not say what I feel to-night. To think at all of my own loss is selfish. The church, the nation, and Dr. Dickson's family have lost so much that of them and not of my own grief should I think."

Sept. 15, 1881.

"Through the whole of my married life is woven the golden thread of friendship with your dear family. I remember how enthusiastically dear Mr.—— talked to me of Dr. Dickson before I knew him—how Mr. —— loved and valued him as long as he lived—how many, many times his kind, cordial greeting and cheerful, earnest words sent me on my way happier and better for having met him! How often I enjoyed his hospitality, and I can but feel that though . . . . I also feel a sense of personal loss: he was more to me than the rest.

How many of our dearest and best have gone one by one into the 'better land.' A year ago Prof.—— and now Dr. Dickson, and we have no such friends left. The loss to the world and the church of men of such pre-eminent ability, is very sad, but now I can only think of him and of you, and of the loss to ourselves."

Sept. 15, 1881.

"Since I read the telegram sent to Mr.——, I have had you all constantly in my mind, and have lived over in memory the many times in which dear Mr. Dickson gave me proof that he was never too busy to interest himself in my welfare. When I went away among strangers a letter from him secured me acquaintances which were of great service —then at different times there was the same active kindness exerted in my behalf. Doubtless, hundreds of people are pouring the same tale into your ears, now too dull with suffering to heed it, but children and grand children will hold such testimony in precious memory."

Sept. 15, 1881.

"A highly gifted honest and earnest worker in the cause of Christ, and one in the foremost rank of the Lord's band is gone, and will be missed and mourned by all, but my heart turned to the little band at home whose lives were so woven with his in the woof of love and tenderness, without one broken thread or a blur of any kind—in whose lives came no jars, no discords to bring a pang to the hearts

now of those he has left crushed and broken. The picture of your family life as I knew it long ago was always to me one of the very brightest and liveliest I ever knew, and I know what desolation has come upon it.

"Such a record of devoted, earnest, self-sacrificing work in his Master's cause! and when he had nothing more to offer, he laid down his own life, as the result of too intense interest in the cause of man, for Jesus' sake."

Sept. 12, 1881.

"Hundreds of our missionaries have expressed their sorrow that he has been laid aside from the active duties of his noble work. The Master has called him from his lower work on earth to his home in heaven."

Sept. 22, 1881.

"Who can fathom the depth of God's love for him? If we would keep him with us here, to cheer and help us bear this life's burdens, shall we wonder at the Father's desire to have His *own* with Him safe from all further care and burden?"

Sept. 16, 1881.

"Our dear Cyrus was my most faithful friend and most trusted adviser in the world. Next to my own father and in some respects taking precedence even of him, in things pertaining to our profession, he was my counselor and friend, from the moment our hands clasped at the end of 1864, until the last

weariness was ended in the last sleep. And, as Dr. Smith remarked, "Heaven is the dearer because he is there!"

Sept. 16, 1881.

"I write to you with the feeling that hereafter all that the Bible says about Heaven, will appeal to you with the emphasis of a married life, than which, none I know of breathed more of the holy fragrance of true hearted love.

Dear Mrs. Dickson, you were "lovely and pleasant in your lives" and in death you are not divided. For that Master in whose service he spent his life has said 'whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.'

As I think of you I cannot but recall Mrs. Barbauld's address to Life. Yourself and husband have been long together through pleasant and through cloudy weather. It was not yours to say 'good night' when he entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But it is yours to look forward to the time when in Heaven's brighter clime, he will bid you 'good morning': and so shall you ever be with the Lord."

Sept. 16, 1881.

"He has entered, not at a way-side rest but the rest at the end of the journey provided for such as he by the Master whom he has so long served.

It is not for me to even attempt to set forth his virtues. Others, who have been allowed more intimate acquaintance with him, will do that better

than I can, but I may be allowed to say that I shall miss my good friend till my life ends. His strong, manly religion greatly won me to him. His cheerful, abundant hospitality, when I was among strangers, I cherish among the brightest memories of my life.

I feel grateful to you dear Madam for counting me among the friends of him whose 'ascended soul under the convoy of Angels' has 'landed on the threshold of the gate of pearl.' There in the Father's good time may we all meet him."

Sept. 17, 1881.

"You are well aware of the affectionate regard we had for each other, and how often he and I together poured out our hearts' desire to God for a blessing on the Church so dear to us both and baptized by him with many tears. Now our prayer will be for grace to walk in his footsteps and to follow him as he followed Christ."

Sept. 17, 1881

"There is wonderful consolation for those who are called to mourn as you are, sorrowing not 'even as others who have no hope,' but feeling assured that the loving husband and father is now gone before you.

I need not try to say a word for your comfort. I only wish to tell you that we all most tenderly sympathize with you all. The thousands of Israel share in some measure your grief and pray for your support and consolation."

Sept. 17, 1881.

"You are not unaware of the affectionate regard in which Brother Dickson and I have held each other. Our special intimacy dates back to my pastoral settlement in this place, only a few months after his at Wheeling. I recall our brotherly fellowship as co-presbyters, as well as our consultations and co-operation in the wider affairs of the church since. And I shall never forget, the personal, confidential and Christian intercourse we have had at different stages of our lives. He was just three months my senior in age, and our service in the Lord's work has kept pace with the passing years. I wish I could say that I had done as grand and far-reaching a work, as his. Deep is the mystery of his call to stop in the midst of his usefulness. But the Master has announced it to be enough, and we must wait until hereafter, to know the reason.

He will still live in the heart of the church he served so long and well. His abiding in the hearts of his ministerial brethren shall be perpetual. He has already heard from the Lord Himself, well done, good and faithful servant.' Farewell, my beloved brother, and I hope to meet thee ere long in the home of the blessed!"

Sept. 17, 1881.

"All my recollections of your dear Father are sweet to me. He came to our house when my first-born babe was a helpless, suffering little one, and, asking that he might see my boy, pleased my young moth-

er-heart by his tender, loving, words. I never forgot this visit and always have loved to recall it."

Sept. 17. 1881.

I have nothing but pleasant memories of Dr. Dickson in all my intercourse with him. He was a Christian gentleman, a successful Preacher and Pastor and a mighty power in his last official position. The church will long feel the want of his eloquent tongue in pleading the cause of Home Missions."

Sept. 19, 1881.

"My heart goes out to you, in your great sorrow, with inexpressible tenderness. Few marriages are as perfect as yours, and for long years you have enjoyed that union of thought and feeling with a gifted, consecrated soul which is the privilege only of a loved and honored wife.

You do not mourn alone—"A prince has fallen in Israel" and the Presbyterian church of the whole country feels the loss of a trusted and honored leader. A little waiting, a little more work, and you will go and join your beloved, where there will be no more parting, but fulness of joy forever."

Sept. 23. 1881.

"The tender, genial nature that made his life such sunshine to others made him greatly beloved and now greatly mourned in my home.

My wife and children shared my joy in having his bright, beautiful companionship."

Sept. 26. 1881.

"Your husband has gone to reap his reward, a reward for service long and well done for the Master he loved.

I shall never forget the kindness he showed me personally. When I was licensed by the Baltimore Presbytery, he took me by the hand, spoke encouragingly to me and literally led me to your home, where, it is needless to say, I was treated with all due hospitality and respect. Ever. from that day to this, did he manifest a great readiness to help me in any way he could."

Sept. 27. 1881.

"To be about his Master's business seemed to be the sole thought of his life—our regret is that one so anxious to serve could not be allowed to work longer in the vineyard.

His zeal and earnestness, full of vitality and tenderness, his very life imprinted itself indelibly upon our hearts and memories—always sympathizing, exhorting, comforting, and doing with all his might all that his hands found to do. Whatever disadvantages I may have struggled under during our residence in———the blessed privilege of having Dr. Dickson as a guide through the desert was given me. He led me to the 'green pastures' and 'still waters' of salvation where my sin-sick soul found *rest.* Blessed be his name and memory forever!"

Sept. 28. 1881.

Few men can look back upon so extended an activity and influence as he exercised. You can revive,

more distinctly than the passing visitor, how your house was an exchange centre for our whole country, and how men came to your father from North, South, East, and West, his church all the while giving him plenty to do. And then the case was reversed when he became Secretary, and went out through the whole country with his messages.

Sept. 28. 1881.

"The will of the Lord has been done, Miss Maggie, but, while we mourn, your father is happy among the redeemed ones. He had more influence over me than, as I think, any other person whom I have met. He it was who led me to praying in public. He was undoubtedly the instrumental cause of my entering into the ministry, and one of his remarks to this end was very characteristic. When I hesitated, embarrassed with many doubts he said 'Get your Bullions' Greek grammar and resume its study; if nothing special comes of it, it will be a help heavenward.' It was he who mentioned my name to the people of the church of which I have been pastor for six years, and with a fitness which seems to me appropriate, his last sermon, (I think I am right) was preached in my church, Sabbath morning January 25, 1880—he had come over expecting to be a quiet worshipper with us, but I prevailed on him to preach, which he did, not entering the pulpit but standing on the floor in front, where he delivered an excellent address to parents concerning their duties to their children."

Sept. 28, 1881.

"I was greatly grieved to see in the 'Presbyterian' yesterday the notice of your father's departure—grieved for my own sake and for the sake of those who survive him. But for his sake we ought to rejoice, inasmuch as it is far better to depart and be with Christ than to remain here. I loved your father as I love but one other man on earth. Consequently I can not but feel grieved at his removal. But separations of this kind are not for long. Soon we shall be re-united in the Father's house above."

Sept. 28, 1881.

I deeply feel for you and yours and am also conscious of *my* sense of loss, but for him who has gone 'wherefore should we fast?' He has ended his mission. He has done his work earnestly, honestly, and well. His whole soul so throbbed in his appointed duty, that he frayed away the moorings that held him to earth. He labored so incessantly and actively that God gave him an earlier rest. To-day, with his mind freed from fleshly embarrassments, he can trace on the upper side of God's mission map what he was permitted to do for His glory, and possibly be allowed to see how his personal work bears on the ultimate redemption of a world. For the busy Christian man, there at last is rest. For the faithful preacher, there is the joy of meeting souls saved by his earnest pulpit and pastoral work. And for the Commander in the battle-line of Church work, there is the crown fresh from the hand of the

'Captain of his Salvation.' Sorrow sacredly draws its mantle closer and especially loves to commune with memory on the life and love as seen and felt in the narrower walk of home life. I know but a little of that life and yet much more than others. I have often met you when things were as they used to be and I felt that you had one of those rare, delightful homes, where joy was self-entertained and where peace and comfort were not dependent on outside aid, but, like oriental fountains, welled up ever in the inner court of your own private family life. As the father and husband he will be missed the most. I shall never forget Dr. Dickson. He was always the same true, helpful, hopeful friend."

Oct. 1, 1881.

"Who could have wished him to remain longer out of his rich inheritance! To all those who loved him he has left rich and precious memories. I like to think of a grand and beautiful life taking its new lease where there are no fleshly ills to bind and impede its progress."

Oct. 4, 1881.

"I look backward now to a conversation I had with your Father some two years ago, when he felt the first indications of his illness—he opened to me his thoughts and feelings in reference to what he apprehended would be a sudden death. He talked with great calmness about it, as something he had thought of, and that gave him no fear. He was not only prepared himself for the great change but he

had also done God's work bravely and faithfully for many years. His heart was in the Master's cause, and no man ever devoted himself to the work with a more untiring assiduity.

His own warm-hearted cordiality and his deep sympathy with every suffering minister has endeared him to the whole church. His eloquent appeals in behalf of Missions will long be remembered."

Nov. 15, 1881.

"No one beyond his family circle, I believe, entertained more profound love and honor for Dr. Dickson than did my family, and none had a more intimate knowledge and a higher admiration of his magnificent mind, blended with his sweet and winning disposition. His memory to me is sacred with so many luminous events that it can only cease with life itself."

Nov. 19, 1881.

"I do not believe anybody in New York, outside of your own family, loved your dear husband better than I did. I loved him for his own sake, and for his Master's sake. His first sermon in New York, in behalf of the Home Mission cause, was preached, I think, in my church, and a wonderful sermon it was, full of power and holy enthusiasm. He fairly took captive the hearts of my people, and was followed by a magnificent collection. From that time we became warm friends, and the more I saw of him, whether at meetings of the Board at Chi Alpha, or elsewhere, the more I learned to love

and honor him, and it was a great comfort to me to know that my affection was fully reciprocated.

What consolation and joy you must have in the memory of what he was to you, and of what he did for the kingdom of his Lord and Saviour! He was certainly one of the noblest of men, and one of the most whole-souled servants of Christ it has ever been my privilege to know."

Dec. 28, 1881.

"You, my dear madam, have not to sorrow like others 'who have no hope.' for you know, as we know, that your husband sleeps in Jesus, and that those who do thus sleep God will bring with Him. Besides what joy must the noble and useful life of your dear departed one give you. A splendid career of usefulness, exceeding in its dimensions all that the great apostle of the Gentiles traversed in his wonderful journeys, and reaching in its influence to the most distant ages. Untold multitudes in this land and in all lands will rise and bless his memory. And again, after such a life, he now wears the conqueror's crown in the presence of God.

May I say in conclusion that I have read the sketch of Dr. Eaton with great interest and can testify that the features of your husband's character he portrayed, are not beyond the truth, as is too often the case. They fall short of it. As an orator, as a patriot, as a friend, as a pastor, as a Christian and a Christian minister, he has left us all a model. The tenderness of his friendship was like that of

Jonathan, described by David as surpassing the love of women, and his serious though cheerful piety diffused a charm over every place and company he visited. But I dare not enlarge. I could write pages about the college life of my earliest and best college friend, but must forbear."

Jan. 10, 1882.

"But not so can perish the work which he wrought there and elsewhere—the words which he spoke still remain, a living force in many hearts, imperishable as the souls to whose eternal destinies they gave direction—the work to which he consecrated his best energies still goes on, to bless the generations yet to come, for whom his far-reaching, living thought furnished a gospel.

Dear Dr. Dickson still lives with us—in the ardor of youthful feeling we gave him our affection, and through changes of time and absence it survives, rejoicing in all that he was, and in what he was to us,—in the noble work which he accomplished, and in the blessedness of his reward.

The text which, in my mind, more than any other, is associated with Dr. Dickson is this. 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not—they are new every morning. Great is Thy faithfulness!"

Jan. 21, 1882.

"When he was gone, when the same world no longer held both him and us, I felt and do feel bereft with you. A father and friend has gone, no more

to return—the friend of my childhood, and my mother's friend will no more meet and greet me.

I remember pleasantly in the midst of my sense of loss his last visit here—his kindness in being with us as his younger friends, and how it pleased me to have him become better acquainted with my husband, as he had so long known me. It is comforting to think of his life and work, how he honored his Lord in abundant labors, in earnest devotion, in great helpfulness to the brethren.

His stirring words here on that last visit are well remembered. And then we know, or rather it is *beyond* our knowledge or conception, how well it is with those to whom our Master says, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

V. PRESS NOTICES.

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror:
For now he lives in fame, though not in life."
RICHARD. III.

"This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians."
GEN. L. II.

V. PRESS NOTICES.

Independent Press, Franklin, Penn.

The death of Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., whose funeral took place at Baltimore last week, has elicited a feeling of sincere regret throughout this community, especially amongst the older members of it. Besides being a man of great power in the pulpit, and an efficient worker for the Christian cause always, Dr. Dickson was a person of singular force and individuality. He impressed himself on all with whom he came in contact. He had the faculty of friendship in the highest degree. Endowed with quick insight, genial in manner, keen and ready of speech, and with that true politeness that can only come from a manly heart, he was a man to make friends on all hands, and "to grapple them to his heart with hooks of steel." The friendships that he formed with our people in the early and adverse days, have lasted without abatement or break on either side. In all the days that have intervened since his labors here, Dr. Dickson has shown an active and faithful interest in the welfare of this people; especially the members of his old charge, and their children as well, have never ceased to love and honor him. The inspiration of his brave example, cheerful counsel and sturdy heart was alive

and active here to the day of his death, and will outlast this generation.

Dr. Dickson was a prodigious worker, with an astonishing faculty for drudgery, and it was in the midst of a multitude of labors that he was stricken, and finally fell, a martyr to overwork in the cause of God and man. He passes to the reward of those who have fought the good fight, finished the course and kept the faith.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

REV. CYRUS DICKSON.

The death of Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., late Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, is announced. Dr. Dickson, whose death occurred in Baltimore on the 4th inst., was one of the most learned and eloquent ministers of the Presbyterian church, and he was as renowned for goodness as for learning and eloquence. Dr. Dickson, through the daily beauty of his life, practically illustrated the loftiest ideal of the Christian character. He was a gentleman of such simple, earnest faith, of such gentle, refined manner, of such rigid virtue, of such broad charity, and such nobility of mind and tenderness of heart as to command the admiration, respect and esteem of all those who happily were brought within the limits of his influence. His religion shaped his life, and shaped it grandly and beautifully. It made it a life of singular usefulness, purity and helpfulness. It was full of zeal for Christ, and the work He commanded should be

done in His name. It was full, too, of the sweetest humanity and the tenderest mercy. He never had heart nor time for condemnation of the erring: he was too eager to help them and too busy in doing it. He went up and down the vineyard of the Lord, cheering the strong, encouraging the faint-hearted, assisting those who had fallen beside the unfinished task, pouring oil into the wounds of the wounded, giving water to them that thirsted, feeding the hungry, nursing the sick, pouring hope into the hearts of the despairing. To work such as that he gave all that is allowed men to give—their lives; he gave his to it. As surely as the soldier dies on the battle-field from the bullet, did Dr. Dickson die from excessive labor in doing God's work. He thought it wise to labor without resting; that is why those who loved and honored him living can not too greatly mourn for him dying. He had worked long and well. Now he shall rest long and well."

Herald and Presbyter, Cincinnati.

As Secretary of the Board of Home Missions Dr. Dickson did the greatest work of his life. He and Secretary Kendall were true yoke-fellows, differing somewhat, but happily the one was a complement of the other, so as to represent and do every part of the work in the best manner. Dr. Dickson's strength lay in his nervous power as a speaker. Few men in our church were so able to stir up a congregation or a Church Court.

Presbyterian, Sept. 17, 1881.

In his pastorates Dr. Dickson was always successful, and churches grew steadily under his ministrations. But it was as a leader in the Home Mission work that he became most conspicuous and most honored. Here he was eloquent, because he grasped and presented, with wonderful vigor and breadth of view, the full importance of this great work. He loved the land and the nation, and the church as well, and in this love found an inspiration urging him to plead for the evangelization of the nation at the bar of the church. Few who heard him in his grand orations before the General Assemblies will forget the wondrous sweep of his argument and the power of his appeals. Since the days of Dr. John Breckinridge there has been no one who has pleaded for missions, or so swayed listening Assemblies, inspiring them to new zeal for the land in which they dwell, as the man who has just been laid to rest. We are sorry that we shall hear that eloquent voice no more. But the work given him by the Master was well done, and the servant rests from toil and rejoices in his large reward.

A Great Humanitarian.

New York Tribune, September 18.

"The religious world was startled by the announcement of the death, in Baltimore, on Sunday last, of Dr. Cyrus Dickson, one of the foremost Christian teachers of our day, and for many years

in charge of the Home Missions of the Presbyterian denomination. The closed record of this man deserves notice in a secular journal as that of no mere theologian or scholar could do, for his work and life passed beyond the limits of any one sect and became a force in the actual progress of the country and a factor in its civilization. He was a man of marked individuality and most indomitable, fervid zeal. His sympathies were intensely keen, his Christian faith lofty, and his heart a big, glowing fire which would have warmed the whole miserable outside world if it could. Added to this were a fine sense of humor and a strong personal magnetism. No person who once met the man ever forgot him.

The whole force of his nature he threw into the work which he took up some eleven years ago, which was the Christianizing and civilizing of the poorer districts of the States and newly settled Territories, especially the vast Pacific slope, where the fermenting elements of paganism, savagery, intemperance, modern skepticism and the leaven of sturdy American faith are all at work together. Into this cause he flung himself, soul, mind and body, with an energy that carried new life into every part of it; he made long pilgrimages to every outlying station: his name became a household word in the home of each poor missionary in our farthest borders. He carried them all—their wants and struggles—in his heart, night and day, as though each man had been his brother. Beside this, the over-

sight of the details of a gigantic organization devolved upon him. Nothing would induce him to shirk any portion of the weight resting on him. The cause succeeded, but the man staggered and fell. He died as absolutely a sacrifice to his cause as any Christian martyr who ever perished at the stake.

Such self devotion to our brother man is too rare in this country and time for us to allow it to pass unnoticed. Practical men may talk of the pity of the sacrifice and the wasted life. But was it wasted? He goes on with his work even now. The sight of this soldier, dead upon the field of honor, is a clarion call to every honest soul, whether it be that of a Christian or a man of the world.

New York Observer.

REV. CYRUS DICKSON, D. D.

"The late beloved Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., died at Baltimore on Sunday last. We know of no minister of the Presbyterian church who won the hearts of his brethren and of the people more fully, or who labored more efficiently in advancing the cause of the Redeemer throughout this land. He literally wore himself out in the service. He could say with truth, in the words of the Master: "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

In 1870 he was elected Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. In this office he may be said to have performed the great work of his life. Warmly attached to the Presbyterian

church, devoted with all his heart to the upbuilding of the cause of Christ, he made extensive journeys over the whole country to study its condition and needs. He came back from these journeys fired with a truly missionary spirit, and in the pulpits and on the floor of the ecclesiastical assemblies pleaded the cause of Home Missions with an eloquence that is rarely heard. His addresses before the General Assembly in successive years were often spoken of as the chief features of the meetings. He was a delegate to the first Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1877, where his earnest appeals made the same deep impression, and will long be remembered as among the most interesting of the exercises. In 1870, on the re-union of the Presbyterian church, he was appointed Permanent Clerk of the General Assembly, in which office he continued to the time of his death.

About two years since his health failed, owing to his ardent devotion to his work, which had induced a serious affection of the brain. It was hoped that rest would restore him, and a successor was not appointed until about three months since, when all hope of his recovery was given up. The loss of such men as Dr. Dickson from the church is deeply lamented. He was widely known, and was everywhere beloved."

Banner, Pittsburgh.

REV. CYRUS DICKSON, D. D.

Notwithstanding the fact that it was generally known that the health of Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D.

D., had been declining for years, the announcement of his death on Sabbath, September 11, was a shock not only to his personal friends, who were many, but also to the entire church, which he had served so long and so well. He had spent the summer with relatives in Illinois, and only a short time ago he had returned to Baltimore. But the improvement in health so greatly desired had not taken place. From month to month he had become weaker, while his complicated maladies were continually gaining strength, and his family and others around him, much as they wished him to live, were convinced that the end was not far off.

Dr. Dickson was the son of a worthy farmer of Scotch-Irish descent, and was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania, December 20, 1816. At the age of seventeen he entered Jefferson College at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, and was graduated in 1837. During his student life there, Rev. Matthew Brown, D.D., LL.D., was President, and Rev. William Smith, D.D., was Professor of Ancient Languages. Among his classmates who are dead were Rev. William Eaton, Rev. Thomas W. Kerr, Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, missionary to China—murdered in 1847; Rev. Joseph E. Nourse, Professor in the United States Naval Academy; and Rev. Griffith Owen. Among those yet living were William G. Barnett, M. D., Hon. James Campbell, Rev. George Hill, D. D., Hon. Harrison P. Laird, Rev. Philo M. Semple, W. M. Stewart, Esq., Rev. Joseph T. Smith, D.D., and David Wilson, Esq.

Dr. Dickson was a man of strongly marked characteristics. When in health it was a pleasure to look on his face, to feel the warm grasp of his hand, and to listen to his cheery voice. He was a most genial and entertaining companion, abounding in anecdotes and quick at repartee, and always ready to do a kindness. His door was always open to visitors and he was welcomed at every fireside to which he went. His piety was warm, active, sympathetic and encouraging. In the family and beside the sick bed his counsels were judicious and hopeful. He attracted the young people to himself and was skillful in leading them to the Saviour of sinners. In the pulpit he was earnest, Scriptural and instructive. Under his pulpit ministrations and pastoral care the churches which he served increased greatly, and in them his memory will be long and tenderly cherished.

But it was on the platform, when presenting the claims of Home Missions, that Dr. Dickson's great qualities of heart and head were most conspicuous. He had visited the remotest parts of the home mission field, had seen the wants of the people, and had witnessed the struggles of the ministers there. The history of the church in this country, especially in Western Pennsylvania, was familiar to him. His supply of facts and anecdotes was almost unfailing. From the beginning he would have the attention of all who were present, and in a few moments he would gain complete control of their affections and will. On some of these occasions he made impres-

sions seldom equalled and that will never be forgotten.

Interior, Chicago.

REV. CYRUS DICKSON, D. D.

The death of this eminent servant of God has brought pain to the hearts of an unusually wide circle of friends and admirers in all parts of our country. For a period of ten years or more, before he was disabled and partially laid aside by the malady which has now terminated his useful life, he was widely known as one of the most indefatigable workers as well as one of the most prominent representative men of the Presbyterian church. His great work as the Secretary of the Board of Missions brought him constantly before the public, and sent him on long journeys across the country in many directions, especially on the great home field of the west. Within the last two years he had been compelled by a serious affection of the brain and partial paralysis to relinquish this much loved work, and finally, last spring, to resign his office and retire from it altogether. He possessed popular pulpit talents of a high order, and was a good type of the self-made man. He early acquired habits of self reliance, of energetic work, of address and influence over men, which enabled him to win success on each field of his ministry, and to do well everything he ever attempted. Through all his public official life, of forty-two years, his pathway was on a sure and constantly ascending scale.

Accordingly when the great era of co-operation had come, and the Presbyterian church happily reunited looked out for men competent to inaugurate a new departure in the whole important department of domestic missions, with its wider field and its augmented responsibilities, Dr. Dickson and Dr. Kendall were chosen as the men best qualified for the task. There had long been an urgent demand in the church, making itself heard in every General Assembly, that there must be more energy, more aggression, more expansion, more direct personal contact of the church with its missionaries in this important field. The great west, and indeed the whole church, called for men of life and power, men of zeal and enthusiasm commensurate with the greatness of the country and the greatness of the work. Nor was the call in vain as it regards either of the new colleague secretaries. As for Dr. Dickson, every one who has ever been at a General Assembly, through all these years, and heard his eloquent voice like a trumpet call to battle, pleading for the missionary and for the great west, can bear witness to the energy and the ardor with which he threw his whole soul into this last great work of his life.

His work possessed him and all his faculties until it was accomplished. When he stood up before vast audiences at the annual meetings of the Assembly, as he did at Chicago in May, 1877, and as he did at the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburg in July of the same year, with his immense map of the United States spread out behind him over the

stage, and told of the vastness of this work, and of the high command of God to evangelize and Christianize the continent, he talked like one inspired with the zeal of the old apostles, and baptized with a fresh baptism of the Spirit. And on these occasions it was difficult to decide which was uppermost in the heart of the speaker—his intense loyalty to the American Union, or his loving admiration of the Presbyterian church. It was easy, however, to see that above them both he placed his allegiance to the cross and crown of Immanuel. He was an American, he was a Presbyterian, and he was a Christian, known and read of all men who ever heard him preach or plead for missions.

Dr. Dickson's addresses at the meetings of the Assembly, to many persons, constituted the most attractive feature of the occasion, drawing great crowds to hear him. One element of his success in these telling speeches was his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and genial flow of humor. This indeed was one of the things which always made him so popular as a preacher, so loved as a pastor, and so much admired as a man, especially by the young. These popular talents, coupled with his deep piety, his earnest spirit, and his rich stores of instruction as an expounder of God's word, gave him a powerful influence over the hearts of men.

Says a contemporary: "We know of no minister of the Presbyterian church who won the hearts of his brethren and of the people more fully, or who labored more efficiently in advancing the cause of

the Redeemer. He literally wore himself out in the service. He could say with truth, in the words of the Master, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." "Since the death of John Breckinridge," says another, "there has been no one who has so pleaded for missions, or so swayed listening assemblies, inspiring them with new zeal for the land in which they dwell, as the man who has just been laid to rest."

In 1870 Dr. Dickson was made permanent clerk of the General Assembly, which office he held till his death. He has done a great service for the church, he has won an enviable reputation for zeal and eloquence as a minister of Christ. He has, along with his colleague, Dr. Kendall, given to the Board of Missions a position and an influence which it had never attained before.

New York Evangelist.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

One of the noblest men in the Presbyterian Church is gone. Rev. CYRUS DICKSON, D. D., so long Secretary of our Board of Home Missions, breathed his last in Baltimore on Sunday morning. He had been in ill health for some months, so that his death was not unexpected. A letter received at the Mission Rooms says "He had failed rapidly for several days, and since Friday was unconscious. The funeral services will be held at the Westminster church in this city (Baltimore) on Wednesday, at ten o'clock." So passes away one who was very

widely known, and whom to know was to honor and to love. There was a Christian manliness about him which impressed even those who were strangers. In the pulpit and on the platform few men had greater power. His brethren will remember his thrilling appeals for Home Missions in the General Assembly. But the eloquent voice is hushed, the manly form is laid low. May these oft-recurring deaths quicken us to duty, to work while the day lasts, knowing that the night cometh when no man can work!

He was an important delegate to the first Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1877. At the time of his death he was Permanent Clerk of the Assembly of the Presbyterian church, and also trustee of Princeton College, which last position he had held for twenty years. He was a faithful and devoted minister, largely and favorably known. As a speaker on Home Missions he had a reputation abroad as well as at home. His efforts in Scotland, on this subject, were among his best. His influence during the war, it is said, contributed to the harmony of the Presbyterian churches in Baltimore. He leaves a widow and three daughters.

Baltimore Presbyterian.

Although an able preacher, a deep thinker and a careful expounder of Gospel truths, Dr. Dickson was pre-eminently successful through the great geniality and sunshine of his presence. He was

eminently attractive, to the young especially, by reason of this one characteristic, and herein lies the secret of many of his successes in the mission work. Where another might have repelled, Dr. Dickson attracted his hearers, and it was seldom indeed that the word failure could be said of his ventures in the mission field. That his worth was recognized by the General Assembly is instanced by the fact that, in May 1880, Dr. Dickson's health failing him, they granted him a year's leave of absence instead of accepting his resignation, which he proffered them. During the time of his secretaryship, Dr. Dickson resided in New York, but in October 1880 he returned to Baltimore. May 1881 found his health no better, and the General Assembly very reluctantly accepted his resignation. He was afflicted with a complication of partial paralysis and mental troubles, and finally, about six weeks ago, he became confined to the house, and later to his bed. He was attended during his illness by Dr. H. P. C. Wilson, a member of his own former church—Westminster—and a life-long friend. For two days previous to his death, Dr. Dickson was unconscious of his surroundings, lying in a comatose condition. Aside from the duties of Secretary to the Board of Home Missions, the deceased was a trustee of Princeton College, and for many years permanent clerk to the General Assembly. He was also a delegate from this country to the Pan-Presbyterian Council of 1877, held in Edinburgh, Scotland, and in which convention he took high

rank. It is said of him that during the war, although an ardent Union man, he was very conservative in his language, and did much to keep the churches of the city together and true to the Northern interests.

Baltimore Presbyterian.

REV. DR. DICKSON.

BY REV. ROBT. H. WILLIAMS.

Sept. 22, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS: My acquaintance with this able and distinguished minister began soon after I entered the Presbytery of Baltimore, some time in 1862. He was then the popular pastor of the Westminster church of Baltimore. This acquaintance became more intimate as we were thrown together in various relations by the appointment of Presbytery. In May, 1864, he was appointed as one of the committee to conduct the services at my installation at the church in Frederick, and his address was so touching and impressive and appropriate, that I was drawn nearer to him than I had been before that.

A year had passed when we were again brought together in the most intimate relations. As members of the Christian and Union Commissions, we were appointed, with a few others, to go to Richmond, Petersburg, and other points, to look after the work of those Commissions. General Lee had just evacuated Richmond, and every conveyance to that city was crowded with passengers. The boat on which we had taken passage from Baltimore, was

not an exception, for there was not a state-room nor a berth to be had by any of our committee. Though the trip was made with many discomforts and inconveniences, yet he was the most cheerful of our company, and though all the rest he had was gotten on the floor of the cabin, yet he was not only satisfied, but overflowing with humor and anecdotes, which helped wonderfully to keep us in a contented frame of mind. The second night we were accommodated with lodgings in soldier beds in the building used as the headquarters of General Winder in Richmond. In all our trips he showed a willingness to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and was as indefatigable in attending to the duties connected with the Commissioners. He was greatly affected by what he saw and heard of the privations and trials of the people, and much of his own private funds were given to those whom he esteemed most deserving. In nearly two weeks of companionship in business and travel, in which we saw him in many trying circumstances, he was always gentle and kind in disposition, and persevering and thorough in the performance of duty. Again, in 1867, we were thrown together as delegates from the Presbytery of Baltimore to the Union Presbyterian Convention, which was held in Philadelphia. His interest and delight in this great convention were unbounded, and his report to Presbytery on his return showed how much he had been moved by this great demonstration. He was in sympathy with the movement which made the two branches of Presby-

terianism one great Church. This, with his devotion to missions, made him a most efficient Secretary of the Board of Home Missions. No one could listen to his remarks in the Presbytery of Baltimore on our own destitutions, without feeling that his heart was in this great work. He was most deeply interested in everything connected with the church, and was absorbed in its work. Seldom do we see a man more fully given up to his work. It was the theme of his sermons, the topic of his conversation, and the thing which gave beauty and power to his addresses before great congregations. His last speech was on this, his darling subject, and as he told us that he was on his way to the grave, but that his interest in this cause was still great, the tears came to the eyes of his brethren, who remembered him in other days when he pleaded so eloquently and willingly for this great object. The faithful servant of God is removed, but the cause which he loved remains. "God buries the workman, but carries on the work." May we who survive have the spirit of the faithful man who has gone to his reward.

ARLINGTON, Md., Sept. 12, 1881.

VI.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

"Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay
While resignation gently slopes the way:
And all his prospects brightening to the last
His heaven commences ere the world is past."

GOLDSMITH.

"Ye shall be remembered before the Lord, your God."

NUM. X: 9.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

The resolutions that follow were the results of close and tender attachments that were felt for Dr. Dickson in his official relations. Those of the church of Franklin, where he was first settled, are found on a preceding page, in connection with the memorial services held in that church. Then follow those of the Synod of Baltimore; then those of the Synods of Erie and Pittsburgh; then a very brief extract from a paper passed by the Chi Alpha Society in the city of New York. Then there follow the papers of the Presbyteries of Baltimore and Erie, and lastly those passed by the General Assembly lately adjourned. These papers indicate something of the estimate of the value of Dr. Dickson's services to the church, and of the respect felt for his memory.

Synod of Baltimore.

Extract from Synodical Minutes—

Synod of Baltimore in Session at Cumberland, Maryland October 1881.

On the announcement of the decease of the Rev. Cyrus Dickson D. D. it was

Ordered That the Committee on Memorials prepare for publication, in the Minutes of Synod, a notice of our departed brother.

The Rev. Cyrus Dickson D. D., the son of William and Christiana Moorhead Dickson, was born in North East township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, December 20, 1816. His Father was a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church of North East, in which he made his profession of faith in August 1831. He entered Erie Academy April 1832, and Jefferson College in November 1832, where he was graduated September 27, 1837. He studied Theology privately, and attended lectures at Princeton Seminary while teaching at Lawrenceville, New Jersey. On Wednesday, October 15, 1836, he was licensed to preach the Gospel, by the Presbytery of Erie, at Neshannock, Mercer County, Pennsylvania in the house of William Mc Millan, a descendant of the Rev. John Mc Millan, the pioneer. He began to labor in the churches of Franklin and Sugar-Creek, Venango County, December 18, 1839, and was ordained by the 'laying on of hands' of the Presbytery, and installed over these two churches, June 24, 1840. The church of Sugar Creek having grown able to support a minister all the time, he resigned its pastoral charge in 1846. In March 1848 he resigned that of Franklin, and was dismissed to the Presbytery of Washington (then in the Synod of Wheeling,) and was installed first pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Wheeling, Virginia

in June 1848. He was dismissed October 1856 to the Presbytery of Baltimore, and was installed over Westminster Presbyterian Church Baltimore, November 27, 1856. From this charge he was released July 1, 1879, to assume the office of Secretary of the Board of Home Missions to which he had been elected June 3, 1870, by the General Assembly then sitting in Philadelphia—"the Re-Union "Assembly." He retained his membership in the Presbytery of Baltimore to the end of his life.

For many years he was a Director of the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pennsylvania; and from 1860 till his death a Trustee of the College of New Jersey.

He was a Commissioner to the General Assembly in 1844 from the Presbytery of Erie; to the Assembly of 1853 from the Presbytery of Washington; to the Assemblies of 1860, 1861, 1862, the November meeting of 1869, 1870 and 1880 from the Presbytery of Baltimore; and a visitor at many others.

In 1849 he was elected Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Washington, and held the office until his removal to Baltimore. In 1870 he became Permanent Clerk of the General Assembly and remained so until his death.

In 1877 he was a member of the Pan Presbyterian Council at Edinburg, representing particularly the Home Mission work of the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

He resigned the Secretaryship of the board of Home Missions in June 1881, and died September

11, 1881, Sabbath morning, and on Wednesday, September 14, devout men carried him to his burial.

SYNOD OF ERIE IN SESSION AT ERIE, PENN., OCTOBER 21, 1881.

Resolutions on the death of Dr. Dickson, offered by Committee on Home Missions in connection with their report:

And now one word over the grave of our departed brother, Dr. Cyrus Dickson.

This Synod would embrace this opportunity of expressing their high appreciation of the Christian character of our lamented brother, Dr. Dickson, and of his untiring zeal and industry in behalf of Home Missions.

Farther, that we deeply sympathize with his family in their great bereavement, and would most affectionately commend them to the love and care of their God and ours.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

"At the late meeting of the Synod of Pittsburg held in Uniontown Pa. a special committee was appointed to bring in a minute upon the death of Rev. Cyrus Dickson D.D. The Committee, consisting of Rev. John M. Smith and Rev. J. B. Dickey, presented the following paper which was adopted:

As God in his unscrutable but all wise Providence has seen fit to remove by death one of the Secretaries of the Board of Home Missions, Rev. Cyrus Dickson D.D.; we deeply sympathize with the bereaved

family and friends, and while we bow to the will of Him who orders all things for the best, we desire to express our profound sense of the loss we, in common with the whole church, have sustained in the demise of one who has been the instrument, under God, of accomplishing so much for His cause. We mourn that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more ; but we rejoice in the opportunity of putting on record an appreciation of his thorough consecration to the work, his eloquence and ability in presenting the cause of Home Missions and the eminent success which has followed his untiring and self-denying efforts. And we hope, and earnestly pray, that his mantle may fall upon his successor in office, and the example of his zeal and devotedness to the cause may be remembered and imitated by others in all coming time.

A copy of the above was ordered to be sent to the family of Dr. Dickson.

HENRY WOODS,
Stated Clerk."

ACTION OF THE PRESBYTERY OF ERIE.

Whereas, God in His all-wise Providence has called from earth Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, a valued servant of the church ; the efficient Secretary and eloquent advocate of the work of Home Missions ; the successful pastor of two of our churches ; born and reared on our territory ; licensed and ordained by this Presbytery ; and en-

deared to many of us by the tenderest ties; therefore, Resolved:—

1. That we bow reverently to the will of the All-wise God in this dispensation, and place on record our testimony to the virtues and valuable services to the church of our revered brother.

2. That we tender to the family of Dr. Dickson, our sincere sympathies and best wishes for their temporal and spiritual welfare,

Attest—S. J. M. Eaton,
Stated Clerk.

Done at Edinboro, Pa., September 13, 1882.

Conclusion of Paper read before Chi Alpha, New York: 1881.

"He was chosen a member of our Chi Alpha April 20, 187–, and contributed greatly by his warm-hearted piety, his great affability, his sprightliness of remark, and his boundless geniality, to the enjoyment and profit of our weekly gatherings. Now that he has been transferred to the fellowship of the Christian Brotherhood on high, how much better and more honorable it is for him! May we too, in the Master's good time share with him in the richer glories of the upper world, and the sweeter fellowship of the General Assembly and Church of the first born which are written in heaven!"

E. F. Hatfield.

Board of Home Missions.
Resolutions on the Death of Rev. Cyrus Dickson.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His wise Providence, to remove by death the Rev. Cyrus Dickson D. D., late Secretary of this Board—therefore Resolved

1—That we have lost a faithful co-laborer, a genial friend and a wise counsellor ; and that while we are unable to solve the mystery of this great affliction, nevertheless we bow before the Divine Will, knowing that the Lord of all the earth will do right.—

Resolved—

2—That we can not forbear to place on record our high estimate of the services he rendered the Church through this Board during all the time he was connected with it. He showed a hearty sympathy with the missionaries and their families, in all their hardships and labors, and in the pulpits of his brethren, in the Presbyteries, Synods and the General Assembly he plead the cause of Home Missions with a fervency and a power, seldom, if ever equalled, and, until his health failed, he gave all his energies to this great work.

Resolved—

3. That we are reminded by this dispensation of Providence that the time is short and that we are called upon to renew our diligence in the Master's service.

Resolved—

4. That this minute be entered on our records, and that a copy of the same be sent to the afflicted family, on whom we invoke the Divine blessing, and pray that the God of all grace and consolation may comfort and sustain them in their great bereavement.

H. Kendall,
Wm. C. Roberts.

Tribute to Dr. Dickson.

Rev. Dr. Roberts' Address on Home Missions Before the General Assembly, 1882.

"Mr. Moderator, Fathers and Brethren: I feel not only embarassed, sir, but painfully solemn. I cannot divest myself of the thought that I stand here in the room of a Prince in Israel—a man beloved by all who knew him, for his tenderness of heart and genial spirit; for his uprightness of conduct and great consecration to the Master's work—a man admired everywhere for his zeal in the interest of Home Missions and his ability to move and melt assemblies—a man praised the land over for his power to play upon every chord of the human heart, and to open the purse-strings of the most penurious. * * * I imagine that I see him as he lifted his trembling hands to his head, at Madison, two years ago, and exclaimed, "There is something wrong." Yes, Mr. Moderator, all was wrong. The strong frame, that had been equal to almost any emergency, had given way under the weight of care and incessant toil. The active, busy brain was

paralyzed by close application to the preparation of stirring addresses for our ecclesiastical bodies, and by devising liberal things for the evangelization of our land. The tender heart was broken under the pitiable appeals made to him by mothers in behalf of their children, by college mates in behalf of their friends, and by Christian people in behalf of the neighborhoods in which they lived. He carried these appeals to his home and talked of them with his family; he dreamed over them or stayed awake reflecting upon them. He carried them back to the office the next morning and home again the next night. Thus he bore the wants and woes of his loved country upon his heart until that heart gave way. He broke down mentally and physically, but not before he had nobly finished his work. He has gone to his rest and received the welcome plaudit, "Well done!" That manly form will be seen no more on earth, that radiant face will not smile again upon the Assembly, and that tongue of fire will no more rouse the Church to action.

* * * He was like the imperial eagle, able to rise toward the sun, penetrate the dark future, and tell the Church what she might expect in years to come. I am conscious of being but a pedestrian, able only to lead her through desert paths and tell her of the emergencies of every day as they arise. But the work is God's, and hence I may take courage, and believe that, under the humblest administrator, it is destined to advance."

PAPERS FROM THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF 1882.

"The Stated Clerk announced to the Assembly the death of the Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D.D., Permanent Clerk of the General Assembly, whereupon the following minute was adopted:

"It having pleased the Head of the Church to remove from this life Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D.D., an eminent servant of God, who has served the General Assembly ever since the reunion, as Permanent Clerk, this General Assembly now record its grateful sense of the fidelity and diligence with which he discharged all the duties assigned him by this Church."

The Committee on Home Missions reported the following:

"This year has been made memorable in the history of the Board and of the Church by the removal by death of the honored and beloved Secretary, Dr. Cyrus Dickson. Hearty in his friendship, consecrated to his work, untiring in his labors, and grandly eloquent in speech, the Presbyterian Church will long preserve his memory as a faithful man of God, and feel the influence of his piety and enthusiasm."

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